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*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

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Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth peace,
good will toward men.

COMFORT

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

"The Winter Just Ahead of Us May Bring Suffering Infinitely Greater than the War Brought upon Us"

THE above headline is taken from a public statement of President Wilson quoted in an official bulletin issued by the United States Railroad Administration on the twenty-second day of last September. The complete quotation of the President's words reads:

"We have now got to do nothing less than bring our industries and our labor of every kind back to a normal basis after the greatest upheaval known to history, and *the winter just ahead of us may bring suffering infinitely greater than the war brought upon us* if we blunder or fail in the process. An admirable spirit of self-sacrifice, of patriotic devotion and of community action guided and inspired us while the fighting was on. We shall need all these now, and need them in a heightened degree, if we are to accomplish the first tasks of peace."

Mr. Wilson's warning was fully justified at the time, by the alarming attitude of organized labor manifest in the numerous strikes then in progress and others of incalculable consequences then impending, notable among the latter being the threats of nation-wide strikes by the railroad employees and the bituminous coal miners.

The Coal Strike a Crime

DESPITE the President's appeal and all other efforts to prevent such action the heads of the United Mine Workers' Union have carried their threat into execution by issuing a strike order which called out four hundred thousand miners on November first and closed every unionized soft coal mine from Colorado east. In so doing they have shown more than a wanton disregard of the interests of the public, for they have selected a time when a shortage of coal already existed and with cold weather coming on the closing of the mines would cause the people the utmost suffering, apparently for the purpose of enforcing their demands by the dire distress and necessity of the entire country.

The consequences of a long protracted strike of the coal miners at this time are too horrible to contemplate, involving, as they do, first the general shutting down of the industries on which millions of people depend for employment and earning their living, second a scarcity becoming a dearth of fuel to warm the homes, causing sickness to millions and deaths by thousands, finally paralyzing the railroads and bringing the inhabitants of the large cities to starvation. The President was within bounds in forecasting the suffering as "infinitely greater than the war brought upon us." It can not be allowed and must be prevented—but how?

Government Takes Vigorous Measures to Avoid National Calamity

WITH a full appreciation of the emergency the Government has reinstituted the war-time Fuel Administration for the purpose of conserving what coal there is above ground and apportioning it to the most vitally necessary uses. At once, the Railroad Administration ordered the seizure of sufficient coal to meet the pressing needs of the railroads and then cut down the train service to the smallest practicable minimum.

All these are proper and wise precautionary measures to mitigate so far as possible and for a time the disastrous effects of the cessation of coal production, but ultimately, if the strike is long continued, the worst phases of President Wilson's prediction will be realized. The only remedy, the only adequate relief consists in bringing the strike speedily to an end. For this purpose the Government, acting through the Attorney General, promptly initiated legal proceedings in the United States District Court, at Indianapolis, to compel the heads of the Miners' Union to revoke the strike order, and for the immediate issuance of an injunction to restrain these Union leaders from

taking any action in furtherance of the strike pending a hearing and final decision of the case. The court issued the temporary injunction at once and ordered the interested parties to appear for hearing on November eighth.

In pursuing this course the Government does not question the undoubted right of laborers to strike under ordinary circumstances, or in other words, unless they are in duty bound by contract or other legal obligation not to strike. The Government bases its right to invoke the power of the court in this particular case on the grounds, first, that the miners are still bound by their war-time agreement to submit their disputes to arbitration and not to strike until the re-establishment of peace which, though hostilities have been suspended, will not be until the pending peace treaty has been ratified, and second that the officers of the Mine Workers' Union by ordering the strike violated the Federal law which forbids and makes it a punishable crime for two or more persons to conspire or agree to do anything to restrict the production of any necessary article of food or fuel. Thus the Government claims that the coal strike is a crime as well as a breach of contract in a cruel attempt to enforce unreasonable demands by torturing the nation into submission. The strike leaders, against whom the injunction has been issued, have appeared with their counsel in court to contest the case, and after hearing the evidence and arguments, on November eighth the court ordered them to revoke the strike order.

Demands of the Striking Miners

THE striking miners demand a five-day week, a six-hour day and a minimum daily wage of eight dollars. But, as explained by a prominent coal dealer, only five hours of the six-hour day would be spent in actual productive work, the other hour being used in going to and from the place of work. So that what they really propose and insist on is forty dollars pay for twenty-five hours of work a week. Of course the mine operators cannot grant these demands, even if disposed to do so, because the public would not submit to the high price and shortage of coal that would follow as a necessary consequence. The increased burden which the country would have to bear is stated by the same authority as follows:

"The coal miners' demands (if granted) will increase the cost of domestic fuel \$2.50 a ton and reduce the annual supply by twenty million tons even though the present annual output of eighty million tons falls short of the country's needs. They will increase the cost of soft coal \$1.50 a ton and add two hundred and fifty million dollars to the annual railway deficit—not to mention the added burden upon every public utility and the increased cost of every manufactured article, from pins to automobiles, all of which the public must pay. * * * This is not a blow at capital. It is a blow at every citizen of the country." To quote further from his prediction which was made before the strike order went into effect:

"The mask is off. The issue of the conflict is clear. This is no longer a struggle between labor and capital. The fight is between the United States of America and the American Federation of Labor."

His words were prophetic, as three weeks from the day they appeared in print the Government proceedings, which we have described, were instituted by order of President Wilson and with the approval of the Cabinet. This action called forth vigorous protests on the part of the strike leaders and Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, and the latter even went so far as to hint vaguely that undesirable consequences might result from organized labor's resentment at the court's restraining order. However, the officers of the Miner's Union reluc-

tantly and under protest cancelled the strike order November eleventh. This action is the more creditable to them because, while they were debating whether or not to obey the court's mandate, President Gompers and his Executive Council publicly endorsed the strike and pledged to the miners the full support of the American Federation of Labor. It is reported that many of the miners are returning to work while others refuse to do so. But officers of the Miners' Union have accepted the Government's invitation, issued as soon as the strike was called off, to meet the mine operators with a view to adjusting their differences.

Sustain the Government in Maintaining Law and Order

THEIR demands are preposterous. The world cannot subsist on the products of twenty-five or even thirty hours of work a week, to say nothing of the exorbitant wage. Humanity would starve and freeze on a universal twenty-five hours of work a week. Is this strike the entering wedge, the beginning of a movement for a universal twenty-five hours of work a week, or do these four hundred thousand striking miners expect to be especially favored at the expense, privation and suffering of the rest of the community including the millions of laborers in all other employments? The application of these hours of labor and this scale of wages to farming, the basic industry of all, would so reduce food production that there would not be half enough to feed the population, and the laborers in all other industries would have to go on starvation rations however high their wages, for money is no substitute for a shortage of production and cannot buy what does not exist—witness the present shortage of sugar. Then, too, what would be the prices of food raised at a farm labor cost of forty dollars for twenty-five or thirty hours of work?—

The coal miners' proposition is nothing more nor less than one of the phases of Bolshevism which has wrecked Russia. As to the attitude of the miners on the eve of the strike a writer in the New York Tribune, who has visited the coal districts, said:

"They are thirsting for a strike. They desire it as a means of demonstration of their absolute control of bituminous coal production. They desire it as a means of forcing their already determined nationalization of the coal mines. Thousands of them, red-soaked in the doctrines of Bolshevism, clamor for the strike as the means of syndicalizing the coal mines without the aid or consent of government, and even as starting a general revolution in America. The public has no conception of the way in which a large element among the miners has absorbed the Bolshevik economy and theory of soviet control. They are for it in tens of thousands—not as something to come in another generation, but now. They see it coming through a nation freezing and starving in the depths of winter."

Please do not misunderstand what we have written as expressing enmity, which we do not entertain, toward labor organizations in general or the American Federation of Labor in particular. The majority of the members of most of the labor unions are good, law-abiding, patriotic citizens, but it is well known that an Anarchist, Bolshevik element, mostly composed of foreigners, is trying to get control of the labor organizations and on some of them has already obtained too strong a grip for the good of the Labor cause or the safety of the country. We appeal to all good citizens to support the Government in the present crisis, and especially to union labor to purge its organizations of the destructive forces that are striving for mastery by unlawful means.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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His Heart's Queen

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"You lie!" the man cried cowering before her.



Violet and Bertha were always present on these occasions.



"Lord Cameron, as sure as I am a dutchman!"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

On a car, going up a steep hill, leading to the Zoological Gardens of Cincinnati, is Violet Draper Huntington. Opposite her sits Wallace Richardson. Nearly at the top of the hill, something beneath the car breaks. Wallace seizes Violet's hands and locking them behind his neck commands her to cling. The car crashes down, burying all the passengers beneath the ruins. They are the only two alive and hurried to Wallace Richardson's home, are cared for by his mother. Mrs. Mencke, Violet's sister provides a nurse and leaves orders for Violet to see no one. The nurse out for a walk, Violet goes to the adjoining room to meet Wallace and thank him for the life saved. As they become more friendly, Wallace realizes his danger and Violet is hopelessly in love. Violet asks Wallace to come with his mother to see her. Mrs. Mencke takes Violet to Saratoga for two months, then to Cincinnati, and home. The following day, picking up a paper, Violet reads of Mrs. Richardson's death. She goes to the Richardsons' house and expresses her sympathy to Wallace, who unconsciously calls her his darling, and asks her forgiveness. As she whispers, "I am glad," he knows she is all his own. Returning home, her sister demands where she has been, and learning it was at Mrs. Richardson's funeral, that she rides in the carriage with Wallace and Mrs. Dent. Mrs. Mencke denounces it as questionable and that she must drop him for all time. Wallace, calling upon Violet, Mr. and Mrs. Mencke return and she introduces him and admits he is her promised husband. She overhears Belle's and her husband's scheme to place her in a convent. Mrs. Mencke, proposing a trip to Montreal, Violet refuses to go, and Mrs. Mencke takes Mrs. Hawley, who is to sail for Europe, and chaperone Nellie Bailey, into her confidence and requests her to induce Violet to join them. Violet makes ready for the proposed trip and Wallace is at the steamer to say good by. Vane Cameron and Ralph Henderson join Mr. and Mrs. Hawley's party and before the voyage is over Vane Cameron surrenders his heart to Violet. Mrs. Mencke schemes that no letters pass between Violet and Wallace and later, joining the party in Europe, gives her permission for Vane to win Violet. Failing to get Violet's consent, she produces a notice of Wallace Richardson's death, which throws Violet into a severe sickness, leaving her sad and heartbroken. Vane Cameron, receiving an encouraging letter from Mrs. Mencke, appears, and tells Violet the wish nearest his heart is to make her his wife. Violet confesses to Vane her love for Wallace Richardson, her sister's opposition, concealing nothing. Knowing she is unhappy from causes other than Wallace's death, Vane urges her to allow him to give her his name, to shield her from sorrow and care. Violet, afraid to yield, and hesitating, faints. Ringing a bell, Mrs. Mencke enters. Recovering consciousness, Violet questions did she promise, and being assured by her sister that she has, she faints again. Mrs. Mencke informs Lord Cameron that Violet acknowledges the engagement, and later she consents to what he thinks best, but with many misgivings. Mrs. Mencke, entering Violet's room, finds the bed made, and the room in order and no trace discovered of her. Four weeks later, Lord Cameron, returning from a fruitless search, sees a group near a cliff and the body of a woman upon the beach, clad in dark grey suit with bands of blue silk. Believing it is Violet, Lord Cameron selects a spot near the sea. The next day a stranger appears and requests to meet the woman reported to have married Lord Cameron. Being questioned by the Menckes his right, his answer thrills all—"the most sacred right in the world, for—she is my wife!" Wilhelm Mencke doubting the marriage, Wallace produces the marriage certificate and Vane Cameron confirms it by Violet's admission of it to him. Then he relates her loyalty to Wallace, her unhappiness, the treatment received, her disappearance and later the finding of her body by drowning and the burial. Wallace falls unconscious and Lady Cameron and Vane remain with Wallace through a severe illness. Riding through the crowded streets, Wallace catches the glimpse of a face, looking from a coach window, which unmans him. Vane consoles him with what he knows. Wallace returns to New York, building up a fine business. In the meanwhile, Wilhelm Mencke squanders all at the gaming table and Mrs. Mencke returns to Cincinnati from which place she suddenly disappears. The night of Violet's flight she meets a peasant girl, Lisette Vermilet, fleeing from a forced marriage and they exchange clothing. Lisette, leaving Violet, and still dark, rushes on at a headlong speed, loses her balance and falls over a projecting cliff into the sea. The body found later, and not recognizable, is by the clothing supposed to be Vane Cameron's promised bride. Violet returns to New York, securing a position as governess for Bertha Lawrence, who is partially blind and possessed of a strong will.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

VIOLET'S tactics proved very successful with her pupil, and while she had many anxious and weary moments, and had to practice the greatest patience and self-control in the management of the unruly child, she felt such an overwhelming pity for the motherless girl, such tenderness for her in her affliction, that it helped her to be sweet and kind even when she had to be most firm, and it was not long before she had her under complete control. The two were the best of friends in a short time, and Mr. Lawrence looked upon Violet as an elder daughter and treated her as such. Her influence wrought a great change in Bertha's character, helping to make her life brighter and happier, and transforming her from a spoiled, discontented, miserable girl into a pleasant, lovable little companion. One day while her pupil was paying some visits with her father, Violet took advantage of their absence to do some shopping, and after having made her purchases she walked leisurely along the street enjoying her liberty, occasionally stopping to look at the goods displayed in the shop windows, pausing now and then to admire the pictures in some art store, and greatly diverted as she went by watching the busy, hurrying throng.

On and on she walked, taking no note of

time or distance, until something prompted her to turn into a wide and more quiet street on her left, and she wended her way slowly along, thinking how strange it was to be there in New York and not know a single person, among its million of people, save those with whom she was living.

"It is almost like being an alien in a strange land," she murmured, a little sadly, while, for the first time during her residence there a slight feeling of homesickness came over her.

She had noticed in turning the corner that there was a large church near by, and she had thought to walk past it and ascertain if possible what denomination worshipped there.

As she came opposite its spacious entrance she observed that some one was sitting upon one of the steps and leaning against a pillar.

A second glance told her that it was a man—heavy in form, gross in appearance, shabbily dressed, while he reclined there motionless, with his hat pulled far over, and mostly concealing his face.

Violet thought that he must be intoxicated and was probably sleeping off the effect of his potations, but just as she was passing him he lifted his hat and glanced sleepily at her out of his bleared and swollen eyes.

The effect of that glance was electrical, for the next moment he had sprung to his feet, a fearful imprecation bursting from his lips, his face, which but a minute before had been of a dusky red, suddenly blanching to the pallor of death, while he trembled visibly in every limb.

"Girl! Girl! Who, in Heaven's name, are you?" he demanded, in a hoarse, unnatural voice. Violet had not recognized him until he spoke; but now, with a sinking heart and a feeling of intense disgust, she saw that she was face to face with Wilhelm Mencke, her sister's husband, who, it was evident, had become a sot, and, if appearances did not deceive her, almost a beggar since she last saw him.

"Who are you? Who are you?" he cried again, in a shrill, quavering voice, a look of fear and dread almost convulsing his features.

He afterward confessed that he believed himself to have been attacked with delirium tremens and haunted by Violet's ghost.

"I am Violet," the startled girl at last found voice to say.

"You lie!" the man cried, cowering before her as if she had struck him a blow; then he added, in an awed, husky whisper: "Violet is dead."

"Dead!" repeated Violet, wondering.

"Yes, dead—and buried. I saw her laid in her grave with my own eyes," he reiterated, his staring eyes still riveted upon her face.

"That is not possible, Wilhelm," Violet answered. "I ran away from you and Belle because I did not wish to marry Lord Cameron; but I did not die. I went directly to Paris."

The man was shaking as with an ague fit; his eyes were still frightfully wild, his whole attitude betraying excessive terror.

"No, no," he muttered, "Violet was buried at Mentone—I saw her—I know it!"

"You are mistaken, Wilhelm," Violet returned, as she began to have some inkling of the truth; "if any one is dead—if you have buried any one believing it to be me, it must have been that poor girl with whom I exchanged clothing."

"Ha! What is that you say?" cried the man, with a start, and recovering himself somewhat at this statement, while he drew a little nearer his sister-in-law. "What 'poor girl' do you mean?"

"A peasant girl who was also running away from an unhappy home and a cruel father," Violet explained. "We met on the road not far from Mentone, and she told me her story. I was so afraid of being seen and recognized that I persuaded her to let me have her costume in exchange for mine. Can it be that she is dead?"

"If what you tell me is true, it must have been that girl," Mr. Mencke replied, pleased with the discovery that he was not a victim of delirium tremens and that Violet was not a spirit.

"How did she die?" she inquired, her mind still upon the unfortunate peasant girl, while tears started to her eyes at her sad fate.

"Drowned," Wilhelm Mencke said, laconically. "Poor Lisette! How could it have happened?" cried Violet, in a horrified tone and growing very pale at the intelligence.

"She probably made a misstep on the cliffs and tumbled into the ocean," explained Mr. Mencke. "Her body was found four weeks afterward, but it was so disfigured it could not be recognized, save by the clothing, which we knew was yours, and so of course concluded it must be you."

Violet shuddered. It seemed a horrible fate, and yet it might have been hers. She wondered how she had managed to escape falling from

those perilous cliffs as she made her way over that strange road in the darkness.

"Where is Belle?" she asked, with some reluctance, after a few moments of sad thought.

"The devil knows—I don't," snapped the man, angrily, a heavy scowl disfiguring his face. Violet looked both astonished and disgusted at this rude reply.

"What do you mean, Wilhelm?" she asked, gravely, "and why do I find you here in such a plight?" glancing over his soiled and threadbare apparel.

He laughed disagreeably at the question. "You see me looking like a beggar because I am one," he answered, roughly.

"What do you mean?" she repeated.

"I am dead broke—that is all," sullenly.

"Do you mean that you have lost all your money and—mine, too?" Violet demanded, wondering.

"Every dollar of it."

"How?"

The man laughed uneasily, but, with an air of bravado, he made first a motion as if he were shaking and throwing dice, then as if shuffling cards, and she knew that he had gambled it away.

"What did you mean by saying that you do not know where Belle is?" Violet inquired, without making any comment upon the loss of her property, though she was astonished to learn that it was all gone.

"Just what I said," Wilhelm Mencke responded, gruffly. "When she found I'd made way with all the money she denounced me in language more expressive than agreeable; said she never wanted to look upon my face again, and much more of the same sort; so I took her at her word, cleared out, and haven't seen her since."

"When was that?" Violet asked.

"Last December."

"Where were you then?"

"In London."

"Do you think it probable that she has returned to America?"

"I cannot say. I only know that she made it so hot for me that I wanted to get into a cooler atmosphere, and so I vanished," the man returned, with a shrug of his huge shoulders and a suggestive leer. "I don't care if I never see her again," he added, with an oath.

Violet regarded him with more and more of repugnance; indeed, she was half afraid of him, in his present state, and wondered how it was possible for any one to fall so low in so short a time.

"Well, you've catechized me pretty thoroughly; now suppose you answer a few questions yourself," he remarked, drawing nearer to her, his fear having all vanished upon discovering her to be of real flesh and blood instead of an apparition.

"When did you come to New York?"

"Last October."

"Where were you between May and October?"

"Most of the time in Paris."

"What were you doing there?"

"Studying music and French."

"Hadden't you had enough of that lingo?" sneered Wilhelm Mencke, who affected to despise the "chattering French people." "And where did you get money to pay your bills?"

"I had saved it from my allowance," said Violet.

"What was your object in studying there?"

"To fit myself for a teacher, so that I could take care of myself, for I never intended to go back to you and Belle."

"You didn't, eh? Why not, pray?" he demanded, flushing.

"Because you were not kind to me," Violet said, tremulously, as a flood of painful memories rushed over her.

"Humph! What in thunder made you run away from that chap you promised to marry?" the man asked, sharply. "Instead of having to work for your own living you would now be occupying one of the finest positions in England."

Violet's face grew very pale and sorrowful. She could never recall those sad incidents and trials of her life without experiencing pain.

"Yes," she said, thoughtfully. "I know that; but I know also that I should have been guilty of doing Lord Cameron the greatest wrong possible; so I ran away because Belle was determined that I should marry him, and there was no other way of escaping from such a fate."

"But you promised him that you would marry him, and it was a shabby trick to break it and run away from him at the last moment."

"I do not think I ever did really promise," Violet said, thoughtfully. "It was more than half Belle's doing, and I was drawn into it before I was aware of it. At any rate, I felt that I should be committing sin—"

"Against whom—your old lover?" sneered Wilhelm Mencke, eying her keenly.

"Oh, no; for Wallace is dead, you know," Violet answered, sadly, but flushing slightly as she thought that he did not know of the sacred bond that had united them, "but I did not love Lord Cameron, and he was too good a man to be hampered with a loveless wife; so I thought it was better to run away at the last moment than to perjure myself and ruin his life."

Her companion eyed her keenly during this speech. It was evident to him that she had not yet learned the truth about Wallace being alive.

He did not intend to undeceive her regarding his supposed death, for he thought perhaps he might yet make profitable use of the fact of his existence, if he should ever meet the young man again.

"So you are really earning your own living?" he remarked, changing the subject and running his eye critically over her neat, trim figure, while his fat shoulders shook with amusement at the idea; for in the old days in Cincinnati she had never been required to do anything for herself.

"Yes," Violet said, briefly.

"You look as if you fared pretty well, too," he added. "What are you doing?"

"Teaching. Do you suppose Belle has gone home to Cincinnati?"

The young girl suddenly and purposely changed the subject, for she did not wish to tell him any more about herself if she could avoid it.

"I don't know—nor do I care," the man returned, gruffly, and completing his sentence with some observation not very complimentary to Mrs. Mencke.

Violet flushed indignantly at his coarseness, but made no reply to it.

"Where are you teaching?" he inquired, persistently going back to that subject; "in the public schools?"

"No; I am giving private lessons in French and music," Violet said after a moment of thought, and not thinking it necessary to tell him what else she was doing.

"Where do you live?"

Violet hesitated; but at length she said, boldly: "I would prefer not to tell you, Wilhelm. I have broken away altogether from my old life, and I have no desire to renew its former associations. It is a hard thing to say, perhaps, but you and Belle both have alienated yourselves of my affections by your unkind treatment. I sometimes think it is very strange—it does not seem as if an own sister could treat one so."

A peculiar gleam shot into Wilhelm Mencke's eyes at this and his lips parted as if he were about to speak, but he checked himself; and Violet, not noticing it, went on:

"You say that people believe me to be dead—let them continue to think so; I am happier as I am, living among comparative strangers and in the independence of self-support, and I am doing no one any wrong by keeping my existence unknown. If you are living here in New York, I hope we shall not meet again, and I do not wish you to try to discover my abode. I no longer owe you any obedience, for you have forfeited all right to any authority over me by your unkindness and the squandering of my property, and, though I suppose I might call you to account for it, I have no desire to do so. I simply ask you to let me alone."

CHAPTER XXII.

"I'LL HUNT YOU OUT YET."

The man flushed angrily at her reply. "Humph! You are ashamed of your brother because he happens to be down in the world just now."

"Your simply 'being down in the world,' as you express it, Wilhelm, would not make me 'ashamed' of you; but if you have gambled away all your money, as well as mine, as you have led me to infer, I certainly cannot depend upon you for future support; while, if you are leading a life of dissipation, as your appearance indicates, I think it will be better for us not to meet," Violet answered, somewhat coldly.

"You—saucy minx," he began, fiercely, "you shall tell me where you live, and I shall have a heavy hand upon her shoulder."

"I shall not tell you anything more about myself, and you can release me at once, or I shall appeal to that policeman yonder," Violet said, calmly and resolutely.

She glanced at an officer who was pacing back and forth, down by the corner of the street, as she spoke.

Doubtless Wilhelm Mencke knew that she would be as good as her word, for his hand dropped by his side, though an angry oath escaped him at her obstinacy, while he affirmed that "he would yet ferret her out."

Then he moderated his tone all at once, and asked, in a sort of shamefaced, appealing way: "Do you happen to have a little money that you can spare me, Violet? I am decidedly hard up this morning."

A curl of scorn wreathed the girl's beautiful lips at this unmanly request, but she quietly drew forth her purse, and taking a five-dollar bill from it, passed it to him.

His eyes gleamed greedily as he grasped it and shoved it into the depths of a pocket.

Then he turned and began to shuffle off, remarking that "he was dry and guessed he would go and get a glass of beer."

He stopped after he had gone a few steps, however, and looking over his shoulder, remarked, with a malicious leer:

"You may imagine that you are cute enough

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43)

A Thrilling New Year's Eve Adventure Don't Miss It in January COMFORT

A wild escapade incident to the frenzied festivities with which New Year's Eve is celebrated in the great cities is told in Joseph F. Novak's best style in January COMFORT. It gives a glimpse of strange doings in high life with the bold kidnapping of a society belle in the very presence of her lover. Make sure not to miss it.

Renew and extend your subscription today at the present rate of 50 cents for one year, or better still send 75 cents for a two-year renewal. Use coupon on page 8.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THERE were so many interesting letters this month that it was disappointing to be told that there were so many of equal interest left over that there wouldn't be space for only a few new ones in December. Then came the difficulty of selecting them. I thought to myself, "That letter from Mrs. Auld has just naturally got to be published for it may mean a better Christmas for some lonely soldier or sailor boy, and Auntie Wood's mustn't be left out, and the letter from S. C. Sheppard must surely be printed." It isn't often we have a letter from such a mighty hunter and besides, S. C. is a poet and who knows but what he may favor us with some more of his nature verses. I believe in encouraging youthful talent. Then there are the letters giving advice and sympathy to "Wife in Name Only" and last but not least there are the babies, bless em! There are eleven, nice, fat, dimply, smiling babies whose pictures I want to appear this month but I don't dare hope for such good fortune. The powers that be will decree that not more than two or three can be used. But I am sure if the editor should ever place the whole eleven photographs in a row, as I did, he would print every picture. Right then and there I decided that eleven babies were not too many for any one family to have, but just think of buying Christmas presents for eleven children! That's what I must be doing—not for eleven children, but enough so that the only thing I can give my friends will be my sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas, and since, through the years we have worked together, the COMFORT Sisters have come to be real folks to me and are counted among my friends, just consider that it means *you* when I say Merry Christmas.—Ed.

PONTIAC, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a COMFORT reader for twenty-five years. I am sending my boy's photograph. His name is Clark and he is nine months old. I should like to see



CLARK WILLHOITE.

Mm smiling at me from COMFORT's pages. I wouldn't do without my magazine no matter what the price was. With love, Mrs. ALICE WILLHOITE.

Mrs. Willhoite.—You won't be the only person to be glad when your baby smiles out at the world from COMFORT's pages. We consider it an honor to have him with us and when I looked at his picture I said, "Are there any more at home like you?"—Ed.

OAKLAND, 3740 EMERSON ST., CALIF.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: We are nearing the holidays and if I don't get in a word now I can't expect to do so before Christmas so just hitch your chairs over a bit and make room for a caller from the Old Pine Tree State, a genuine downeast Yankee, whom fate transplanted into California some years ago. First of all (now keep right on with your knitting, I like to hear the click of the needles), since I am just a short ride from San Francisco and can see its lights from my windows, I thought perhaps I might be a proxy mother to some of your boys in the U. S. Service, Army, Navy or Marine, at the holidays. Some of your dear ones aren't to be discharged for quite a while yet and are perhaps lonely for the grip of mother's hands or the companionship of sisters and brothers. Many are church and Sunday School boys back home but take little interest in attending a strange church in a strange city. "Where the boys in uniform all look alike and go to church in herds and never get to really know anyone," as one dear fellow said to me recently. As my own dear boy wore his country's uniform for more than three years, I have tried to play mother to all the soldiers I have met, knowing from the experience of my own son just how lonely they are and how every-day-alike their life in camp soon becomes. For more than three years there has been no week in which some other mother's boy didn't have a little visit with me and Sundays have been enjoyable, to me at least, as I have had many dear ones, far from home and hard ones, to take to church with me. If any of you have a dear one near or in San Francisco or among the sick or wounded in Letterman Hospital, Emidio, San Francisco, I want name and address in full and will see to it that they will feel they

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

WITH the revival of the sugar shortage the sugar-saving recipes will come into their own again, if indeed they have ever abdicated in favor of before-the-war recipes that called so recklessly for one, two and three cups of sugar. What we have done we can do again and our Christmas dinner need be none the less merry because we have used molasses, honey or corn syrup for our Christmas pudding for, after all, it is the Christmas spirit that makes it the day of days, and that is one thing still within the control of individuals, so let us be merry.—Ed.

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP.—Take the outer stalks of celery and wash well and cut into inch lengths; put into sauce-pan, cover with boiling water and cook until tender. Drain and save the water in which they are cooked. Mash the celery through a coarse sieve, return to water and boil fifteen minutes; then strain into double boiler. To each cup of celery add one cup of milk; season with salt and pepper and thicken with flour moistened with water to smooth paste. Add a piece of butter and let cook for a few minutes longer.

OLD-FASHIONED CREAM PIE.—Cream one third cup of butter, add one cup of sugar and cream again. Add one well-beaten egg, one teaspoon of flavoring, and with the eggbeater beat the mixture well. Mix together two even cups of sifted flour, one teaspoon of cream of tartar and one half teaspoon of soda and sift again. Measure one cup of milk and add it all



OLD-FASHIONED CREAM PIE.

ternately to the egg mixture with the flour. Beat hard, and bake in three thin round cakes in a moderate oven. The oven for thin layer cakes should be a little hotter than for loaf cake.

CREAM FILLING.—Have boiling hot two cups of fresh milk. Beat two eggs until creamy and then beat in half a cup of sugar and a pinch of salt. In a sauce-pan melt one tablespoon of butter and slowly add two tablespoons of dry flour and stir until thoroughly smooth. Add slowly the boiling hot milk while continually stirring and when well mixed, pour it over the eggs and sugar, stir and return to boiler and cook about seven minutes. When both cake and cream are cold, flavor the cream and spread it between the layers of cake. If desired, the pie may be frosted and decorated with half walnut meats of jelly.

ROAST TURKEY.—After cleaning and washing turkey thoroughly place it in roaster, having first rubbed the entire surface with salt, pepper and flour rubbed to a paste and mixed with butter. Place in hot oven until it begins to brown, then baste. For basting use a cup of boiling water to which a quarter cup of bacon fat has been added. Use this until there is enough fat from the bird to baste with. Cook about three hours, though time required depends somewhat upon size of turkey. If turkey is "browning too fast," cover with buttered paper to prevent burning. Turn frequently.

STUFFING.—Melt one quarter cup butter and pour over one cup of cracker crumbs which have been seasoned with salt, pepper, sage and a little onion. Moisten with one egg, well beaten, and add enough scalded milk to make it the right consistency.

GIBLET GRAVY.—To the fat in the pan add three tablespoons of flour and stir until free from lumps. To this add the stock in which the giblets have been cooked and enough boiling water to make it the desired consistency. Chop giblets into small pieces and add.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—Five eggs, one half cup milk, one half teaspoon salt, one eighth teaspoon pepper, two tablespoons butter. Beat eggs slightly with silver fork; add salt, pepper and milk. Heat omelet pan, put in butter, and when melted, turn in the mixture. Cook until of creamy consistency, stirring and scraping from bottom of the pan.

STEAMED EGGS.—Put one or two tablespoons of new milk in plain party tins, and break fresh eggs into them; add a little salt and put into the steamer and steam while white, over the yolks, but not long enough to harden them. Eggs thus prepared are very nice and look very inviting.—Mrs. MIKE MATHISON, Moorhead, B. R. 4, Box 44, Iowa.

STEAMED PUDDING.—Two cups rye flour, one half teaspoon salt, one half teaspoon soda, one half cup chopped nuts, one half cup chopped raisins, one half cup molasses, one half cup sour milk, one quarter teaspoon each cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and ginger and two tablespoons melted shortening. Mix dry ingredients together, then add others in order. Steam one and one half to two hours, in well-greased moulds. Serve with hard sauce.

HARD SAUCE.—Cream one quarter cup of butter until very light and gradually work in two thirds of a cup of powdered sugar, a little cinnamon and orange juice.

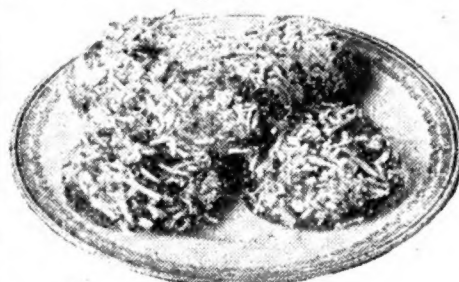
EGGLESS FRUIT CAKE.—One half cup of lard or butter, two thirds cup of sugar, one cup of raisins, two thirds cup of sour milk, one half teaspoon salt, one half teaspoon all kinds of spices, one teaspoon soda and enough flour to make batter thick enough to drop from spoon.—Mrs. P. M. HARBELL, Wheatland, Ind.

BUTTER SCOTCH.—Three quarters cup molasses, one cup sugar, two tablespoons vinegar, two tablespoons hot water and one half cup butter. Boil until brittle when tried in cold water. Turn into buttered tins and cut into squares.

CREAM CANDY.—One cup sweet cream, two cups granulated sugar, two thirds teaspoon cream of tartar. Do not stir while cooking. Cook half an hour, remove from stove and beat well. Add nuts and flavoring and work candy into a roll and slice.

PRALINES.—Two pounds brown sugar, one half cup butter, one cup milk, one tablespoon vinegar. Boil until it will thread. Flavor with vanilla, add chopped nuts and beat until creamy.

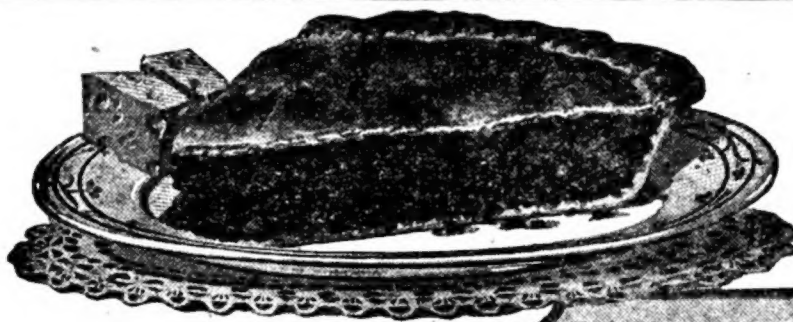
COCOANUT DROPS.—Two cups of freshly grated cocoanut, or the shredded cocoanut soaked in milk and drained until dry, one tablespoon of flour mixed with



COCOANUT DROPS.

one cup of sugar, and one egg-white beaten until stiff and dry. Stir all together and drop in spoonfuls on buttered paper. Sift sugar over the top, and add a little cocoanut if desired. Bake in a slow oven about fifteen minutes. They should be lightly browned on top and bottom.

TAFY.—Two cups sugar, one cup water. Let boil and add two tablespoons vinegar, and piece of butter size of walnut. Let cook until it will harden in cold water. Add flavoring and remove from fire. Let cool and then pull.—EDITH DEAMING, Velpen, Ind.



Mince Pie

"Like Mother Used to Make"

is but one of the many filling, luscious good things YOU can make—oh, so easily!—out of savory

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

The New Recipes

exhibited on this page suggest some of a wide variety of appetizing dishes.

These recipes will be welcomed by housewives who like to surprise their families with something new and tempting in the way of food.

For example, hot None Such Gems for breakfast lend a little variety to a meal too often the same. Bake enough of them. Your family will make away with them fast and come up smiling for more.

For luncheons that must be taken somewhere, Oatmeal Cookies with None Such Filling are sustaining as well as delicious. Gracious, how every bite seems to go to just the right spot!

And to the stuffing of the game that's carved at your board, a single package of None Such will add richness and flavor.

TRY THESE RECIPES

None Such Gems.—Make a pie-crust dough. Use gem pans, greasing pan as usual. Roll dough moderately thick. Line each gem pan with dough in the same manner as for pie, fill with None Such Mince Meat thickened with flour. Make a covering of dough. Serve hot.

None Such Salad.—None Such Mince Meat, oranges, grapes, celery, marshmallows. Chill and serve on lettuce leaf.

None Such Sandwiches.—Cut slices of bread very thin. Make a filling of None Such Mince Meat, to which may be added onions, celery, pimientos. Use crisp lettuce leaf.

None Such Relish.—Mix None Such Mince Meat with green or red peppers and onions.

Oatmeal Cookies with None Such Filling.—Cookies—1 cup sugar, 1 cup shortening, 3 cups oatmeal, 3 cups flour, 1-2 cup milk, 1 teaspoonful of soda. Filling—None Such Mince Meat, 2 cups; 1 cup water. Boil till thick and spread between cookies.

None Such Jelly for Dessert.—1 package Jiffy-Jell (either lemon, orange, or loganberry), nuts, None Such Mince Meat. Before serving, cover top with whipped cream, sprinkle with finely chopped nuts and place a cherry in center.

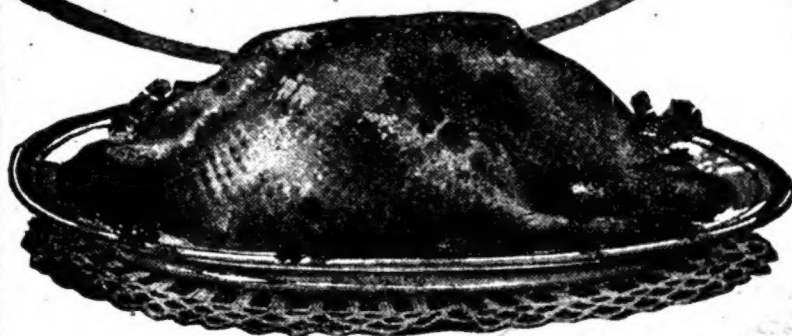
Tomato Stuffed with None Such.—Scoop out a tomato. Mix None Such Mince Meat, celery, green peppers and onions. Fill the scooped-out tomato and serve, after chilling, on plate garnished with parsley.

None Such Dressing for Duck or Other Game.—Make dressing in the usual way; add 1 package None Such Mince Meat, and more apples and celery to suit individual taste.

NOTE.—None Such Mince Meat prepared in the same manner as for Mince Pie, should be used for all these recipes. Use according to directions on the package.

You'll find yourself trying some of the other recipes suggested on the None Such package.

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y.



None Such Dressing for Duck or Other Game



None Such Gems



None Such Salad



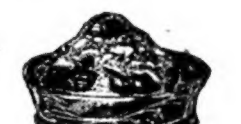
None Such Sandwiches



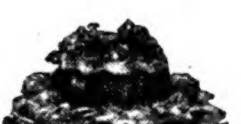
None Such Relish



Oatmeal Cookies with None Such Filling



None Such Jelly for Dessert



Tomato Stuffed with None Such

Driven Apart

by Julia Edwards



The rancher was carrying a salver containing a pitcher and two glasses.



This happened about the middle of the afternoon, you say?



The woman however did not move from the road.



In a breath he had turned on the power, and set the throbbing mechanism in motion.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Nicholas Berdine, past middle age, his face marred by dissipation, schemes with Hartley Trenwyck to win Beryl Grayson, whose father is dead. She is engaged to Neil Preston, who goes to Alaska in the interest of a mine owned by Grayson and which falls into Berdine's hands. Neil Preston is reported dead by Dave Gorsline, who is hired by Berdine to tell Beryl. In her sorrow and loss of wealth, she refuses continued aid from Berdine. Mr. Jackman from Denver, wanting to repay a debt owed to Beryl's father, invites Beryl to his ranch, where she forms a friendship for Tonita, a beautiful Mexican girl, who advises her not to marry Berdine through any mistaken idea of gratitude. Irma Lee, discarded by Berdine, warns Beryl that he serves his own selfish purpose and that Neil Preston lives and is on his way to Jackman's Ranch. Berdine, persistent that Beryl shall become his wife, Neil Preston, overhearing her denunciation of his baseness and treachery and refusing to marry him, confronts Berdine who swears he will follow his trail. The day Beryl Grayson becomes Berdine's wife, Morley Preston, opposed to Neil's marriage, will tender Trenwyck a check for five thousand dollars and Berdine will give a like sum. He admits Beryl's trust in Jackman and that the letter written offering her the home was inspired by him, that he holds a heavy mortgage on the Jackman ranch, and with this knowledge they plot to separate the lovers who plan to be married the following day.

HAPTER VII.

THE FAITHLESS FRIEND.

"YOU are happy, Beryl?" Mr. Jackman came into the sitting-room where Beryl, her lovely face radiant with joy, was moving about, collecting some of the books and keepsakes which she had brought with her from Denver. She had been singing, out of the fullness of her heart, but stopped and turned brightly upon the rancher. "Happy, you ask, Mr. Jackman?" she repeated. "Ah, yes! I believe I am the happiest girl in all the world! Why should I not be? My darling has returned to me, and tomorrow—she blushed like the rose—" "tomorrow I am to be his bride." The rancher was carrying a salver containing a pitcher and two glasses. One of the glasses was filled with a liquid that sparkled ruby-red to the brim. His hands trembled a little as he placed the salver and its burden on a table. "Ah, well," said he with a short, unnatural laugh, "love is a wondrous thing. What some men will do for it is past all understanding." There was a quiver in the rancher's strong voice, and he seemed even more ill at ease than when he had met Beryl and Neil on the veranda a few hours before. But Beryl, so completely wrapped up in her own happiness, paid little heed to these visible signs of a strange mood in Mr. Jackman. "Are you going to miss the melancholy little girl that has been your guest for so long, Mr. Jackman?" she archly asked, sinking into a chair. "More than I can tell," said he, his eyes wandering under the look she gave him. "Will Mother Jackman be back before I leave, do you think?" "I hope not," said he absently. "You hope not," she repeated, with a bewildered smile. "I mean," he answered, confusedly, "that I hope you will not leave before she comes. I have come to drink to your happiness in a glass of home-made wine," he went on. "I know you do not care for wine, Beryl, but on this occasion, and since I have drawn it with my own hands from my choicest store, you will not refuse a glass with me?" Mr. Jackman was English, and whenever he wished to celebrate he must do it with a glass of wine from the small vineyard on the estate. Beryl felt that she could not refuse the slight request. "It will be my first glass of wine, Mr. Jackman," said she; "but since you have gone to the trouble to get it, I shall not be disobliging." He brought her the filled glass, then poured another for himself. His hand was unsteady, and he spilled some of the pitcher's contents on the salver. "Will you give me a toast?" cried Beryl, raising her glass and peering at him with her glancing eyes. "If your future holds a trace of disappointment," said the grizzled rancher, "may seeming misfortune turn out a blessing in disguise." It was a queer sentiment, and queerly spoken; but the glasses tinkled together and passed to the waiting lips. The rancher swallowed his wine at a gulp. Beryl drank only half of hers, then set the glass back on the salver. "I shall never forget your kindness to me, Mr. Jackman," said she. "Don't speak of it!" exclaimed the rancher, almost harshly. "A girl has so few trifles than men care for," she said, "that I have nothing to leave with you in the way of a keepsake, but I shall certainly send you a little remembrance from San Francisco." "Don't bother about me, Beryl," he huskily murmured. "Oh, but I shall!" she declared with girlish insistence. "This little, gold cross," she went on, untying a bit of ribbon that held the trinket against her white throat, "used to be my mother's. I am going to leave it for Mother Jack-

man. She will prize it for my sake, I know." She stepped over to the rancher, and pressed the cross into his hand. His face was like stone, and his eyes, although fixed upon her, did not seem to see her at all.

"Strange," she murmured, picking up an armful of books and pictures, "but I feel dizzy and sleepy. I believe I will go to my room for a while and lie down before I finish packing." Thereupon she passed out of the apartment, and Jackman could hear her little feet climbing the stairs. Trenwyck came in from an adjacent room.

"Did she drink it?" he whispered. "Yes," answered the rancher, drearily; "she did not suspect me, because she thinks I am her friend. Trenwyck, that little girl is as pure and innocent as she is beautiful. God help me for this day's work!"

"Why, man," murmured the lawyer, clapping him on the back, "it's the best day's work you ever did in your life. You have saved your ranch, and Berdine will be your friend for all time."

"I have bought my place for a dear price, if my conscience is to pay for it," growled Jackman; "and as for Berdine, I want none of his friendship, or yours. I have agreed to help you in this contemptible business in order to keep a roof over my head, and you may count on me to do my part as well as I may."

Trenwyck drew back and surveyed him with a basilisk smile. "Go upstairs and lock her door," said he, coolly, "then give me the key."

CHAPTER VIII.

OUT OF THE SNARE.

Neil Preston returned at the edge of evening in a taxicab. Hurrying up to the front door of the ranch house, Neil gave the bell an impatient pull. Jackman answered the summons in person, and seemed intensely surprised on beholding his visitor.

"Why," he exclaimed, "is that you, Mr. Preston?"

"Certainly," replied Neil, briskly. "You knew I was coming for Beryl, didn't you?"

"But you changed your plans," faltered Jackman, "and sent a note."

"I sent no note," cried Neil. "Tell Beryl I am here, and waiting."

"But she has gone," said Jackman, in well-feigned consternation. "She left about the middle of the afternoon, bag and baggage, in the automobile you sent for her."

Neil was astounded. A clammy hand seemed gripping his heart and squeezing out every drop of blood.

"Do not trifle with me," he wildly cried. "I sent Beryl no note and I sent no automobile after her. It was the understanding that I was to come for her in person."

"Can this be possible?" muttered Jackman, seemingly agast. "Why, I found the note on the stairs, where Beryl must have dropped it in her haste. Come in, Mr. Preston. This is something that must be looked into at once."

Neil staggered, rather than walked, into the lighted room. His handsome face had turned pale under its tan, and his dark eyes were wild with anxiety. Jackman gave him the note, which ran thus:

"MY PRECIOUS ONE: I am detained in San Jose. Will you come, without delay, in the motor car I have sent for you? The chauffeur will give you this. With love and kisses, in haste, "NEIL."

"Heaven help my poor Beryl!" groaned Neil, dropping the paper and covering his face with his hands. "That is not my handwriting, Jackman. It is a trick of Berdine's."

Only an instant did he give way to his grief, then he leaped at Jackman and caught his arm as in a vise, his eyes fairly gleaming with the fury that ran hot in his veins.

"This happened about the middle of the afternoon, you say?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"And which way did the car go when it left here?"

"Down into the valley, toward town."

Without another word, Neil whirled, dashed from the house, and ran to his waiting vehicle.

"Back to San Jose, chauffeur!" he cried. "Do not spare the car! Speed her up!"

The startled chauffeur turned back along the tree-lined road, but he had not gone a quarter of a mile before a cloaked figure leaped out into the highway and a woman's voice called:

"Stop!"

Neil, who was sitting beside the chauffeur, leaned out of the car.

"Away!" he cried, warningly. "Do not attempt to stop us! An errand, it may be, of life and death calls us on! Open the throttle!" he added.

The woman, however, did not move from the road.

"Is it the Senor Neil Preston to whom I am speaking?" she asked.

"Yes, yes!" he answered. "Who are you? What do you wish?"

"I know whom you are seeking," answered the woman, "and I am almost sure that you are on the wrong course. The welfare of her whom you wish to find is very dear to me, and I beg you, senor, to descend, and grant me a short interview."

"Wait here, driver," said Neil, and sprang to the ground.

The woman retreated a little way among the trees, and Neil hastened to join her.

"Senor," said the woman, speaking rapidly, and laying an eager hand on Neil's arm, "I am Tonita Morales, Beryl's friend. Perhaps she has told you of me?"

"Yes, yes," returned Neil, his agony throbbing in the very tones of his voice. "Beryl spoke of you when I saw her this morning. What do you know? Oh, tell me quickly."

"I called to see Beryl," said Tonita; "it was almost noon, at the time, and Mr. Jackman told me Beryl had gone."

"At noon, you say?" repeated Neil; "and Jackman told you, at that time, that Beryl had gone?"

"Yes, senor."

"Why, he just told me that Beryl had not left until the middle of the afternoon!"

"Ah," said the girl, with a shrug, "his stories do not hang together! There is a mystery here—I have felt so, all the time. But listen to me, senor, for I am not done. After hearing what Senor Jackman had to say, I started back toward home, grieving in my heart that my dear friend should go away without one word to her Tonita, who loves her so dearly. I thought that, perhaps, she had left a letter for me in her room, and I went back. I could not see Senor Jackman, nor any one else, so I went into the house and up the stairs. Senor, the door of Beryl's room was locked! Why should it be locked if she was not there?"

Neil's brain was fairly whirling. Indeed, as Tonita had said, there was a mystery; but would he be warranted in delaying his pursuit of Berdine to return to the ranch house and make an investigation? A quick decision was required, and everything might depend on the correctness of it.

"I will go back," muttered Neil. "Heaven grant that I may find my poor darling, and that the course I am taking is the right one."

"Stay one moment, Senor," breathed Tonita excitedly. "Are you armed? You may be going among foes."

"I have my two hands," answered Neil, "and they will suffice."

"I would leave the taxi, senor," the Mexicana counseled. "Make your return a surprise, and, perhaps, you may discover something."

The advice seemed good, and Neil ordered his chauffeur to remain where he was. The man was a stranger; if Neil had known him to be trustworthy he would have taken him along. As it was, the chauffeur, very much astonished at all these proceedings, drove out of the road among the trees, and settled himself to wait until he should receive further orders.

Tonita accompanied Neil, almost running to keep abreast of him. Just as they were approaching the house, the sound of an automobile was wafted to their ears from down the road. The car was approaching rapidly, and they were compelled to draw aside into the shadow of the trees to let it pass.

There was but one passenger in the car; they caught a fleeting glimpse of him as he flew by—a dim, almost indistinguishable figure in front, bending over the steering gear.

Neil's attention became riveted upon the car.

"See," he whispered, hoarsely, "the automobile has come to a stop in front of the ranch house! Yes," he added, his voice tense with excitement, "and the man is getting out; the front door of the house opens, and some one emerges carrying— Ah, Heaven," he finished, with a gasp, "it is Beryl, Beryl!"

This was indeed true. Evidently the coming of the automobile was expected, for no sooner had the man got down from the car than another man emerged from the house with Beryl in his arms.

"That you, Trenwyck?" called the man by the car.

"Yes," answered the other.

"Everything all right?"

"Here is the girl, Nick, and what more do you want?"

"Make haste, then, for we have not a moment to lose!"

Neil Preston waited for no more. Without a sound, but with fierce determination expressed in his every movement, he dashed forward through the gloom, Tonita hastening after him.

Berdine and Trenwyck, busily engaged with the work that engaged them, were heedless of that grimly vengeful figure gliding to Beryl's rescue. Trenwyck, with Berdine's aid, lifted the unconscious girl into the tonneau.

At that instant, Neil dashed around to the front of the machine. Then, and not until then, were the two scoundrels conscious of his presence.

A startled oath dropped from Berdine's lips. Trenwyck leaped back with a cry of dismay.

"Careful, senor!" panted Tonita, who had just reached the scene. "The man has a weapon!"

The moonlight glimmered on a bit of steel in Berdine's hand.

"Monster," cried Neil, as one of his hands leaped out through the gloom; "once more I have saved my loved one from your treacherous designs. Another attempt, and your base life will pay the forfeit!"

Berdine, struck down by a terrible blow, lay disarmed in the dust of the road, unable to speak or to move. Trenwyck had retreated out of harm's way, shouting loudly for Jackman.

Doors in the house began to open and close, forms emerged, and there were sounds of running feet.

"Into the car with you, Tonita," cried Neil. "We must use the automobile if we would escape."

While Tonita, obeying instantly, climbed through the open door in the side of the vehicle, Neil leaped to the driver's seat. In a breath he had turned on the power, and set the throbbing mechanism in motion. From his heart he thanked Heaven that he knew the management of an automobile.

Away they glided into the patches of moonlight that drifted through the trees at the roadside and flicked the way before them. From the ranch house came shouts and cries which died to silence as the distance lengthened.

Neil slackened speed as he neared the place where the taxicab and driver were waiting and called to the chauffeur to follow with his machine.

The taxicab crawled out from the trees and followed the *Red Flyer*. When they had proceeded in this fashion beyond danger of immediate pursuit, Neil paid the chauffeur liberally and dismissed him.

Never before had a lover rescued his loved one so bravely; never before were miscreants so neatly felled.

To the northward lay the beautiful city of the Golden Gate. There lay Neil Preston's goal, and he would not stay or tarry until he reached it, and had made his peerless sweetheart his wife.

Yet, high over the beautiful valley as they raced along, towered the sinister height of Mount Hamilton, overshadowing them, and still portentous of the evil days that were almost at hand. For that was the night of the seventeenth of April; another morn, and all Santa Clara Valley, with the devoted city to the north of it, were to be rent and shaken by nature's mighty forces.

And toward this city, as to a haven of refuge, the lovers were fleeing!

CHAPTER IX.

TOWARD THE GOLDEN GATE.

"Where am I? Oh, what has happened to me? Neil, my darling, are we lost to each other again?"

They were Beryl's first words. For almost an hour she had lain in Tonita's arms, bereft of consciousness, yet breathing as sweetly and peacefully as a child. Neil, distraught with anxiety on his sweetheart's account, could not leave the mechanism of the car, which, under his skillful touch, was skimming along the tree-bordered road. The most he could do was to turn an occasional glance behind and ask Tonita, in throbbing tones, how his dear one fared.

Tonita had reassured him again and again, but not until those bewildered words reached his ears did a measure of peace fall to Neil Preston's soul.

"No, my precious one," he cried joyfully, "we are nevermore to be lost to each other, for at the end of this brief journey stands the altar before which we shall be united! Do you feel well, dearest?"

He yearned to take her in his arms, but the demands of the moment held him to his task. "I can hardly believe that you are with me, darling," breathed Beryl; "and is this—can this be Tonita?"

"Yes, dear," returned the Mexicana, "it is really your Tonita. Your lover has rescued you from your enemies. Ah, 'twas nobly done! Am you feeling at all ill, Beryl?"

"No, only a little dizzy."

She straightened up in her cushioned seat, Tonita supporting her with an arm about her waist.

"What happened, sweetheart?" asked Neil, tenderly.

Not once did he stay the automobile, but held it to its swift pace.

"Let me think, let me remember," murmured Beryl, pressing her hand to her forehead. "Such a change has transpired while I was unconscious that it is difficult for me to recall what happened. Ah, yes," she added, in a moment, "now I remember. I was packing my few belongings."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15)

A Wonderful Lot of Bargains

The biggest bargain in sight is a twelve months' subscription to COMFORT for 50 cents. But cost is rising and subscription rates must follow soon.

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CHRISTMAS TABLE DECORATION

THE LAND OF SNOW



By Violet Marsh

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CARRYING out some special scheme of decoration always adds a certain zest and interest to a dinner party which is difficult of achievement in any other way.

"The Land of Snow" here pictured offers many possibilities and is an idea readily carried out by clever fingers. The table is covered with a snowy white cloth, and so far as possible, dishes that have green in their coloring should be used. A miniature fence outlines the center decoration and is constructed from fir or spruce limbs freshly gathered from the woods, as the idea is to represent a bit of the snowy outside at this season when the Yule-log burns within, and the old sun, having entered Capricorn, turns the corner of the winter solstice.

Inside the miniature fence, have a mat of smooth, fleecy cotton. On top of each fence post arrange a twig of green, and any winter berries that may be found will enhance the beauty of the arrangement. The characters inside the fence are dolls dressed for playing in the snow and their costumes should include white mittens. At the end of the dinner the dolls are distributed as gifts.

The game being played by the dolls is that of old-time one of making a huge snowball. The ball is first shaped from hat wire, covered with white cloth and then with fleecy white cotton. The dolls should be jointed that they may be placed in playful attitudes, each one facing the snow-man. A toy hound is placed at the opening of the enclosure. Further table decorations are white glass candlesticks holding red tapers. If any pretty leaves can be found, use them upon which to place salts and peppers, bonbon dishes, etc. Sprays of partridge vines attached to squares of birch bark make pretty place cards.

Our Christmas Dinner

The combination of roast goose and game served with currant jelly, cranberry sauce and fried apple still holds its old-time place as the ideal Christmas dinner, and since all kinds of domestic meats have so greatly advanced in price we hear more and more about smothered squirrel, rabbits cooked the same as the old Mammy of the South prepared her platters of savory chicken, and about venison and steamed prairie chicken. With these we must serve the new celery, onions, squash and potatoes if we would taste all the flavors of a real Christmas dinner.

ROAST GOOSE.—Singe and remove pin feathers. The skin of the goose contains an excessive amount of oil, which should be drawn out through the skin while cooking so that the meat may retain its fine flavor. For this reason, before any cutting is done, scrub the goose in warm water and a little pure soap that the pores may be opened and cleansed. Make an incision upward from the vent, insert two fingers, loosen and remove any layers of excessive fat. Carefully work the fingers beyond the liver and heart and loosen on either side that the small organs may be removed whole and the gall bladder unbroken. Wash in several clear waters and wipe dry. Stuff with freshly boiled and mashed potato seasoned with salt and pepper, sage, and two boiled onions. Sprinkle generously with salt as this will help draw out the oil from skin. Cook one hour in a moderately hot oven, then drain off the oil, and dredge the goose with flour. Return to oven and as soon as the flour browns, add water and baste frequently until done.

SMOTHERED SQUIRREL.—Skin and remove heads and feet. Make an under incision large enough to thoroughly dress and wash, using a quantity of cold water on the inside. Lay squirrels on their sides in a stew-pan having a closely fitting cover. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover with thin slices of bacon. In a sauce-pan put one tablespoon of butter to each squirrel, and into this smooth as many spoons of dry flour as there are butter when the butter begins to bubble. To this add half a cup of boiling water to each spoonful of flour and stir until smooth. Add enough to the squirrels so it can be seen in bottom of stew-pan, reserving the remainder to be added from time to time. Watch carefully; and when the squirrels begin to cook, cover and set back on stove where the gravy will just bubble and cook three hours.

FRICASSEE OF RABBITS.—Skin, clean, and cut into serving portions and roll each piece in flour. In a frying-pan put a liberal amount of butter, or better substitute, or pork fat which many prefer. When hot, carefully brown each piece of rabbit and remove to stew-pan. In the frying-

pan there should be left about a tablespoon of fat to each rabbit, and into this rub as many tablespoons of dry flour, and to this add one and one half cups of boiling water for each rabbit. Cook until smooth, adding a tablespoon of lemon juice, one small sliced onion, three whole cloves, three whole allspice, one scant tablespoon of salt, one scant half teaspoon of pepper, and one bay leaf for every two rabbits, which will serve about six people. Pour all over the rabbits, cover closely and put on back of stove after it begins to cook and very slowly simmer for two hours.

VENISON.—Roasted, it is cooked in a very hot oven the same as beef. Serve with a sauce made from melting currant jelly and adding as much again grape juice. This should be prepared in a double boiler. Just before serving add about one tablespoon of melted butter to every four of sauce.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—Wash and draw. Stuff with bread-crumbs seasoned with melted butter, pepper and salt. Steam in a closely covered steamer about one hour. Remove, dredge well with flour, pepper and salt, and quickly brown in a hot oven, basting frequently with melted butter.

CHICKEN PIE.—Draw, and remove any surplus fat from a five-pound chicken or fowl. Wash. Cut into serving portions. Clean the liver, heart and gizzard. Wash and wipe any bloody pieces. Put into a stew-pan and cover with one quart of boiling water. When the contents begin to boil, skim carefully. Mix three rounding tablespoons of flour with a little cold water and slowly stir into the chicken. Add one rounding teaspoon of salt and one scant quarter of a teaspoon of pepper. Cover the stew-pan and set it back where only one side of the contents will bubble and cook at this heat for two hours. If the chicken is not tender, cook a little longer. Add three even tablespoons of butter. Invert a cup in a pie dish and pour in the cooked chicken. Set away to get cold. (It is well to cook the chicken the day before using.)

Make a crust from three and one half cups of flour, one cup of shortening, two teaspoons of salt, three teaspoons of baking powder and one cup of ice water. Mix the dry ingredients together and then sift into mixing bowl. Rub in the shortening, or better still, cut it in with a knife so it will not be softened by the hands. Stir in the ice water with a knife. Turn pastry on floured board and roll to an inch thick; fold and roll again, repeating the process three times. Set in a cold place to harden one hour. Roll to fit the pie dish, making it a little larger. Cover the chicken with the pastry, turning under the edges. Prick the top in several places for the steam to escape and bake in a moderately hot oven about one hour.

ONIONS.—Boil whole one hour and if the strong onion flavor is objectionable, change the water once. Drain and season with butter, pepper and salt, or cover with a cream sauce.

SQUASH.—If the squash is watery, it should be cut in halves, the center removed, and baked in a hot oven. Dry squash is steamed. Mash, season with salt and pepper, add a generous amount of butter and serve very hot.

Our Christmas Dinner Trimmings

With the scarcity of sugar, it would seem as if once more we must take care not to go quite to the bottom of the bucket; at least, until more sugar is in sight. Without discussing the situation pro and con, the fact remains that we housewives must turn to our war conservation cookbooks and refresh our memories on ways to use the sugar substitutes if we are to provide our table on Christmas Day with the accustomed sweets. The cakes made with syrup are not just like those made with sugar. In most cases they are less sweet. They do fill an emergency for cake, however. In place of our Christmas pudding we can substitute old-fashioned soft gingerbread, adding raisins and serving with whipped cream. This is a more wholesome dish for the children which will recommend it to mothers, as

also is a well-baked Indian pudding. Nuts, raisins and such fresh fruit as is obtainable can to advantage take the place of a part of the sweets. Following are a few recipes, simple to follow, that will provide confection for the holidays at a small cost:

FROSTED FRUIT.—Beat the white of egg mixed with a teaspoon of ice water until it is frothed. Cut branches of grapes into sections and dip into the egg; drain until nearly dry and roll in pulverized sugar. Roll again in the sugar and lay on paraffin paper to dry.

MINT PASTE.—Soak one envelope of gelatin in quarter of a cup of cold water, and dissolve

with two cups of boiling water. Add four-tablespoons of strained honey, flavor with a few drops of oil of peppermint and pour into cold wet pans about an inch deep. When cold, cut into squares and dip in powdered sugar.

MAPLE SUGAR FUDGE.—Boil together one large cup of soft maple sugar with one half cup of sweet cream until as the spoon draws through the mixture the bottom of the stew-pan can be seen. Take from fire and beat until it thickens; pour into buttered tin and cut into squares when cold.

FRUIT PASTE.—Melt in a double boiler one cup of currant jelly and one cup of strawberry jam; or any other combination of jam and jelly may be used. Dissolve three tablespoons of powdered gelatin in a little cold water, and add when the jelly and jam are melted. Cook about five minutes, stirring constantly. Wet a shallow pan in cold water and pour in the paste. The following day, cut into cubes and roll in finely ground shredded coconut.

WALNUT PATTIES.—Butter a muffin pan and evenly divide one and a half cups of broken walnut meats in the divisions. Boil together two cups of corn syrup and four teaspoons of strong vinegar until it "threads" when slowly poured from spoon. Add one even teaspoon of soda and pour over the walnuts. When cold and hard, remove from pan and wrap in paraffin papers.

STUFFED DATES.—Wash and wipe and remove the stones from dates. Fill cavities with peanut butter and roll in powdered sugar.

CHRISTMAS CAKE.—Cream one cup of butter, add two cups of granulated sugar and cream together until very light. Beat the yolks of six eggs until a light yellow and beat again with the sugar and butter. Dissolve one teaspoon of soda in a little hot water and add this to two cups of thick sour milk. Stir this into the mixture, add one grated nutmeg, one teaspoon of cinnamon and two cups of sifted pastry flour and beat well. Then beat in one and one half cups of shavings of citron dredged in flour, and lastly the whites of six eggs beaten stiff and dry. Do not stir cake after the flour is added, but always use the beating stroke. Bake in a loaf in a moderate oven.

FROSTING.—Cover with boiled frosting made by boiling together one cup of granulated sugar and

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one third of a cup of hot water until it "threads" when dropped from spoon. Do not stir while boiling. When nearly ready, beat the white of one egg until dry, add a scant quarter of a teaspoon of cream of tartar, and into this, in a very fine stream, pour the boiling syrup, beating continuously. Continue the beating until it thickens and then pour over the cold cake as soon as it will hold without running too much. Around the side of cake outline wishbones with melted chocolate after the frosting is firm. At each end of wishbones press into the frosting a holly berry; also place sprays of holly on top and around the cake.

MINCE MEAT.—Cover two and one half pounds of lean meat with boiling water and slowly simmer until tender. It is well to use a small oval stew-pan that too much water will not be required to cover the meat. When cold, chop the meat fine. Shred and chop fine one pound of fresh beef suet. Chop coarsely five pounds of tart cooking apples. Wash, seed and chop one pound of raisins. Wash and dry one pound each of Sultana and seedless raisins, and one pound of currants. Slice thin one half pound of citron. Mix together two and one half pounds of brown sugar, one even tablespoon of cloves, one tablespoon of allspice, two tablespoons of cinnamon, one grated nutmeg, and one tablespoon of salt. Stir all these ingredients together, add two cups of molasses and five cups of sweet cider and cook slowly until the apple is done. If more acid is desired, add the juice of one lemon and one orange.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Mix together one cup of yellow corn-meal, one cup of molasses and one teaspoon of salt. Over this pour one quart of boiling milk and stir until smooth. Add one tablespoon of butter and one cup of dates cut into small pieces. Pour over three pints of cold milk to which two beaten eggs have been added. Bake in a deep buttered pudding dish about eight hours in a very slow oven. Instead of the dates, raisins or currants may be substituted, or the fruit may be omitted entirely.

SURPRISES.—One cup of sugar and one third cup of butter rubbed to a cream. Beat in one well-beaten egg; add one teaspoon of lemon. Measure two cups of sifted flour, add one half

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Cubby Bear Hears Wise Owl's Story

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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WISE Owl hooted three times, long and loud, to call together his pupils, Cubby Bear, Chirpy Chipmunk, Shinyblack Crow and other little woods people who came to his school in the farmer's sugar house.

They were playing tag among the maple trees, but came hurrying in, for they had been promised a story this morning and did not want to miss it.

When all were in their places, Wise Owl put on his large, colored spectacles and smiled at them.

"I have been thinking over many stories which I learned from my ancestors," he told them, "and have decided to tell you about a visitor who came to our forest once upon a time—yes, many visitors, but one stayed longer than the rest."

Chirpy Chipmunk raised his paw and questioned, "How long ago?"

"Many, many moons!" said Wise Owl. "Many, many dozens of moons! Now, then, be quiet, and listen: Long—long—long ago, to this very forest, came a band of roving Indians, going south."

"What are Indians?" asked Furry Otter.

Wise Owl frowned at the interruption, but answered, "People. Not people like those who live at the farm, or down in the village. The Indians did not live in houses. They wore few clothes. And their skin was not white, but of a dark, reddish color."

"There were many of these Indians, men, women and children, and the animals of the forest were afraid, and all hurried to their homes to hide. Even the birds, though fleet of wing, kept out of the red men's way, hiding in their nests or among the trees, for the Indians had bows and arrows to shoot with."

"What are bow and arrows?" asked Wollie Woodchuck, sleepily, from his corner by the stove.

Wise Owl turned to the wall behind him, and, using a lump of light-colored maple sugar for chalk, drew a picture of a bow and arrow, explaining how they were used.

"Robbie Reddie's great-great-grandfather," said Wise Owl, solemnly, "was not careful enough to keep out of sight, and had five feathers shot off by an Indian's arrow."

All the pupils turned and looked at Robbie Reddie.

"The Indians stopped all night in our forest," went on Wise Owl, "and built a fire near the spot where the home of Bunny Rabbit now stands. They took fish to eat and water to drink from the Big Brook, and when the night came, they stretched themselves out on the ground, near the fire, and went to sleep. In the night, some of my ancestors, braver than any of the other forest people, went to look at them as they lay sleeping. The men had smeared their faces with red and green and yellow, and wore tall feathers upon their heads. Some of these feathers were dyed with bright colors, too."

"Early in the morning they rose, and after a breakfast of fish, water and some dried meat they had brought with them, they started on their way."

The sky was dark with clouds that morning, with rumblings of thunder in the air, and after the red men had gone, a heavy thunder storm came upon the forest. Thunder rolled r-r-r, zip-zip bang! while the lightning flashed around, the wind bent great trees, and rain fell in waves and sheets!

A wall went up from the Bunny Babies, where they sat in their little cart, near Bunny Rabbit's bench.

"We are afraid!" they sobbed. "We do not like flashy lightning and zippy thunder!"

When Bunny Rabbit had quieted them, Wise Owl went on with his story.

"After the storm had passed, and the sunbeams were trying to dry the drenched forest, and the birds and animals had come out to look about, a startling thing was discovered!

"A small Indian boy had crawled into a thicket of ferns to sleep for the night, and had not wakened when his people went away. Among so many, they had forgotten him, and he was left behind. He was used to being wet, no doubt, and though he may have been lonely and afraid,

near the little Indian boy for him to eat. Then old Mr. Kingfisher caught a fish from the Big Brook, and brought it, all wet and shining, to the child.

"The boy looked around in all directions, getting down on his hands and knees now and then, looking for some trail his friends might



"IT WAS NOT A GREEN FEATHER THAT CROW BROUGHT BACK!" SHE CRIED SHRIILLY, POINTING AT WISE OWL A SKINNY CLAW.

he did not cry, as a white child would have done."

"The birds and animals were afraid of him at first, but he was small, and alone, and they soon felt sorry for him, and wanted to do something to help him. Squirrels brought nuts from their storehouses, and laid them on the ground

have left—trying to find in what direction they had gone. But of course the thunderstorm had

blotted out all track or scent of them. "Then Shinyblack Crow's great-grandfather hit upon a wise plan. He flew away in the direction he had seen the Indians take, and when he came back, next day, he carried in his bill

a large green feather which he had pulled from the headdress of an Indian warrior while he lay asleep. It was a brave, brave thing to do!"

Tillie Turtle had been fidgeting about, gnawing her bonnet strings, and showing other signs of excitement, murmuring once or twice, almost under her breath, "My mother told me that story!" and "Yes, yes, that is true!"

Now she tumbled off her bench and went waddling up to Wise Owl's desk.

"It was not a green feather the Crow brought back!" she cried shrilly, pointing at Wise Owl with a skinny claw. "It was a red one! Bright red, the color of the mountain-ash berries!"

Wise Owl stared at her indignantly.

"What do you know about it?" he asked.

"My mother told me the story!" declared Tillie Turtle, "and I say to you, and I say to you all, that that feather was red!"

"It was green!" cried Wise Owl, "and I will not be disputed! Go back to your seat."

"It was red!" persisted Tillie Turtle firmly. "It was green!" Wise Owl repeated in a loud voice. "I am telling this story, and if you will not be quiet, you are expelled from my school."

"I can go," said Tillie Turtle, marching toward the door, "but I shall stand outside and declare that feather was red, and you cannot drive me away."

The other pupils were looking anxious. They wanted to hear the rest of the story.

Cubby Bear left his seat and went forward. "Oh, please," he begged, "do not send Tillie Turtle away, and please tell us about the poor little Indian!"

"I will not be disputed when I am teaching school!" declared Wise Owl, his feathers rumply with anger.

"My own mother told me—" began Tillie Turtle.

"Oh, please," said Cubby Bear, "couldn't you both be right about it? Couldn't the feather have been green and red?"

Tillie Turtle and Wise Owl looked at each other. Both felt a little ashamed of their temper.

"I am always willing to arbitrate," said Wise Owl. "For the sake of peace, we will do as Cubby Bear says. Tillie Turtle may go back to her seat. Now, then, the Crow brought back in his beak a large green feather with a red tip, and laid it down at the feet of the little Indian."

"The child picked it up, looked at it closely, then looked at the Crow, and said something which, of course, the birds and animals could not understand. Then he laid it down again, looking at the Crow, who, understanding this better, took it in his beak, and flew a little way in the direction from which he had come."

"The child followed."

"The Crow went a little further, then waited, for the little Indian."

"The two understood each other by this time, and went steadily on, while after them followed a crowd of animals and birds. So, in time, the little Indian was restored to his friends, but only the Crow went the whole distance with him. They had far to go, as the other Indians traveled some distance almost every day. The Crow had to leave the child sometimes to fly ahead and see if they were on the right track. The little Indian boy always trusted him to lead the way, and the two grew to be very good friends, so the Crow would let the child smooth his feathers."

"I will show you, by drawing a little map on the wall, the course they took."

Wise Owl looked at his maple-sugar chalk, but the eldest Little Badger had been quietly eating it, and was now wiping his lips with his little pocket handkerchief.

"Please tell us another story!" said the pupils.

"Some other day," promised the teacher.

"Please let it be about another Little Indian boy!" said Cubby Bear. "Oh, I wish one would come to our forest now. I would ask him to live at Mamma Bruin's house always, and be my little playmate!"

Three Wheel Chairs in November

531 Is COMFORT'S Total To Date

The three November wheel chairs go to Hazel Ione Cossel, 1428 East 22nd St., Des Moines, Iowa, 157; Mella Gunter, Elma, La., 95; Clyde Reason, R. R. 1 Mayflower, Ark., 90.

The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Hazel Ione Cossel, age 12, has been a helpless cripple all her life due to paralysis caused by injuries at birth.

Nella Gunter, age 13, is unable to walk and cannot use her left hand. Her crippled condition was caused by an attack of fever which she suffered when two years old. She has been in this condition the past eleven years.

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May the season inspire you to manifest the Christmas spirit by making an extra effort to boost the good work of COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club.

The picture of Willie S. Price enjoying his COMFORT wheel chair and his letter of thanks printed on this page will interest you.

JANUARY COMFORT

our fine New Year Number, will give you a lot of interesting, entertaining and instructive reading for the long winter evenings. The following are some of the

Special Features for January

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"A Jolly Trading Party" Describes a novel and amusing entertainment for a New Year Party.

"Little Things You Shouldn't Do" Some instructions which, if followed, will benefit your health.

"New Year's Day" Interesting facts regarding the origin of New Year's Day and how it has been celebrated.

"When Betsy Balked" A delightful love story that turns on an amusing incident which was a near tragedy.

"Two Great Foods—Milk and Potatoes" Tells a variety of ways to make the best use of these two important foods in cooking.

"Cubby Bear Sees a Flying Machine" Tells of the fear and wonder of the forest animals at first sight of an airplane in the sky.

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Try to get your name in our Roll of Honor next month.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled child and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

COMFORT the Means of Changing His Whole Life.

R. 1, Box 1, Crabtree, N. C.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

I am enclosing picture of myself enjoying my wheel chair which I obtained through your wonderful COMFORT magazine. I hope you will find room to reproduce it in COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Department as I have made a host of dear friends through COMFORT and they have asked me to send you my picture for publication. COMFORT has been the means of changing my whole life, and has been of the greatest benefit to me spiritually and financially. I thank you and all the good friends who have helped me. You have my prayers and best wishes for continued success in your great work.

Your grateful friend, WILLIE S. PRICE.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Cash.—Indian Creek Sunday School, La., for Harold Johnson, \$4.00; Indian Creek Church, La., for Harold Johnson, \$2.05; Mr. Cred Leon, La., for Harold Johnson, \$1.00; Mr. Jim Lacarge, La., for Harold Johnson, \$1.00; Mr. L. F. Willis, La., for Harold Johnson, \$1.00; Miss Blanche Clemens, Neb., for general, \$1.00; Frank I. Allen, N. H., for general, \$1.00; Mrs. E. C. Shallis, N. J., for general, \$1.00; Mrs. A. E. Gray, Tex., for general, \$1.00; Mrs. H. C. Wood, Calif., for general, \$1.00; Subscriptions.—Mrs. Ross Cossel, Iowa, for Hazel Cossel, 60; Mrs. M. N. Bourland, Ky., for Geo. W. Bourland, 57; Mrs. J. F. Gypins, La., for Nella Gunter, 43; Mrs. A. D. Peritt, La., for Mrs. Uldoxie Childs, 23; Miss Allie L. Phillips, Tenn., for Mrs. Nannie Shipley, 20; Mrs. Francis Johnson, W. Va., for Earl Johnson, 18; Mrs. Lee Freeman, Tex., for Grady Freeman, 17; Mrs. C. H. Miller, Okla., for her Mother, 15; Mrs. J. W. Fanning, Calif., for Mrs. L. A. Burleson, 10; Mrs. C. M. Roberts, La., for Harold Johnson, 7; Mrs. M. S. Boyce, Calif., for general, 7; Mrs. Walter Felty, Texas, for Mrs. Nannie Shipley, 6; Mrs. M. B. Stanley, N. C., for J. W. Powell, 6; Mrs. Nellie Andrews, Ala., for Samuel P. Andrews, 5; Miss Kate Blalock, Tenn., for Mrs. Nannie Shipley, 5.

Crumbs of Comfort

The law of humanity is above the assertion of all human rights.

It often happens that those who are least known on earth are best known to God.

The strength of cheerfulness is wonderful and its endurance is past calculation.

How cunningly Nature hides every wrinkle of her antiquity under roses and morning dew.

To all men has been given the privilege of being happy if they but knew how to use the gifts at hand.

Of all earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

Come and Join the Happiest Family in the World



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.

To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.

To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap and let's have a chat and try to be cheerful even if our hearts are heavy, and mine was never heavier than now. I am so utterly disgusted with world conditions, that you will have to forgive me if I do not give you one of my old-time cheery Christmas talks. I knew when the war was over that a world that had been torn to pieces could not adjust itself in a few minutes, but I did hope that the lessons of that terrible conflict would be stamped deep on the heart of every human and make both men and women see a new light and inspire them in this period of reconstruction, to work with the same zeal that they displayed during the war. I did hope that out of all this bloodshed and sacrifice, which for a while thrust aside the mean and petty things of life and made people think in a big, broad human way, that we should evolve a Christian spirit that would reach out its loving arms to all the corners of the earth; evolve a national consciousness, which would make us all a little more tolerant, humane and Christ-like than we ever had been before. But alas, for our fond dreams of a better and more unselfish world. Today we find, not regeneration but degeneration, not going upward and onward, but drifting backward and downward, not a desire to build, but a wild, willful determination to destroy. Not a spirit of fair play, of give and take, but a ferocious determination to defy the law, to demolish government and to grab everything, no matter to whom it belongs. We have discarded all the old ideas of honor, truth, justice and morality and are indulging in the morals of the jungle and the ethics of the cave man. Crime was never so open and rampant, vice never so bold and brazen. Directly we have a police strike and the hand of the law is lifted, thousands of hoodlums seem to spring out of the very earth and smash, ravage, pillage and destroy like the Vandals of old.

The war scarcely touched us, so there is no excuse for the lawlessness, ugliness, brutality, beastliness and Hunnishness that has seized upon large sections of our population. We must get behind the law and see that it metes out justice to the fiends who are disgracing us in the eyes of the world. The Huns and bums within have become more dangerous than the Huns without, and their lawless teeth should be pulled before it is too late. National unity, for which we were all striving, has become a farce. We do not vote as Americans for America. We vote in racial groups or sects and terrorize cringing politicians, until they give what is demanded, and the politician for his part, instead of defying lobbyists, figures out how many votes they will give him if he will promote the interests of their countries in Europe. So, while the world suffers and bleeds and civilization totters, politicians with their eyes on the 1920 election grab each other by the throats and scramble for the votes of unassimilated foreigners, who deny our politics and plot to destroy our institutions. If we allow certain racial groups to dominate and terrorize us (and they are doing that very thing right now with an impudence and audacity that is appalling), certain of these groups will combine, and then the stronger group will give the weaker the laugh, dominate Congress, turn our government upside down and run the country to suit itself. There are political demagogues among us, who, by appealing to racial animosities and playing on the passions of various alien elements, who have not a spark of Americanism in their bodies, are trying to jockey themselves into the White House. These men have been pushing their fists in the faces of nearly every nation on earth, and if later on they are called on to make good their campaign promises, we shall be forced into another bloody conflict, and without a friend in the world, compelled to face a universe in arms. America needs friends, politicians care only for votes. A curb must be placed on these political kaisers. Then, too, we have strikes by the million, and these strikes simply force prices up by causing idleness and stopping production, which is the only thing that can bring down prices, for we cannot divide up things we have not got, and it is only by producing an abundance of food, clothes and human necessities that prices can come down and we can have a normal, happy, satisfied world again. The sane and sensible labor leaders recognize this fact, but the Bolshevik, the demagogue and agitator, have thrust these men aside and are controlling the labor movement. They have done exactly what was done in Russia—foiled with their lying, insidious propaganda, the lowbrows and the boneheads (mostly alien who know nothing of this country, its history, its mighty contribution to world liberty and uplift) and filled their sluggish brains with anarchy and madness. Liberty is of God, license is of the devil, and it is license these men want. They are determined to take the power from constituted authority and rob, pillage and plunder at will. Meanwhile, as I write, Congress quibbles and snarls while Rome is burning. If this thing continues, we shall have to face the bitter truth that constitutional government of the people for the people by the people is an utter failure and only a Kaiser, or Czar, with sword and lash, can restore law and order and give decent people a chance to exist, if not to live, for the Bolshevik will give us neither. Society advances only as we keep the baser elements in check.

If Congress is to fall on its knees, or tumble out of bed every time a foreigner with a vote casts his malign shadow across the halls of our legislatures, then this great country in which we took so much pride will indeed have become a foreign boarding house. Americans will disappear (they are fast going, anyway) and unabsorbed aliens will kick aside the corpse of Uncle Sam and fight to see who first can get into the White House bed. Some men love their work and rejoice in the doing of it, but the majority of people hate work and toil only because they have to. Their only god is pleasure, and their brains, if they ever had any, have slipped down into their bellies. Democracy, which is man's only salvation, is the rule of the people for the people by the people. Bolshevism, I. W. Wism, left-wing socialism, mean rule of a class by a class for a class, and that class the lowest, most ignorant, degenerate and dangerous. Once make bellism your god as these human crotches do and you are akin to the

swine and the hogs that root and grunt in your backyards. Remember I know what I am talking about. I have been in the radical movement twenty-five years and have given my very life to it and know practically everyone connected with it, especially those who, like myself, have quit it in disgust. They, like myself, fought for the under dog, because they thought he was a good dog; they did not, however, realize that too many of the under dogs had hydrophobia, and were not seeking justice but merely waiting for a chance to spring on the upper dog and all other dogs not of their class and tear them to pieces. The rabid under dog wanted revenge and the earth as well. The only cure for democracy is more democracy, the only cure for revolutionary mad dog hydrophobia is machine guns. Remember, the men who fought and bled for liberty are not the ones who are trying to turn this country into a hell. Those men with a few exceptions came back better Americans than ever. It is the bellies who are doing the grabbing, raising all the trouble. The gang who stayed behind and profited and grew fat, both laborer and capitalist, on the needs and woes of a war-torn world. Nearly everybody who could graft on Uncle Sam without being caught at the job, grabbed all he could and did as little as he could for it. It was a glorious occasion for all concerned to get their hands into the national grab bag, and by the time they got through there was nothing but the bag left. And now the fear of Prussianism is removed, they want the same war wages and the old spirit of grab continues. Old ideas and ideals that made us a real people are fast crumbling. It is wealth, values and commodities we want and not slips of dirty paper; for money is not wealth but merely a medium of exchange. We are suffering from over consumption and under production, thus entirely reversing the pre-war conditions. If people don't quit striking and start working, and if the fiendish, devilish Bolshevik agitators, who are inflaming the minds of the masses, are not hanged or deported, you will soon be running around with a pushcart full of money that will not buy you a loaf of bread. When money ceases to have any value as a purchasing power what good is it? The whole country has gone on a mad orgy of extravagance and spending, each bidding against the other for the few things we produce, and forcing prices to fantastic heights. Lengthen the working day for a year as the Germans have done and flood the market with goods and your dollar will be a dollar instead of thirty cents. Meanwhile, Liberty Bonds are being cashed, and a working girl we know (and there are thousands like her) spends fourteen dollars for a pair of paper pumps and six dollars for a pair of tin buckles to go with them and brags of her folly and has to get a "gentleman" friend to feed her the rest of the week. You can guess the rest and the wicked capitalist is blamed for it all. Few people can stand prosperity. Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil. Once we had one automobile to every eighteen people. Now if this block on which I live is any indication (and the people who live in it are just plain working folk), by the racket I hear at night there must be eighteen cars to nearly every family on the block. After a while the money will all be spent, and demoralized by striking, loafing and spending (not for the necessities of life but for its fripperies and follies), there will be a bloody upheaval. There is always trouble when the lunatic awakes. He will swear that the thrifty and decent people have robbed him and he will turn from spending to plunder, robbery and bloodshed, and all this madness is due to just plain swinish bellyism; placing the material things of life before the spiritual; worshiping Baal as the Israelites did of old and forgetting God. You will say I am a pessimist and an alarmist. I am neither. I do more reading and studying in a day than ten thousand average men do in a year and my telephone puts me in touch with all the worthwhile world. Though exhausted and suffering and racked with a thousand cares that war and labor conditions have brought on me, conditions that have made it almost an agonizing problem to live, I feel I should be false to you and the trust you place in me, did I not keep in touch with everything that is going on in this wild, crazy world of ours. I have the facts and I know the remedy. You have been bowing down to false gods; you have allowed your bellies to get the better of your brains; you have made your garage your church, and made day and night hideous with your shrieking flivvers and screaming Tin Lizzies. You have squandered your money foolishly instead of spending wisely. You have allowed the foreigner to rule your country and dominate your politics. You have permitted the weeds of alienism to choke the flower of Americanism. You have made the dove of peace more terrible than the hell hounds of war. Now this is the month in which we celebrate the birth of Christ, and it was the Christ who told you—you who are money mad—that it profited nothing if you gained the whole world and lost your own souls; and you are forcing our beloved America to lose its soul; you are forcing it to do the hog act and stew in the juice of isolation, while the rest of the world bleeds and suffers. Now brush the cobwebs from your Bibles, cut out the hogishness, the selfishness and the greed and go to the manger of Bethlehem with contrite hearts and learn of Him who died that you might be humane, kind, lovable, charitable and Godlike. Both the Christ and your boys who are sleeping across the seas died for the same cause, even if in the heat of battle and the agony of death, those brave lads were incapable of realizing all their sacrifices meant. But the blood of those who saved our homes from destruction and the blood of Him who died for us on Calvary were both shed that all men might be holy and free. That blood was shed that men might grow in spirit, grace and righteousness. God pity us if by our greed, blindness, folly and stupidity we permit that sacrifice to be in vain.

Now I'll say good by for this year. I shall, if God spares me, at one o'clock, Christmas Day, drink your health in a glass of peptonized milk, which has been almost my sole diet since the strain of the war broke down what little health I had, two years ago. Let me, from the depths of a grateful heart, send a word of thanks and gratitude to the thousands of kind souls who

have, by their words of sympathy and cheer, made it possible for me to continue my work. It is the love which you have lavished on me so abundantly that nerves me to fight your battles and my own, and without that love Uncle Charlie would pass into the silence and you would hear of him no more. So boost COMFORT all you can, for only through its columns can we spread our rays of light and hope on a dark, distracted world, and remember I carry you on my heart all the time. A peaceful Christmas and may God bless you all. P. S. A Christmas letter from you all will be most acceptable.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of three subscriptions; the Song Book or the Picture Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best Christmas gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

ACKERMAN, R. R. 3, Box 4, Miss.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am four feet three inches tall, thirteen years old and in the eighth grade. Have brown eyes and black hair. Have a father, mother, five brothers and four sisters. We live on a two-hundred acre farm in the country and I like country life fine. We have five cows and three horses. We have a real nice time in our country home especially on Sunday evening, when sister's beau comes. Well that's where I say to myself: "Here's where I have to stay at home while they go kodaking." I am going to get me a kodak, so I can go when my sister goes too. My sister Florence is attending the normal school in town. Uncle, I have your book of poems and think it is fine. Will some of the cousins please send me "When the Sun Goes Down in Dixie, and the Moon Begins to Rise"? I will return the favor the best I can.

Your niece, RUTH McMULLIN.

Ruth, I am glad you live on a farm in the country instead of the city. These city farms seem to afford their owners lots of amusement, but they are a horrible nuisance to those who have to live next to them, around them or over them. The law allows a backyard city farmer to keep chickens, but the Board of Health does not permit the keeping of roosters. It is tough for a poor rooster to go through life a confirmed bachelor, deprived of the pleasure of associating with the opposite sex, and it is equally tough for a hen to have to die an old maid, without ever having had a chance to vamp a flirtatious rooster, or indulge in all the blissful emotions of love's young dream. Ah, me! It's a sad story, mates! The poultry enthusiast has a tough time trying to make a success of the game in one of these backyard farms, for though by breaking down a few walls and fences he may find room for a hen (that is, provided the hen has a fashionable toothpick, straight up and down silhouette shape), it is utterly impossible to find room for both the hen and the egg at the same time. Poultry fanciers and those with agricultural aspirations should shake the dust of

the cities from their feet and go into the country where they can indulge to the fullest their desire to raise crops, chickens and china whiskers. Ruth, it is very kind of you to stay home while sister and her beau go "kodaking," but what in thunder is kodaking? Can't they kodak in the parlor without going outdoors to do it? Kodaking, I suppose, is something more novel, exciting and interesting, than old-fashioned love making or courting, though it always seemed to me that was a blissful experience that could not be improved on. Billy the Goat informs me Ruth, that you mean that sister and her beau go for a walk and take the camera along and take snapshots of the scenery and of one another. Well, for my part, I don't think that is an improvement on the old-fashioned kodaking on the sofa, for in the good old-fashioned days the only scenery worth looking at when you were in love was your best girl's face, and you were so busy landing snapshots among the freckles on her ruby lips that you did not notice that pa and ma and all the kids were standing in the doorway taking in the show. Ah, me! those were the good old days before the Kaiser had dynamited the universe; when the high cost of living and loving had not made existence intolerable; the good old days when the hired man was content with a hundred dollars a week instead of a thousand dollars a minute, and a girl was a girl instead of a paint and powder factory. Ah, me, give me the good old days. I'll take my love-making straight without any substitute, camouflage or adulteration of the kodaking variety. Ruth, try and improve your penmanship, you can do it if you wish. Leave kodaking and songs alone until you can write a legible hand.

BOGUSHITTO, R. R. 4, Miss.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

We live on a small farm, five miles from our post office. We raise corn, cotton, potatoes, sugar-cane, peanuts, fruit and vegetables. Uncle Charlie, our geography teaches us that the sun stands still and that the earth revolves around it, and the Bible says that God commanded the sun to stand still so Joshua could fight a battle. Our geography too, teaches that the earth is round, and the Bible tells of the four corners of the earth. I would very much like to know your ideas on these two subjects. I am a country girl fourteen years young, five feet five inches tall, light complexion, black hair and blue eyes. My brothers are calling me to go homeback riding, so I will have to go.

Your loving niece,

CLARA MAY EDWARDS.

The books of the Old Testament were written by the poets, prophets and wise men of their time. These men were Orientals, and men of the Orient always clothe their thoughts in language that is poetic and flowery. The Orientals are fond of elaborate ceremonies, and they are full of sentiment and blessed with imaginations that transcend anything we Occidentals possess. It is a very ticklish matter to discuss a question of this kind, for if one does one always starts a hornet's nest buzzing about one's ears. In Old Testament days it was natural that men should think that the earth was the center of the universe and that the sun revolved around it. It is only in comparatively recent years that astronomers and scientists revealed to the wondering world those marvelous facts concerning our solar system of which the ancients knew practically nothing. If the earth were to suddenly stop we should all be shot into space. It was a long time before people could be convinced that the world was round instead of flat. It is poetic license, however, to refer to the four corners of the earth, even though it is round, and it would be quite possible with an omnipotent God to stop the earth from revolving without giving us a jolt, if He felt so disposed. When the pacifist wanted authority, or rather an excuse for allowing the Germans to walk all over him, he quoted such verses from the Bible

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

THIS WONDERFUL MUSIC FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS!



Thomas A. Edison

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CHRISTMAS is only a few weeks off and Christmas without music in your home and in your heart wouldn't be a real Christmas. Holiday time is melody time and on this December list of Amberol Records is the greatest musical feast ever spread before you! Music for all the family—the children, the young folks, the grown-ups, the old folks. Music to cheer you up, to drive dull care away, to make you laugh and forget your troubles!

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To Hear These Wonderful Records

Even if you don't own an Edison Amberola Phonograph, go to the nearest Edison Amberola dealer and listen to these December Amberol Records today, or as soon as possible. Mr. Edison wants every home in America to have music this Christmas, so he has asked all Edison dealers to let nothing stand in the way of any family owning an Amberola phonograph right away! When you hear these records you will want to own an Amberola, and you will be surprised to learn how easily you can have one of Edison's wonderful Phonographs in your home this Christmas. Ask the dealer for his special offer. This offer is so unusual, you cannot neglect to look into it. See him today! If you don't know the name of your nearest Edison dealer, write to Thos. A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J., TO-DAY! The nearest dealer's name will be sent you by return mail. Just send a post-card. You are placed under no obligation at all. But do it right now, or you may forget it. If you put it off Christmas will be here before you know it and then you'll be sorry. So send the post-card today.

Wishing you the merriest Christmas you have ever known.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc.

Orange, N. J.

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For DECEMBER 1919

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*O Holy Night—Soprano, Frieda Hempel	2900
*How Fair Art Thou!—Bass-Baritone, Arthur Middleton	2901
A Day in Toyland, Descriptive, Peerless Orchestra	3875
Rye-Lo, Tenor, Vernon Dalhart	3865
Christmas Bells, Celesta, Robert Gayler	3870
Did You Mean All You Told Me Last Night?—Tenor, Manuel Romain	3877
Everybody's Crazy Over Dixie, Tenor, Vernon Dalhart	3873
Faust Waltz, Peerless Orchestra	3874
Gypsy Girl, Fox Trot, Peerless Orchestra	3869
Tuxedo Dance Orchestra	
Heads Up March, Coway's Band	3861
He Used To Be A Farmer, But He's A Big Town Slicker Now, Tenor, Byron G. Harlan	3863
I Love To Be A Sailor, Baritone, Glen Ellison	3866
I've Got My Captain Working For Me Now, Comic Song, Fred Hillbrand	3881
Macaulay, Tenor, Albert Linquist	3868
My Baby's Arms, Ziegfeld Folies 1919	3883
Obi! What A Pal Was Mary, Baritone, Edward Allen	3872
Rose Of My Heart, Tenor, Will A. Rhodes, Jr.	3879
See Old Man Moon Smile, Negro Melody, Al Bernard and Ernest Hare	3881
Shadows, Soprano and Tenor, Leola Lucey and Charles Hart	3867
Shall You? Shall I? Charles Hart	3880
Shimmer Town, Fox Trot, Ziegfeld Folies 1919, For Dancing, All Star Trio	3871
Taxi, One Step, Lenzenberg's Riverside Orchestra	3864
That Tumble-Down Shack in Athlone, Will Oakland and Chorus	3876
Uncle Josh and The Honey Bees, Cal Stewart	3862
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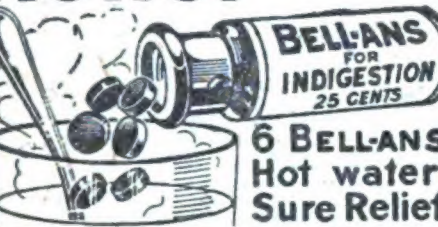
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I began the year the war ended and I have Dorothy, my little sister, to thank for it all.

I had acted as one of the bridesmaids to Adele Farnsworth and the newspapers published a picture of the bride and her attendant bridesmaids and spoke glowingly of our beauty. Dorothy saw the picture, gazed at it a long time, then voiced her soul's ambition in the plaint:

"Oh, I wish I could have my name and picture in the newspaper!"

Rather elated at the nice write-up (for you must admit that most of us like compliments), I answered consolingly:

"Your turn will come, Mouse, so don't be discouraged."

"I know," Dorothy replied, "but it's a long time to wait to grow up. I'm only seven, and I'd like to see at least my name printed right now."

"Well," I replied again, "I wonder if there isn't some way of accomplishing that?" And with the words, I picked up the news-sheet, and glanced through it.

Suddenly my attention was attracted by an article and I passed it over to my little sister. "Read that, Dorothy, and your problem is solved."

Dorothy is able to read very well, and the article in question being written in simple, direct English, the child sensed it at once.

It concerned the project of sending Christmas boxes to the boys at the front, for though the armistice was signed and the war practically over, still many thousands of boys would be obliged to spend the coming Christmas in foreign lands. And all it required to make one of these lonely boys happy was two dollars to purchase a Christmas box for him, and whoever sent in a two-dollar bill would have his name printed in the paper, which would thus acknowledge the contributions as they came in.

Here was Dorothy's chance!

"It must be dreadful for the soldiers to be away from home at Christmas time and not receive anything from Santa Claus," the child observed. "Oh, Marian, would they print my name in the paper if I sent two dollars and would some lonely soldier boy get a package with my name upon it?"

"Undoubtedly, Mouse," I answered. "Then I'm going to do it," Dorothy decided. "I'll make papa give me two dollars for some of my thrift stamps and when I save another two dollars I'll buy them back."

I couldn't help snatching the dear to my heart.

"Why, you little chick, I'll give you the money."

But Dorothy would not accept it. If she were to send the two dollars in her name, she must make the sacrifice, and as I believe in encouraging character-building virtues, I said:

"Very well, Mouse. I'll take the thrift stamps and you may redeem them at any time, and getting my purse I got out a two-dollar bill while Dorothy pranced away to get her thrift stamps. The exchange was presently made and Dorothy sat down and wrote her letter to the great newspaper.

The next morning, for her unspeakable delight, the name "DOROTHY LOUISE CHARLTON" was listed among the names published of those who had donated two dollars for a Christmas box for a soldier boy.

Dorothy treasured the newspaper, showing it proudly to her friends, and then when Christmas rolled around, she placed it with her profusion of gifts, the choicest present of all.

The bright holiday season passed, and after a bit, Dorothy began to speak less of her Christmas soldier, as she had termed the lad who would receive her contribution. But she did not forget him, for she mentioned him from time to time. And then, a month or so after Christmas, all her interest in him was reawakened, when, one morning, as the postman came around, he left a letter addressed to "Miss Dorothy Louise Charlton" which bore the imprint of soldier's mail.

In great joy she opened it.

"Marian, dear," she said to me, "listen. Isn't it a lovely letter?" And then she read aloud the following:

"My dear Miss Charlton:

"I beg to thank you kindly for the beautiful Christmas package which came to me bearing your name. Had it not come, I should have been without a Christmas present on the most wonderful Day of Days.

"Accept my kindest thanks and my sincere hope that I may some day reciprocate.

"Very gratefully yours,"

"MANSON F. KING."

The letter aroused all Dorothy's interest in her soldier and she now discussed him anew with me on all occasions. Did I suppose he was tall? And did I think he looked as lovely as the soldiers she had seen in the parades of home-coming soldiers?

"Dear me, Mouse," I teased, for her constant queries were beginning to make me think about the unknown soldier, "how should I know? Perhaps he's an ugly, bearish fellow with dirty hands and maybe he chews tobacco and swears!"

Dorothy became very indignant. "I don't think any of our soldier boys are ugly, Marian. They all look nice and none of them have dirty hands and I'm sure my Christmas soldier has not because he wrote such a pretty letter."

"You precocious mouse!" I exclaimed in admiration of the child's astuteness. "I never thought of that. Your soldier does write a 'pretty' letter. Too bad he didn't give you an address; you might then have written to him and asked for his picture and questioned him all about himself. But, little chick, you're taking such an interest in your soldier that I'm getting interested myself. I wonder what he does look like?" and now it occurred to me that I was speculating quite a bit about him.

The year passed and Christmas again approached. And one winter night, a ring came at the doorbell and Nanette announced a caller to see "Miss Dorothy Louise Charlton."

Dorothy jumped up and clapped her hands.

"To see me?"

"What name, Nanette?" I asked.

"Manson F. King," Nanette replied.

"Manson—" I began, but Dorothy with a shriek of delight, cried out:

"Oh, it's my Christmas soldier! Oh, Marian, may I have him sent in?"

"Show him in, Nanette," I said in answer, and the girl did.

Mr. Manson King bowed courteously, and looking at me with—will you pardon my conceit?—an undisguised gaze of polite admiration, said:

"You are Miss Dorothy Charlton?"

"I am her sister," I replied. "This is the person whom you came to see," and I gave Dorothy a little shove forward.

"Oh!"

I thought there was the faintest shade of disappointment in his voice, but it disappeared and the sunniest, most winning smile came to his eyes as Dorothy slipped her hands into his and said cordially:

"Are you really my Christmas soldier?" I thought about you so much and if you had given me your address, I would have sent you a Christmas box on your birthday!"

Mr. King threw up his head and laughed a merry gale.

"I'm such a wretched correspondent," he apologized, "that I seldom think to attach my address to my letters. I hope you will forgive me. I'm glad you received my letter but I felt I really ought to thank you in person for that lovely Christmas box."

All this while he had been standing. Dorothy now noted it and said:

"Oh, you must sit down," for she evidently wished to make the most of her opportunity.

"Thank you," and Mr. King seated himself. I was struck with the unconscious, yet exquisite grace of his movements. "What military training does," I mused.

Dorothy now began to question her caller.

"So you liked my present?" she began.

"Indeed, yes! And as it was such a surprise, it was therefore doubly enjoyable, my dear," he responded.

"And wouldn't you have had a present on Christmas morning if it hadn't been for what I sent?" Dorothy rattled on sympathetically.

"Absolutely not one thing," Mr. King replied.

And then he continued to answer the questions with which Dorothy, with childish candor, plied him. He was a very merry-hearted chap, apparently, and he smiled most of the time in a way that showed off his white teeth.

But though he gave his attention to Dorothy apparently, every now and then I felt his eyes upon me, and on my side Dorothy's engaging attention gave me an opportunity of observing him closely. His hair was black and trimmed to a neatness. And how splendidly he was set up, his limbs, shoulders and chest seemed moulded to a perfect physical standard. And what a splendid face he had, how well he used his voice and how choice he was of his language. Every detail of his uniform, too, was *au fait*, and he seemed unusually well tailored for a private. But that was all he was, for so his insignia indicated.

Gradually I was drawn into the conversation, and then Mr. King spoke of his experiences at the front, but always from a general standpoint. He did not preen himself upon any personal achievements. And he always tried to keep the amusing and interesting side of the war foremost.

Dorothy was perfectly intoxicated with her soldier, and when he, after a stay which propriety would sanction, rose to take his leave, she was almost inconsolable.

"Couldn't you stay a little longer, Private King?" she queried.

"For a first call, my dear, I'm afraid I've overstayed my time."

"Well, then, won't you call again and stay longer? And then, perhaps, Marian would order a nice little lunch for us all."

"With such an alluring prospect, I don't see how I can refuse provided Miss Marian does not object," Mr. King returned. "And may I not bring you something nice in return for that beautiful Christmas box?"

"But aren't you a poor soldier, Mr. King?" Dorothy asked gravely.

His ruddy cheeks flushed, and for the first time he looked confused. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. I saw how the child's innocent remark had hurt him. Dorothy had intended to be kind, but it wounded him to be thus reminded of his poverty and friendlessness, a poverty and friendlessness so great that he must needs apply to a charitable organization to get a bit of Christmas cheer. And to be reminded of his poverty at this particular moment, he, who seemed so refined, so polished—

I came to the rescue.

"We shall be very pleased to have you call again and often, Mr. King," I said, as cordially as I could. But I thought I saw that the wound still hurt and I couldn't help it when I exclaimed compassionately: "Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"You need not make an apology, Miss Charlton," he replied, and a soft light came into his eyes, that made me feel I was standing in the presence of a great and beautiful character. "I understand, and I think it was sweet thoughtfulness on the part of the child, though a little embarrassing, I admit. You will be pleased to have me call again? For I would not want to intrude?"

"It will be no intrusion, really," I replied.

"Thank you, then I shall come."

And he did call a few nights after, bringing a small souvenir from the battlefield for Dorothy. This evening papa and mamma were in and met him. They were charmed with him for he had a regard, an old-fashioned courtesy, for the old people that quite won them. And in speaking of

his experiences, he referred to his collection of souvenirs so that papa asked him to call again and bring some of them along.

This he did and the visit ended with an invitation for another. And another. And another.

But I was beginning to be troubled. Though perfectly courteous at all times, there was in his manner that which told me he was losing his heart to me, or at least I, who had already had several offers, thought he displayed the usual signs. (You will forgive this? I know it sounds so brazenly conceited.)

—And I? I could not gainsay that the man appealed to me. But was I losing my heart to a uniform? I tried to imagine him in civilian clothing. And thus mentally making him a plain citizen, where place him in the social scale? He had not said a word about his family or how he had been employed before the war except once or twice when a stray slip gave me the impression that he had been doing manual work. He was so big of body and possessed of wonderful strength—suppose he were a factory hand of some sort? But a factory hand with such grace, such evident refinement! But, ah, did only the rich have refinement? No! and too many, unfortunately, lack it.

Mr. King never said anything of his plans. I knew, however, that he had been mustered out. Was a grim factory awaiting him, beckoning him to a place at a flaring furnace? Did some such mundane existence await him and was he banking on his uniform to admit him to the precincts of my father's luxurious home?

Yet, who had won the war? Wasn't it these "buck private," these trench diggers, these motor truck drivers who had done the heavy work, the dirty work, who had lived in the trenches, who had plashed through the slime and filth and mud? Yes, and, ah, weren't they the heroes?

As I thought of all this, I thrilled. What could be more splendid than to have a husband who had done that? A commissioned officer might have been more romantic, perhaps, but Mr. King had done his humble bit and for this I honored him, for this I respected him, for this, I loved him!

The week before Christmas came. And then two nights before Christmas Eve he called and proposed and I—I—I hesitated.

"I shall call again on Christmas Eve, Marian," Manson whispered in my ear as he leaned close to me. "I'll give you until then to think it over. If you decide you cannot marry me, draw down the shade of the living-room and I'll know that is a signal for me not to come again. But if my answer is 'yes,' leave it up and place a bowl of holly in the light of the window."

"You are romantic," I smiled.

"Perhaps," and Manson left.

What should my decision be? I loved him, I knew that. It was not the uniform and I knew his glory and attraction would not fall away once the uniform was laid aside, for through it all, I saw Manson King, the man.

Christmas Eve came. And when it came time for the shades to be drawn, one was left up and on the window-ledge I placed a bowl of holly.

It was not long after when I thought I heard the front door open. But I paid no attention to the matter until suddenly I saw in the doorway a tall figure. "Manson!" I—well, I simply ran to him, and when I felt the dear feel of his strong arms about me, I felt I never wanted to leave them, but rested, satisfied, against his bosom.

When I did look up, however, I saw behind my soldier a big basket of American beauties towering toward the chandelier. During those heavenly moments I felt Manson slipping a ring on my finger, but now for the first time I noted the size and the brilliancy of the diamond. But most wonderful of all was the insignia on his shoulder.

"Manson!" I exclaimed, my hand upon it.

"Private King won your heart; can Captain King hold it?" he queried tenderly.

"You—a captain?" I gasped.

"Yes."

"But—"

"Explanations?" Manson laughed. "Easy. Well, I received my commission some time before we got into the war."

"But why did you visit us in the capacity of a private, and why your confusion when Dorothy asked you if you were not a poor soldier?"

"The boys, for a joke, slipped my name on the list of boys who hadn't any friends to remember them at Christmas time. Of course, I knew nothing of the matter, yet coincidentally enough, none of the packages sent me from my friends reached me at Christmas so that I would have been apparently as neglected as the most forlorn little doughboy in the outfit if Dorothy's package hadn't come to me. So since I was a poor lad, I decided to see who the person was who sent me the box, thinking perhaps it might be some impressionable elderly lady or giddy young girl. And so I called in the capacity of a private and when Dorothy made the reference she did I was suddenly recalled to the role I was playing. And of course, when I saw the donor's delightful sister, it was all off." And Manson caught me up.

"Why did you want me to leave the shade up?" I asked.

"I wanted to burst in upon you in all my glory and these," he responded, touching the stately beauties whose fragrance filled the room.

And then Manson told me his family history which I need not take up your time to read, except to say that he was a junior partner in a firm established by his paternal grandfather which as he teasingly said: "brings me enough income to afford a box at the opera every season."

Dorothy, in the meantime, had been getting ready for the evening celebration. Now she came downstairs in the glory of her new gown.

"Oh, how lovely you look, Mr. King!" she exclaimed, impressed at once with the difference which his cap (which I made him put on for my admiration) made.

"Yes," said Manson gravely. "I was made a captain and am no longer poor, so that I want you to accept some presents which I brought for you. Have Nanette bring them in."

Nanette did so and Dorothy yelled with delight.

"Oh, I just love you, Captain King, I just love you," she shrieked.

"Well, then, being the case, I don't suppose you'll object to my becoming your big brother?"

"My big brother?" Dorothy was a bit puzzled.

"Yes, I'm going to marry Marian and that will make me your brother. Shall you like that?"

But to show that she would, Dorothy took the easiest way. She exercised her sisterly prerogative and kissed him.

Christmas Table Decoration

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

teaspoon of soda and one teaspoon of cream of tartar and sift again. Measure one cup of milk and add alternately with the flour to the egg mixture. When done, the cake should be about two inches thick. The following day, cut cake into three-inch squares, scoop out the centers and round the sides. Hold each piece on a wire and dip into boiled frosting, sprinkle with a little coconut and set to dry. As the frosting must be very soft when the dipping is done, it may be necessary to dip the second time. Just before serving, put into the center of the under half a few small candies or a few cubes of jelly. Serve on individual plates garnished with a spray of evergreen.

FRIED APPLES.—Wipe, core and slice, without paring, into eighths, and fry in salt pork until browned. Sprinkle with brown sugar and a dash of cinnamon. Add a little hot water, cover and steam a few minutes.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

To Part or Not to Part

OUR grandmothers prized their hair above every other beauty attribute—they brushed it one hundred strokes at night, they did it up in nightcaps, and protected it from every profane touch. It was silken and smooth and it lay in beautiful loops about their ears, one straight part dividing it just above the brow. We suffered a reaction from grandmother's primness, and rushed to the extreme of pompadours which stood terrifyingly high, to "ratted" hair, and to a conspicuous neglect of the mollifying effect of a hairbrush. Where grandmother abjured curling irons as destroyers of her precious locks, we burned our hair without compunction in the daily effort to produce lovely curling tresses. Now, we who like to look as pretty as we can, have struck a happy medium. No longer is the towering pompadour in good taste, no longer are frizzed locks permissible, yet we do not plaster our hair down as meekly as did grandmother.

I had a letter the other day from one of my girls who said, in speaking of her hair, that she wore it in a pompadour. So, said I to myself, said I, perhaps I would better just say a word to the rest of my girls about pompadours and



A LOVELY COIFFURE, NOT TOO MUCH WAVED.

parts. And here I am saying it. Pompadours are not in fashion any longer, girls, and it is well, for brushing the hair straight back from the forehead wears away the hair line and is apt in time to heighten the forehead unduly. A part is quite the mode at present, and a good rest for that forehead line. Not a part like grandmother's, primarily in the center of the forehead, but a part a little to one side of the middle of the forehead—usually to the left, with the hair on the left side brushed straight down and puffed a little over the ear, while the hair on the right side is brought down over the forehead a little and adjusted to suit the needs of that particular face. Look at the pictures I give you this month and you will see three different ways of utilizing this part. In one the hair is waved quite a good deal before covering the ear; in one it is merely undulating while the hair to the right of the part is rather plain, and in the third there is still more of a wave. All three, however, follow the mode of the left-hand part. It is permissible to transfer the part to the right side of the head—indeed, a very good plan is to wear a left-hand part for a few months, then a right-hand part, to rest the hair and prevent the part from widening.

Don't brush your hair too much away from your forehead—very few faces stand well so much disclosing. Study your face and adjust the hair to lie softly on your forehead where it is the most becoming to you. If you have very heavy dark hair and black eyebrows, you cannot wear the hair as low on the forehead as if you had blonde hair and light eyebrows. To be beautiful, one must use common sense and realize that each of us is a separate problem which cannot be solved in exactly the same way as any other problem on earth. So find out your good points and weak points and govern yourself accordingly. But in any case I am safe in saying that a pompadour is a very trying way of wearing the hair, and at present quite out of style. Stick to parts!

Answers to Questions

ANGIE.—If you are only four feet eleven inches tall, you do not need to weigh as much as those who have an extra foot to support. But you are under weight, just the same, and the fact that your hair is falling out, and your bust growing flabby, shows that you

Hair Often Ruined By Careless Washing

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is Mulsified coconut oil shampoo (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than anything else you can use.

One or two spoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store, it's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months.



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need building up. What you need to do is be careful in selecting your food, in chewing it until it is liquid before swallowing, in drinking plenty of water and getting plenty of sleep with lots of fresh air in the room. Eat only at meals; drink between meals. Potatoes, boiled until dry and mealy, or baked; rice, cereals with cream and sugar; bread and butter; milk will all help you to gain flesh. Do not eat fried foods, nor too many sweets. About the gooseflesh on arms and legs, be sure to take a complete body bath daily, and immediately afterward rub the skin of the body briskly with a Turkish bath towel. If you have no bathtub, you can take a bath very nicely with nothing but a bowl of hot soapy water, another of clear warm water, and a folded bath towel on which to stand. In cold weather, slip on a bathrobe, then uncover just one arm and bathe that thoroughly, and rub dry. Cover that up, and bathe the other arm; then the chest, the abdomen, one leg at a time, and finally, last of all, very quickly and briskly the back. In this way, the body will not be exposed, and you will not become chilled. Your gooseflesh will soon disappear, and as you add flesh your skin will fill out and become firm and smooth. Try eating a big bowl of cereal and cream or milk for breakfast with plenty of hot toast (no hot biscuit, at any time, please, for I do not think you digest them), a soft-boiled egg, and a dish of stewed prunes, a baked apple, some grapefruit or an orange. Prunes should be washed thoroughly, then soaked over night in plenty of water and cooked slowly for about two hours in the water in which they have soaked. Many prunes need no sugar at all. Your hair is troubling you because of your general health. You must build yourself up as if it were your one job in life, and soon the other difficulties will disappear. Eat an apple before going to bed, and get a certain amount of outdoor exercise every day. You say you are roundshouldered. You must get over that, for you are not giving your lungs room enough to function in, and they must have this room if your blood is to be healthy and your general health improved. Practice shoulder and arm exercises two or three times a day, and make yourself stand erect. When you sit down, do not slump in your chair, but sit way back until the bottom of your spine touches the back of the chair, then hold the rest of the spine straight without touching the back of the chair. Here are some exercises. By the way, they will help to develop your bust, as well!

To Straighten the Shoulders

Stand erect, heels together, toes out, chin up, chest well forward, shoulders dropped. Now stretch the arms out in front of you on a level with the shoulders, palm touching palm, elbows rigid. Breathe in slowly while you count eight, at the same time throwing the arms back as if you were trying to make them meet, being careful always to keep them on the level of your shoulders. Of course you cannot make them meet, but keep on trying. Still keeping them on a level with the shoulders, bring them forward again, letting out your breath as you do so. Repeat ten or twelve times. Deep breathing will help to develop your chest and straighten your shoulders, so practice breathing in slowly and holding the breath for a few seconds, then letting it out as slowly. This expands the cells of the lungs, which you are now probably not using because you are crowding your lungs through letting your shoulders round. The amount of air you take into your lungs determines how pure our blood shall be, and that in turn regulates your health, the beauty of your complexion, the beauty of your figure. Isn't it worth while to give the lungs a chance to do their work? Get after those shoulders—they are responsible for most of your troubles.

BERTHA.—The first thing to do is to give your scalp and those of the children a thorough shampoo, following which you must thoroughly wash all brushes and combs. I judge from what you say of your hair that you have a condition that could easily be transmitted to the children, so be careful that you do not use your brush for the children. As a matter of fact, each person should have her own brush, for dandruff and other troubles of the scalp are transmitted by a common brush. In your case, you must be sure that nobody else uses your brush and comb, and you yourself should wash the brush daily. A physician recommends adding one tablespoonful of oil of eucalyptus to four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, and anointing the scalp the night before a shampoo. You could use a medicine dropper which you can buy for ten cents at your druggist's. Part the hair, then run the dropper along the part. Part again about an inch away, from the forehead to nape of neck, and use



TWO PARTED COIFFURES BUT ONE QUITE SEVERE AND THE OTHER MUCH WAVED.

dropper again. Continue until you have gone over the entire scalp in this way—the scalp, remember, not the hair. Of course, some of the oil will get on the hair, but the place you want to apply it is the scalp. Pin your head up in a towel, so that you will not soil your pillows, and go to bed. In the morning, give your hair and scalp a thorough shampoo, using a shampoo liquid made by having half a bar of white household soap into a quart of boiling water, and letting it stand over a gentle flame until it is thoroughly dissolved. Dampen the whole head with warm water, then pour a little of the liquid on the parted hair, so that it reaches the scalp, part in another place and do the same, then rub vigorously, massaging the scalp with the fingers and giving it a thorough shampoo. Rinse thoroughly, then use more of the shampoo liquid, rub and massage, and rinse again. Use a last amount of the liquid, and finally rinse many, many times until you are sure there is no soap left in the hair. For your children, use just plain olive oil on the scalp the night before a shampoo, to loosen the dandruff; otherwise shampoo as I have directed you for yourself. Be very careful about rinsing. Do not comb a child's hair vigorously, or brush it hard. A comb is just to untangle hair, not to touch the scalp; a brush is to gently spread the natural oil of the scalp over the entire length of the hair, but both brush and comb should be used very gently, else the skin of the scalp is irritated and broken, producing dandruff. The children's hair should be shampooed once in two weeks, regularly, unless any one of them has very dry hair. Gentle brushing daily will probably do away with any dryness, but if it does not, then shampoo that child's hair only once in three weeks. Your hair needs a shampoo once in two weeks, I should say, with the oil used the night previous. Anything which improves your general health will help your hair as well, so take as good care of yourself as you can.

CORA.—Yes, your letter was too late for an issue of COMFORT earlier than this one. Here is the way to take the milk diet—I am glad you are going to try it. For the first week, you may have soup once a day, at night, about six or six-thirty. Otherwise, you must let all food alone. At night put to soak half-a-dozen prunes in a tumbler of warm water (after thoroughly washing them, of course), and in the morning on rising first drink two glasses of warm water slowly; then

fifteen minutes later, eat the prunes, masticating them thoroughly, and drink the prune juice. Fifteen minutes later, drink a glass and a half of milk, "chewing" each mouthful, so that it is thoroughly mixed with the saliva before swallowing. You see, milk is almost entirely digested in the mouth, and if you gulp it down it is only partly digested. An hour later, take another glass and a half, and so continue taking milk every hour until three-thirty—assuming that you took your first at 7.30. About six-thirty or six, take your dinner—a very simple one, and between that hour and going to bed drink two glasses of water. Keep this up for a week. The second week, drop all solid food, and take just milk—two glasses an hour beginning at 7.30 and continuing to and including 6.30. Remember to sip and "chew" the milk. Keep up the prunes in the morning and the water night and morning. You should gain from one to three or four pounds a week on this diet. Weigh the afternoon of the day you begin the treatment, and then the afternoon of each Saturday thereafter.

HAMPTON.—The high chest and beautiful throat are the result, in most cases, of proper breathing, proper eating, and proper postures of the body. If your chest is flat, you can remedy it. You need breathing exercises, shoulder and arm exercises. See answer to "Angle." Practice these exercises and the deep breathing with perseverance. They will develop your chest and fill out the hollows in your neck. In the meantime, you must also look after your diet and all bodily functions. The bowels should move regularly and naturally once a day. Drinking plenty of water, eating fruit and vegetables will help this. Prunes well cooked, and thoroughly chewed, are excellent to help elimination. Don't blame "Nature" for the flat chest—because it lies quite in your power to correct the condition; in fact, it exists only because you have had faulty habits of breathing, sitting and standing. I know you will go to work to correct all these, and therefore I can assure you that it will not be long until your chest fills out. Don't expect it to happen in a week, however, and remember your exercises and breathing must be kept up. It will do no good to exercise for two days, then skip a day, then exercise once the next day, and forget all about it the following day. Plan out your exercises and practice them regularly, never less than twice a day, while your deep breathing you can practice many times a day, as you have a moment, or as you go marketing or to church or any other place which gives you a few minutes' walk.

OLIVE.—Depilatories cannot remove hair permanently; they only take off the hair at the skin and soon it returns, as you have found. Electrolysis will remove hair safely, but it is expensive and requires an experienced operator, so that except in the large cities it is difficult to use this method. It costs five dollars an hour, but quite a number of hairs can be removed in even fifteen minutes. The next best thing is the French treatment, which consists of moistening the hairy spot with ammonia and letting it dry; then the next day moistening it with peroxide, and continuing the treatment daily. The ammonia dries the hair and in time kills the root; the peroxide bleaches it while the killing process is going on. It is a long, slow process and requires a lot of patience. Some people require a great deal of time to produce any results, but it is the best thing you can do. I would let the hair down on my face alone and only treat the upper lip.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
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RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

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The Talcott Treasure

By Anne McQueen

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Colonel Talcott, before the beginning of the Civil War, converts his securities into eagles and double eagles. Trusting his overseer, who is also a soldier, and confiding the secret to his wife, the men leave the town for the plantation, where he intends to secrete the treasure. Both men are killed in a skirmish and no trace of the money is discovered. Fifty years later, Eleanor Talcott and Nancy Dure, working in New York for the same firm and discussing the possibilities of the future and longing for a home, are surprised by Eleanor receiving a letter. Her father's great Aunt Talcott, whom she has never seen, leaves a plantation to her great nephew and his heirs and assigns. Nancy, who is practical and engaged to John Carr, realizes the expense of keeping the plantation up. Eleanor, with memories of sunshine, flowers and mocking birds, is anxious to go, provided Nancy will make it her home. Both girls go to Georgia, where they are driven from the station to the plantation ten miles distant, by an antebellum negro, who announces their arrival to the old negro servants, Brer Silas, Daphne, and Bahama, her husband. Going into the old house, whose doors swing on rusty hinges, Nancy wonders if Eleanor will live in this forsaken place. Daphne takes them to a chamber, from whose walls the paper hangs and the ceiling showing bare laths, then hurries to prepare supper. The next morning Bahama shows the girls the premises, which are sadly neglected, and repeats the desire of the half breeders, who own a beautiful plantation adjoining, to buy old Miss Talcott's land. Eleanor realizes the need of general repairs but cannot consent to part with the Talcott heirlooms. Writing to Mr. Warner, her lawyer, and father's old-time friend, Eleanor goes down the road to mail the letter and, pausing beside a wire fence, attempts to pull down a branch twined with a vine, upon which grow luscious grapes. She is surprised by a friendly voice and the offer to reach the grapes for her. Retaining a picture of a stranger, she queries whom he can be. Eleanor finally decides upon repairing the roof where it is absolutely necessary, buying an incubator and a mule. After going all over the house and seeing the rare old china and silver and wondering will she ever use them, she packs them carefully away, seeing only the face of the young man who gives the grapes. Mr. Warner, Eleanor's attorney, calls and wants to know what they intend to do. He gives his advice freely—better think twice and go back North. From the incubator set with two hundred eggs, fifty chicks come forth and with the New Year a broiler which freezes them. While Eleanor and Bahama strew leaves over their bodies, a man in livery and on horseback appears with a bag filled with quail and mallards from the lake, presenting them with Mr. Muir's compliments. Eleanor refuses the gift—not knowing Mr. Muir, and later she sees through a tangled hedge a man pass on horseback. It is Mr. Muir, whose picture is printed on her heart, and he, realizing her stubborn pride, determines to break the barrier by calling with his mother, when Eleanor, with the air of a princess, assisted by Nancy, entertains them in the only room, their bedroom, where there is a fire. Mrs. Muir, glad to have young neighbors, invites them to visit at any time. Eleanor, with simple dignity, thanks her, believing self-respect prevents accepting courtesies and returning visits and again she refuses their offerings of fruits and flowers. David Muir enlists Nancy, whose friendship he would like, though Miss Talcott ignores him. He goes back to his home in the North in the meanwhile. Noddy, the mule, leaps over the fence and devours vegetables growing on the Muir estate, the manager placing the damages at one hundred dollars, which Eleanor pays, knowing the small balance to be left when the check is cashed and she must tell Nancy to go to her John. Mrs. Warner, laden with good things to eat, goes to the plantation and meeting both girls, recognizes Eleanor by the Talcott favor. After a bountiful dinner she queries if they have hunted for the bags of gold Eleanor's great great Uncle Talcott hid from the Yankees. She believes they will find it and the girls begin the search for the Talcott treasure.

CHAPTER V.

A DARK young man, of medium height and somewhat inclined, his enemies might say, to chubbiness; with a good-looking face that fairly radiated good nature, and dark, bright eyes that always twinkled humorously upon the world in general, jumped out of an automobile at the big gates of the Talcott place, seized a big, confectionery-looking package, and, tossing the required coins to the chauffeur, made him return for him in the evening—and not come before nine o'clock.

As the auto departed on its way back to the town from whence it had brought him, the young man—who was none other than John Carr, on a surprise visit to Nancy, paused and surveyed the scene before him with a low, long whistle of surprise.

The weeds were cut in the avenue, but they still flourished greenly in the grove—Eleanor had found them too much for her feeble strength to cope with. Being summer, the vines that bowered the moldy walls of the old mansion were gay with flowers, and the yard was overrun with blossoming beds. Eleanor, though a decided failure in the truck-growing business, seemed to charm flowers into growing for her; the old, half-dead bushes and shrubs and vines had been coaxed into new life and vigor by her tender hands, so that they did their best to hide the decay of her abode with their bright bravery of color, and their luxuriant greenery of foliage.

"Marianna of the moated grange, for a fact!" commented John Carr, surveying the house through the overhanging arms of the old trees, which tried to hide it from the pebbled gaze of wayfarers by their shrouds of funeral moss.

"My poor little Nancy, sun-loving, sight-loving, folks-loving little girl that she is, shut up in these moldy old walls, shrouded by curtains of Spanish moss, away from the city lights, and warmth and sounds—wonder she's living to tell the tale! Well, it just shows what love can do—her love for Eleanor kept her here, and now, by jinks, her love for me'll take her away!"

And, with a very determined tread, and a look of warfare in his eyes, John marched up the avenue to storm the moated grange and bear away his lady in triumph—if she consented to go!

The doors stood wide open, to let the summer winds wander at will through the wide old hall, which was quite empty. Standing on the threshold, John Carr rapped discreetly, but no one came to the door, though, after all, he could hear a voice that thrilled him tenderly—the voice of Nancy, strangely muffled, and with a note of distress in it that sent John Carr scurrying away in search of his sweetheart.

He found her wedged in tightly behind a ponderous press in one of the big chambers; cobby, and with a smudge on her cheek, Nancy gave one glad cry when she beheld her lover and ecstatically sobbed upon his breast, while he kissed the smudge—which was uppermost, with loving loyalty.

"Nancy-girl, Nancy-love," he whispered, "I'm so glad to find you alive, honey! And I've come to take you away."

"No, you haven't, either," sobbed Nancy, rubbing her teary eyes upon his immaculate shirt-front, with disastrous consequences. "I won't go—till we've found the treasure, or at least looked for it in every hole and corner. I don't believe there is any, myself."

"Treasure! Are you dippy, child—has this loneliness affected your brain?" inquired her sweetheart, solicitously, as he looked anxiously into the flushed and smudgy face of the girl of his affections.

Nancy laughed—so merrily, so musically that the sound thrilled his heart. "Oh, you old John-goose, you!" chided Nancy, "I'm not dippy—but it's a wonder my brain hasn't gone, that's a fact," she lowered her voice to a whisper. "It's been—oh, John, it's something awful to live out in the country! If it hadn't been for those silly letters I wrote you I'd have gone bug-house, truly! And oh, John-dear, you are such a handsome man!"

"And you are such a beautiful girl!" responded John with enthusiasm, even with a smudge on your cheek and a cobweb on your nose!"

"If you'd been seeking treasure," chided Nancy, "your nose, I'm free to say, would have been stubbed, and cobwebbed, and scraped, till it wouldn't be recognizable as a human feature! Not if it had been in all the places mine has. Listen!"

And, as briefly as possible, for Eleanor was searching in a nearby chamber, Nancy told John of the story old Mrs. Warner had related—the story of the lost fifty thousand dollars in eagles and double eagles, supposed by the public to be confiscated by Yankees, and by Mrs. Warner to be hidden safely away in the walls, chimneys, garrets or cellars of Talcott House.

"Nonsense!" was John's only observation, as she ended the tale of how they—the she and Eleanor—had been searching ever since. "Sheer absolute nonsense, every word of it! I've got that raise at last, young lady, and I've come for you—and by jinks, I'll have you if I have to tie you up and tote you away like a bundle of straw!"

Just then Eleanor, hearing voices, and wondering who on earth Nancy could be talking to, entered the room. Eleanor, too, had a smudge on her cheek—in fact, there were two smudges, and a cobweb trailed, veil-like, across her forehead. Evidently, she, too, had been treasure-seeking in dark corners.

Eleanor was paler than usual, and there were dark shadows under her eyes that told plainly of fatigue, showing the nervous strain under which she was laboring. "Mr. Carr! I am so glad to see you!" Eleanor held out her hands to the very soiled little hands that were—impulsively—"I know—I just feel that you've come for Nancy, but, oh, I can't spare her just yet! If Nancy were to leave me right now, I don't believe I'd have the courage to search another inch!"

"No danger," averred Nancy, stoutly. "I've just informed him that I won't go till I get good and ready!"

"Miss Eleanor, you're not looking very rosy and strong," said John, anxiously. "Can't you give up this—er—work you are engaged in and go back to the city with Nancy for a while? Treasure'll keep, you know," he smiled at the word, his tones showing how lightly he esteemed the story of hidden wealth in the old walls, "and time flies mighty fast! You and Nancy pack up and let me take you back home—to New York—with me. She's got to marry me before long, for I'm to be a home-body now—I'm taken off the road at last, with a place with the firm that affords a good salary. Please say yes, Miss Eleanor!"

But, though Eleanor hesitated, Nancy spoke up at once. "Go right back home, if you've come out here to tempt us, John-boy," she scolded. "As soon as we've finished—made sure that not a square inch is overlooked, I'll telegraph you to come, and marry me without a frown to my back! For I won't wait a single, solitary day to make a trousseau—I'll let you spend your good money buying frocks after we're married. How'll you like that?"

"Dandy!" declared John Carr, enthusiastically, "what's my money for if it isn't to buy things for you? All right, ladies—I'll wait a reasonable length of time, but remember, a man's patience has limits!"

This settlement of the question being satisfactory, they lead him out on the porch, and went away to make themselves presentable—and to send Bahama, post-haste, to Mr. Jake Louder's store for certain groceries necessary for a company dinner, which was so perfectly delicious that John Carr declared they must take along the cook, when Eleanor, Nancy and he should set up housekeeping together in the city.

But Eleanor shook her head sadly, a pathetic little smile on the fair face that was getting thin and white with anxiety.

"Aunt Daphne and I belong down here, Mr. Carr; the city isn't for us—we'll live and die down here on the old plantation, I think, whether we find money or not—we'll manage somehow. But you and Nancy will come to visit me, and

I will be so glad to visit you, in your beautiful, sunny bright rooms. Will you have a flat, or a house?"

"A house in the suburbs," promptly replied Nancy, "when we are able. Till then, a flat, of course—airy, and sunny and beautifully convenient—and the best room in it for you, Nellie, always!"

"Of course—sure!" agreed John Carr, heartily, "the best in the house for you, when you come." They took a walk in the afternoon, Nancy and her John, and she poured out her heart to him on various subjects dear to both. And she confided to her sweetheart that the wish of her heart was to see young Muir and Eleanor friends.

"They were made for each other—positively ordained from the beginning of time," declared Nancy, "but, John-boy, how on earth am I to get Eleanor to come off her high horse and be friendly with the boy? It would be such a beautiful match! And Nancy sighed with a sense of her impotence to further the making of such a perfect alliance.

"Things like this always work themselves out, honey," cheered her John, secure in his own happiness, "just let 'em alone—they'll find a way."

"Which is all you know!" scoffed Nancy. "Eleanor Talcott is harder than any ten-penny nail, John Carr, when it comes to doing what she considers the right and proper thing. She'd die before she'd encourage him a single, solitary bit—unless she were to find the treasure."

"Stuff and nonsense!" denied John, "she'll never find the treasure—but, if her heart inclines toward that young multi-millionaire, be sure he'll find a way to win her—if he's half a man."

But, when her sweetheart left—after making the automobile wait just as long as possible—Nancy was not at all cheered by his optimistic predictions—she knew Eleanor better than that!

Of course, being broiling hot summer time, when there wasn't a thing on earth to shoot, David Muir had no business whatever at Green Lands. Nancy, therefore, strolling in the cool of the morning before her day's work at treasure-seeking should begin, was somewhat startled to hear a low whistle of flute-like quality, in a big live-oak over her head. Looking up, she was still more startled to see a man in the tree, smiling down upon her with great friendliness.

"Hey there!" spoke the bird-man, pleasantly. "Look out—I'm going to drop!" And he did, right at her feet, and seized her hands immediately, shaking them like the proverbial pump-handles.

"David Muir! What on earth brings you here?" gasped Nancy, overcome with surprise at his unexpected appearance.

"What on earth brings you here—in a cemetery?" grinned David, amiably. "I've been tracking you for some time, dodging behind bushes, and behaving in as highwayman-like manner as possible, till I 'tired' you, so to speak. How's the princess?"

"Sit down on that tombstone and I'll tell you everything," invited Nancy, brushing off a slab with her gown and promptly seating herself, upon which David Muir followed suit, in a very gingerly manner. "Doesn't look very reverent, sitting right on one of 'em," he commented, uneasily. "I never saw this place before—looks like a garden."

"It's really the only well-kept spot on our plantation," declared Nancy. "You needn't look towards the house—Eleanor can't see you for those trees—and she's already been here—comes every morning early to look around and see that everything is in beautiful order, as it was when we first inherited the property. Poor child, she can't seem to make anything grow but flowers; but they spring up like magic in her path."

"Flowers should always spring up in a goddess's path," murmured David, dreamily, his eyes wistfully roving towards the house, hopeful of seeing a glimpse of the goddess. "Is she well—and happy?"

"She's not very well, for we're both working ourselves to death. Don't I strike you as looking careworn and feeble?" inquired Nancy, smiling so that dimples raced merrily from their hiding places to disprove the assertion.

"You strike me as looking lovely beyond the dreams of—of anything," finished David Muir, lamely. "Except one other person, the loveliest lady my eyes have ever had the great good fortune to behold! And you're looking unusually—plump!"

"I'm not!" disclaimed Nancy, indignantly; all girls inclined to plumpness naturally resent such imputations. "I've lost—pounds and pounds, I know, if I had any scales to weigh on. But, oh, let me tell you the tale of our land-sorrow! Beats Prospero's sea-sorrow all to bits." And, with a reminiscent sigh, Nancy began; only to be interrupted by David.

"About that darned manager," he frowned, "I didn't know until he very carefully sent in his report, and I saw—seldom ever read the things—that he had made Miss Talcott pay for the few blades of green stuff her mule ate up. I came right away, as soon as I read it—thought maybe she'd see me and let me apologize and return the money. I gave that darn-fool manager a raking over the coals he'll not be likely to forget, too."

"It was awful," agreed Nancy, "and I felt like cussing him myself—I hope you did it thoroughly! But you must never, never mention the matter to Eleanor, for she'd never forgive you in the world—and she'd starve before she'd take the money back."

David Muir's face grew very solemn—so solemn that Nancy couldn't help laughing at its preternatural length.

"Heer up—the worst is yet to come," she continued. "Of course, it was perfectly terrible about the mule—nasty old thing, he won't make corn enough to feed himself, let alone us! And I know that Eleanor's poor little balance in the savings-bank is too minute to be visible to the naked eye. But I also know Eleanor, very thoroughly, and I'm sure she would be grossly insulted if you were to offer reparation, in any way. No, my child, our lone horn hope lies in finding the treasure!"

Then, breathlessly, for she knew Eleanor would be calling her presently, Nancy told him the story of their search for the gold—in eagles and double eagles, to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, which old Colonel Talcott had taken away, in ten leather bags, to hide on the plantation; of the skirmish in which both men were killed; and the treasure whisked away from mortal ken.

"I think, myself, our co-Yankees took it away with 'em," said Nancy, confidentially, "but since old Mrs. Warner made us that visit, we've searched—I've nearly butted my brains out tapping ceilings, and cricked my neck awry forever; my eyes are full of plaster, my hands of splinters, and my lungs are so choked up with dust that I'm liable to go off into a decline. And Eleanor! Well, she's worse than I am, because she's looked so much harder. If it were only possible to find it, you'd be a happy man, David Muir, for she'd be rich—not, of course, to compare to you millionaire people, but fifty thousand dollars would enable her to repair the house and grounds, and buy a pony-carriage, and—be neighborly with folks."

David Muir rose from the resting-place of Eleanor's ancestor, and walked, hands soberly in his pockets, back and forth in the narrow walk between the graves. At the fence, just beneath the live-oak tree in which he had climbed, was a tiny grave freshly mounded.

"New one?" he asked, absently smoothing the red clay with his toe.

"Old as the hills," returned Nancy. "It isn't one of the family, but some darkey who died in war times, and was buried here while the family were in town. Wanted to be near its

white folks, poor soul. It was badly mounded, and Eleanor had Uncle Bahama mound it over. She calls it her poor little pickaninny, and tends it as lovingly as the others. See that fresh bunch of roses on it? Put them there this morning. Eleanor's too full of sentiment for a prosaic Yankee to understand!" And Nancy sighed helplessly, as she shook her head over Eleanor's perversity—ways—"but I like it," she declared loyally. "I think she's the finest—the very finest girl on earth!"

"So do I," nodded David Muir, soberly, "so—do—I!"

"But so impractical!" mourned Nancy. "Yes," agreed David Muir, abstractedly. He sighed, held out his hand to Nancy with an air of finality, and said simply: "Good by, Miss Nancy—I'll see you again before long—must be going, now."

Then, lifting his hat, he climbed swiftly up the bole of the big live-oak, dropped down on the other side of the enclosure, and was gone before the astonished Nancy realized it.

"I think, declared that young lady, humbly, "that he isn't as much in love with Eleanor as he pretends—going off like that, without even trying to get a single glimpse of her. Well, men are queer, the best of 'em. I'll run back to the house and help hunt for Great-Uncle Talcott's money—oh, Lord, how my neck does ache!"

But, after two weeks of search, the treasure was still undiscovered. Eleanor drooped like a white lily on which the rains and winds had beaten too harshly. Nancy, viewing her with the ache of pity in her heart, sighed impotently, and longed fiercely to be able to do something to comfort her—and thought of the absent David Muir with wrath in her soul. A real lover should stay near his lady in her time of distress, considered Nancy, even though the lady aforesaid would have none of him.

But, when she went to fish her mail from the box down the road one day, there was an envelope addressed in unfamiliar writing which puzzled her. Tearing it open, she read: "Meet me in the morning, at any hour that suits you, in the graveyard—I'll be up the tree. D. M."

Wondering at this summons, yet eager to obey, Nancy waited impatiently for Eleanor to return from her usual early morning visit to the little cemetery, and, as soon as she could, flew on the winged feet of curiosity to the trying place.

David was already up the tree, and he sprang down instantly.

"I saw her—she looks so pale it frightened me," he said, in greeting. "Poor child, just wearing her life away. But say, partner, a thought came to me, away up in New York, and, by George, I believe I've got a hunch that's genuine! Listen: I've been thinking that, if there is such a thing as hidden treasure, you've both been on the wrong trail. Now this is my hunch—what do you think about it?"

And, speaking in a confidentially lowered voice, though there were none to hear, he told Nancy, in graphic words, about the "hunch" as to the hiding-place of the treasure.

Nancy sank weakly upon an ancient tombstone, overcome with surprise at the daring thing he suggested.

"I couldn't—I don't believe she'd ever con—"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

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SOMEWHERE IN ILLINOIS.

DEAR PEOPLE OF THE COMFORT SISTERS' CORNER:

May I come in? I didn't come in to talk about myself despite the fact that I have a lot of pet troubles that need airing. The main reason I called was to tell Bachelor Bill what I thought of him. Well, if my right-hand neighbor isn't Bachelor Bill, Bill, why are you so cruel toward my sex? Why put all the blame on their shoulders? I wish you could be turned into a woman for a while. How do you think a woman can always be neat and clean when she has to care for three or four children, do the housework, care for a garden and do part of her husband's work? There isn't any use to try to explain this to a man. I am not so very old but Bachelor Bill most of the trouble I have seen in the families of my friends has been caused by men. Because a woman loves a man she will try hard all day to please him, forgetting to give herself the care that is needed to keep her "sweet." I don't want to quarrel with you nor say you don't know what you are talking about but I do want to defend my sex. Men will throw their clothes on the floor, leave their hat on the table and spill ashes and ink on the table linen. Perhaps the wife will have a few spare minutes in which she plans to comb her hair but there are the clothes to pick up, the hat to put away, the ashes to sweep up and the stain to be removed from the table linen. So the hair isn't combed and then she's "untidy."

I have had a hard road in this life and every one of my troubles and hardships can be traced to a man. Of course there are exceptions but I haven't seen them.

A BIRD WITH A BROKEN WING.

NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT ever since I was a child but this is the first time I have ever attempted to write to the Sisters' Corner, for the simple reason that I knew my letter wouldn't be as interesting as those written by others, but when I read the letters



WESLEY OSBORN AND JOHN FARISH.

from Appreciative and Sincere Reader on adopting children I could keep silent no longer. By all means adopt a child for you can and will love it just as dearly as your very own. We know for we adopted a dear little boy when he was only three weeks old and now he is nearly twenty-one months old and a perfect darling. We had only one child of our own, a dear little boy of eight, and I am sending their pictures which I hope to see in COMFORT. We love our adopted baby, little John Farish, just as much as we love our own, Wesley Osborn, but by all means adopt a child and see just how much your home will be brightened and cheered and how dearly you will love it.

Sincerely, A COMFORT FRIEND.

TOLEY, UTAH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you let a Mormon sister enter your happy corner? I have never seen a letter from Utah. I wonder why?

I enjoyed Bonnie V. Borell's letter. I am another mother with a crushed heart, having to part with dear children. I was blessed with five but have only two left, the eldest, eleven years and the baby nine months old, so those that are gone were just babies but they brought their love and we miss them so.

Our little girl of eight years was the picture of health and the life of home but she took that dreadful influenza and passed away last December, ten days before Christmas, and oh, such a lonesome Christmas as it was. I try to think of this story: A Hindu woman, the beautiful Eastern tells us, lost her only child. Wild with grief, she implored a prophet to give back her little one to her. He looked at her for a long while and then said tenderly, "Go, my daughter, bring me a handful of rice from a house into which death has never entered and I will do as thou desireth." The woman at once began her search. She went from dwelling to dwelling and had no difficulty in obtaining what the prophet specified but when they granted it she inquired, "Are you all around the earth, father, mother, children, none missing?" But the people shook their heads, with sighs and looks of sadness and far and wide as she wandered there was always some vacant seat by the hearth. And gradually she passed on the waves of her grief subsided before the spectacle of sorrow everywhere. And her heart, coming to be occupied with its own sorrow, flowed out in strong sympathy with the universal suffering; tears of anguish softened into tears of pity; she forgot self and found joy in helping others.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters of COMFORT as I get very downhearted at times, although I have one of the best husbands on earth. I don't think we should talk of our husband's faults. Stop a minute and look at yourselves.

I am living on a large cattle ranch, keeping house for my husband and children. We are surrounded by high cliffs and on the east is a large mountain. It is a rough country but we enjoy life here during the summer. In the winter we go to town so our children can go to school. The Mormons are great people for schools. Today in the public school system of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

to outwit me, my pretty little sister, but I am going to hunt you out yet, and then I'll pay you a social call."

Violet was filled with dismay at this threat, for she could conceive of nothing more mortifying and embarrassing than that Wilhelm Mencke, with his bloated and disfigured face, his soiled and untidy apparel, should present himself at the aristocratic residence of Mr. Lawrence on Fifth Avenue and claim relationship with her.

She quickly retraced her steps to Broadway, bitterly regretting that she had left that street at all, and then she walked swiftly on up town until she was sure that Wilhelm Mencke could not see her, when she took a car and went home, resolving that she would be very careful hereafter about being found in that portion of the city alone.

Wilhelm Mencke, after the last tempestuous interview with his wife in London, suddenly made up his mind that it would be as good a time as any to shirk all future obligations of a domestic nature, and accordingly he took "French leave," proceeding directly to Glasgow, where he secured a cheap passage in a steamer bound for the United States.

Arriving in New York, he reasoned that he could lose himself there more successfully than anywhere else, and, securing a lodging in one of the poorer sections of the city, he devoted the most of his days to sleep and beer-drinking, and his nights to gambling, the passion for which had become insatiable.

Sometimes he won; at others he lost; at any rate he led a miserable existence, sinking lower and lower in the mire of indolence and dissipation, losing his self-respect—what little he originally possessed—and becoming a voluntary outcast from all respectable society.

Violet was exceedingly disturbed by her meeting with him and for a long time afterward she could not be persuaded to go out, even to ride, so afraid was she of another encounter with him.

Her excuse to Mr. Lawrence, whenever he invited her to accompany herself and Bertha anywhere, was that a dressmaker and necessary spring sewing claimed her time and presence; therefore, that gentleman and his daughter were obliged to drive by themselves during the next few weeks. She continued to devote herself assiduously to her duties in the schoolroom, so that the master of the house seldom saw her, excepting at dinner time, and this caused him no little uneasiness and chagrin, because he had been gradually growing to realize, of late, that her companionship had become necessary to his happiness.

One evening he was sitting alone in his library, and he fell to musing upon his uncomfortable state of affairs.

"I suppose it is because of her extreme conscientiousness," he told himself. "She thinks because she is hired for certain duties she must not be tempted from them for her own personal enjoyment. Hum! She is a charming little body, a perfect sunbeam in the house—why shouldn't I keep her here always? I am a middle-aged man, I know, but my heart is young, and I love young company. I wonder if it would be right to ask her to share the future with me. She seems to be alone in the world, she receives no letters—no friends come to visit her, and I have never heard her speak of a relative. It almost seems as if there must be some mystery connected with her history; but she is good and true, I am sure, for her daily life is beyond reproach. Her tastes are dainty and refined, her education excellent, her manners charming, and in person she is certainly very beautiful; she would make a most delightful mistress for such a home as this, and why should I not marry her if I can win her? True, I am old enough to be her father, but older men than I have married even younger girls than Violet. I could give her every luxury, and shield her from every ill, while, should she outlive me, as she probably will, she would have a handsome fortune at her disposal."

The wealthy banker sat long considering the wisdom of offering his hand to the young governess. Evidently Violet had no prior attachment, he thought; she seemed happy and contented in his home and appeared to love Bertha most tenderly, while, on the other hand, the child was devotedly attached to her.

Before he had retired to rest, he had resolved to do his utmost to induce Violet to become his wife.

"I will not interfere with her duties now," he mused, "for she thinks there have already been too many interruptions to the lessons; but we shall soon go away from the city for the summer—which I will try to make one long delightful holiday for her and Bertha—and when she resumes her place in this household, I hope it will be upon an entirely different footing."

A little later he broached the subject of going away for the summer to his residence up the Hudson, and the bright look which illuminated Violet's face at the thought of going into the country, assured him that he could not have proposed a greater pleasure for her.

But their eyes suddenly lost their gladness, for it occurred to her that possibly Mr. Lawrence had not thought of including her in his plans for the season, and she had no idea what she should do, or where to go if she should be left behind.

But his next words reassured her upon that point, and set her heart beating with hope and delight.

"Are you fond of the country, Miss Huntington?" he asked, wondering with some misgiving, what had made her grow so grave all at once.

"Yes, indeed; in the summer there is nothing more delightful than the country," she answered, eagerly.

"I am glad to hear you say that, for I have been wondering if we could persuade you to go with us when we leave town," the wily banker returned, making it appear that she would be doing them a favor by going with them. "Would you prefer a summer on the Hudson or a sojourn by the sea? I have also a villa upon Long Island," he pursued, watching the play of her features to see if she really had any choice in the matter.

Violet dearly loved the sea, as we already know; but she liked the highlands also, and she hesitated a moment before replying.

"I am sure I should be very happy in either place," she at length said, with a smile, "and I should rather not express a preference; that ought to be as you and Miss Bertha desire, I think."

He smiled at her modesty, then after considering the point, remarked:

"We will go to Oak Heights on the Hudson for the remainder of this month and next; then we will spend August and September by the sea. How will that suit, Miss Bertha?"

But his eyes were fixed on Violet's glowing face as he put the question.

"That will be very nice, papa," the child replied, delightedly, "and I know we shall have a much pleasanter time this summer than we did last, if Miss Huntington is to go with us, for nothing ever gets out of fix or goes wrong where she is."

Mr. Lawrence gave vent to a low, appreciative laugh at this remark, and thought that Bertha certainly had the right of it.

"Thank you, dear," said Violet, flushing, while she laid her hand caressingly upon the child's shoulder. "I ought to feel very highly complimented with such a tribute as that, and I am sure I am charmed with the plan for the summer. I had hardly given a thought to what was going to become of me during vacation time; I did not realize it was so near."

"I don't think we could get along without you," Bertha returned, affectionately; "do you, papa?"

Mr. Lawrence flushed at this.

"I think it will be very pleasant for us all to have Miss Huntington with us," he said, quietly.

A week later they were all settled in their beautiful home on the Hudson, and Violet felt more content and at ease than at any time since her disagreeable encounter with Wilhelm Mencke.

She had lived in constant fear that he would find out where she resided and make himself obnoxious, both to her and to Mr. Lawrence; but now she was sure that he would never think of looking for her in any place so far away from the city, and she gave herself up with all her heart to the enjoyment of her holiday.

Mr. Lawrence insisted that there should be no lessons during the vacation season.

Violet looked blank at this injunction, and told him that she feared she should not be doing her duty to spend the summer in idleness.

"Just give up the time to getting strong and vigorous for work when you return," Mr. Lawrence said, pleasantly. "I will provide you with all the amusing reading that you desire for yourself and Bertha, and you may give me all the music that you will; but there shall be no regular routine, no set duties. Make yourself and Bertha happy, and I shall be more than satisfied."

"I imagine there are very few governesses who are like this," Violet mused, when thinking over her patron's kindness afterward. "I am sure Mr. Lawrence must be a man in a thousand, and I believe I am beginning to be very fond of him. If Wilhelm had only been like him, how happy I might have been in my own home—all the sad experiences of last year would never have come upon me," she concluded, with a heavy sigh. Mr. Lawrence not only gave Violet and her charge permission to be happy, but he exerted himself in every possible way to contribute toward this result.

He planned long, delightful rides during the early morning, after which they would sit in the cool shade of one of the mammoth trees on the lawn, while either Mr. Lawrence or Violet read aloud from some entertaining book. After luncheon, or during the warmest portion of the day, they rested; then in the cool of the evening they would ride again, either in the carriage or on horseback—for Mr. Lawrence owned some fine saddle-horses—or take a delightful sail upon the river.

Violet had never been so happy since her early childhood; life was like a beautiful poem—a dream of delight.

There was only one drawback to it all: the shadow of death—the supposed untimely death of her young husband—still hung over her, sad-dropping many hours and causing many bitter tears.

"Oh, if Wallace were only here to share all this with me! How can I bear all the long, lonely years before me?" was the sad lament which too often escaped her lips.

But, though her grief was strong and deep-seated, she kept it to herself. She never mentioned that she had any secret trouble, nor referred in any way to her past.

Then the summer months glided by, and Violet was more than content to feel that she was doing good, in helping to form a lovely and noble character in the motherless and afflicted child who had been committed to her care; this thought was like a silver fringe to the cloud which shadowed her own life.

Every day, too, spent in Mr. Lawrence's society, revealed more and more that was grand and chivalrous in his nature, and she grew to look up to and regard him much as an elder daughter might regard a fond, kind father, never once suspecting that he was cherishing a warmer sentiment for her, and planning to offer her the first place in his heart and his home.

The first week in August they removed to the villa on Long Island, and here eight weeks more were spent in an equally delightful manner.

They all loved the sea, and much of their time was passed upon it in yacht or sailboat, or strolling along the beach upon its margin.

At one time they made a three weeks' excursion in a yacht, with some of Mr. Lawrence's friends, who occupied a villa next their own; thus Violet made some acquaintances; and during these two months she saw more of society than she had since her flight from Mentone.

Mr. Lawrence accepted several invitations to dinners and receptions, and also entertained a number of times, for, as it happened, a great many people whom he knew had come to spend the summer in that vicinity.

Violet and Bertha were always present upon these occasions, Violet doing the honors, like an elder daughter, with charming grace and ease, thus betraying that she had always been accustomed to moving in cultivated circles.

The eyes of some of Mr. Lawrence's friends began to be opened after two or three of these receptions, for the marked attention which that gentleman bestowed upon his beautiful governess could not fail to excite comment.

"She may hold the post of governess in his family for the present, but if she does not occupy the position of mistress before the year is out, I am no judge of the signs of the times," one gentleman remarked to another, after spending a delightful evening at the villa, where Violet had charmed them with her music and her rare conversational powers.

"She is certainly a beautiful and accomplished woman," was the thoughtful reply, "but it does not seem right to me that one so young should marry a man so many years her senior."

"Well, it is not exactly according to nature," returned the first speaker, "and yet there is something to be said for, as well as against, such a union. If I had a lovely daughter, like Miss Huntington, I would much prefer she would marry a man of Horace Lawrence's stamp, for he is an honorable and cultivated gentleman, than any of the majority of brainless, idle fellows who frequent society nowadays. He would love her better, shield her more tenderly, and make her happier."

"You may be right—but I hope she will not marry him, all the same," was the grave response. Then he added, with a sudden brightening up of his face: "I know just the young man whom a girl like that ought to marry—who would make just the kind of a husband she ought to win."

"I shall begin to think that you are turning matchmaker, my friend," laughed the first speaker, or match-spoiler, I'm afraid my friend Lawrence might say. Who is this young paragon of the nineteenth century?"

"What, young Richardson?"

"Yes; they would make an ideal couple, according to my way of thinking," answered Mr. Harlow, "for, strange as it may seem, Wallace's partner was spending a few weeks in that vicinity, and a mutual friend had introduced him to Mr. Lawrence, and thus he met Violet."

"It is not often that two ideals marry each other," replied his friend, smiling. "The way the world goes in the majority of instances, some miserable stick gets one of the nicest little wives in the world, and vice versa. Perhaps, however, there is a wise economy in the arrangement; but matrimony, worked out on that line, is a problem to puzzle a better brain than mine. Still, as you say, Richardson is an ideal fellow—one in a thousand; only he seems older than his years; he has had some trouble, hasn't he?"

"Yes, but I don't know the nature of it exactly; he is very reticent; and, of course, I would not attempt to force his confidence. I wish, though, he had a nice wife; I would really like to introduce him to this charming Miss Huntington." Mr. Harlow remarked with an earnestness that made his friend smile again at his taste for matchmaking.

How strange that the lives of Wallace and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

Violet should have thus flowed so near each other without touching; but so it often is in this world of cross-purposes and mysteries.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WILHELM MENCKE MAKES TWO DISCOVERIES.

One day Mr. Lawrence came home early, bringing tickets for a matinee of the opera "Martha." He was ever ready to gratify Bertha's passionate love of music by giving her an opportunity to hear all the best talent, and during the season they made it a point of attending some performance once or twice every week, while Miss Bertha, supplied with a pair of powerful glasses that had been made especially for her, was in her element upon these occasions.

They were to hear a favorite artist today, and all appeared to be in the best of spirits in anticipation of the treat in store for them.

Violet was looking unusually pretty, in spite of her somber attire, for, although she had never assumed the mourning of a widow, she had dressed in black, or white, ever since her flight from Mentone.

It was very becoming to her, with her golden hair and fair complexion, and today there was a finer color than usual in her cheeks, while she wore a corsage bouquet of exquisite chrysanthemums, white as clustered snowflakes, which Mr. Lawrence had brought home to her, and many an eye turned a second admiring glance upon her as she alighted from the elegant carriage of her escort and followed him into the Academy of Music.

There was one pair of eyes which lighted with a quick flash of triumph as they caught sight of and recognized her.

They belonged to a bloated, gross-looking man, who was lounging in the shadow of a billboard, watching, with a sort of stolid curiosity, the arrival of the many pleasure-seekers, and who exclaimed, with a chuckle of exultation, as the girl disappeared from view.

"Alas, my pretty Violet, at last I have cornered you!"

It was, as may be surmised, no other than Wilhelm Mencke, more coarse, more repulsive than ever, and for six months he had been vainly trying to ferret out Violet, whom he had begun to fear had left the city, for he had never caught a second glimpse of her until this moment.

Having made this important and unexpected discovery, his next thought was to ascertain the name of the gentleman with whom he had seen her, and, with this end in view, he sauntered leisurely out from his hiding-place toward the elegant turnout from which Violet had just alighted, and which he affected to admire exceedingly.

"Humph! A fine pair of horses you have there," he remarked to the dignified coachman upon the box, as he patted the satin-smooth neck of the animal nearest him. "It must be rather enjoyable to drive a couple of high-steppers like these; they cost a cool thousand, I'll warrant."

The high-toned driver bestowed a somewhat scornful glance upon the shabby, vulgar-looking man; but no lover of good horseflesh can listen to such praise of the objects of his especial pride and be indifferent to the flattery.

"There isn't a better pair of carriage horses in New York," he said, briefly, bestowing an affectionate glance upon the handsome bays.

"They're beauties, that's a fact," said Wilhelm Mencke, admiringly; "the whole turnout isn't to be sneezed at. Your governor must have plenty of cash to sport it—a good judge of horseflesh, too. Do you mind telling me who's the owner?"

"H. A. Lawrence, Esq." was the curt but somewhat consequential reply.

"What! The banker?"

"Yes."

"Oho! I've heard of him. Where does he live?"

"No. — Fifth Avenue."

"Whew! Rich, isn't he?"

"Rather!" replied the coachman, loftily, and with significant emphasis upon the adverb, as he gathered up his reins preparatory to driving on, while Wilhelm Mencke, having accomplished his object, waddled toward the Academy of Music entrance, where, after purchasing a ticket and securing a pair of glasses, he sought his seat in the second circle and set himself at work to seek Violet in the dense throng beneath him, and watch her movements throughout the entertainment.

He espied her after a while, sitting in the front row of the first balcony, and from that moment he scarcely took his eyes from her face until the opera was over, when he hastened out, and taking up his position again behind the

Fortunes Founded Through Luck

FRANK W. WOOLWORTH.

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THE tallest building on earth is on the world's greatest highway, Broadway, New York. Frank W. Woolworth built this "Cathedral of Commerce" and the \$7,000,000 it cost him represents but a part of his large fortune. It was a piece of luck—a mere chance—that led to the accumulation of the Woolworth riches.



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FRANK W. WOOLWORTH.

Woolworth, when he was about 27, was clerking in a little country store in New York State, close to his birthplace, Rodman. He was active and industrious, and a very wide-awake young

billboard, watched until Mr. Lawrence's party emerged from the building, and, entering their carriage, drove away.

Then, with a jubilant chuckle over his cleverness, and planning to make his discovery work to his own advantage, the man went on his way toward his own miserable quarters.

Proceeding slowly down the street, in an opposite direction from that taken by Mr. Lawrence's driver, and revolving how he could best make Violet a means to bring him money, his eye chanced to light upon a sign which had never attracted his attention before, although he had passed that way many times.

"Harlow & Richardson, Architects," he read, and then stopping short, he stared blankly at the names for several moments.

"Richardson! Richardson! It can't be possible that it is that chap," he muttered, with a scowl. "If he is here in the city and they should come together, my fat would be all in the fire. I've got to make my wits support me, and Violet, being in the family, is legitimate prey. She believes that young Richardson is dead, and it will be for my interest to have her continue to think so. I must look this matter up."

It was after five o'clock, but, though the man was suffering from his usual drink, he was so eager to satisfy his curiosity regarding the firm whose sign he had just discovered, he decided to forego the gratification of his appetite for a season, and learn the truth of his suspicions.

He therefore posted himself in a doorway, near by, to watch the entrance to the architects' office, for, he reasoned, work hours were nearly over, and both clerks and employers would soon be going home for the night.

Nor was he disappointed for in less than fifteen minutes a young man of perhaps twenty years issued from the building, and Wilhelm Mencke, assuming as respectable an air as possible, accosted him and inquired if either Mr. Harlow or Mr. Richardson was in the office.

"Yes," the clerk replied, regarding his questioner somewhat curiously; "Mr. Richardson came in about half an hour ago."

"Is it too late to consult with him upon a matter of business?" Mr. Mencke inquired.

"No—I think he could attend to you, if you wish to see him, although he has had a very busy day."

"All right; thank you—I think I'll go up. By the way," added Mr. Mencke, as he was about to enter the building, "what is Mr. Richardson's full name?"

"W. H. Richardson."

"Ah, yes; the W. is for Wallace, I believe—that is, if he is the man I used to know. Quite a young man, isn't he?"

"About twenty-four or five, I should say," returned the clerk, wondering what the gentlemanly and dignified Mr. Richardson should ever have had in common with this coarse-looking man.

"Smart fellow, or used to be," remarked Mr. Mencke, sentimentally.

"Indeed he is," animatedly returned the young man, with whom Wallace was evidently a great favorite. "There are few men of his age who are so well posted in their profession as Mr. Richardson is, both theoretically and practically."

"That is so, that is so," said Wilhelm Mencke, wisely, as if he were thoroughly acquainted with Wallace's accomplishments. "The firm is doing a good business, I suppose?"

"Yes, indeed, their business has increased nearly fifty per cent during the last year, and they have more orders for the next twelve months than they can fill, unless they increase their office force."

"Well, well, they must be getting rich, then," said the inquisitive Mencke, but none too well pleased with the information he had gained.

"Yes, if business continues as good during the next five years they will make their fortune; but," added the voluble young man, beginning to think he was talking too freely of his employers' affairs, "it is my grub time and I must be off. You'll find Mr. Richardson up one flight, first door on the right. Good evening," and turning abruptly away, he walked rapidly down the street.

Wilhelm Mencke felt far from comfortable standing out there in the cold, in his thin overcoat and otherwise shabby attire, after gaining the above information.

He, who had once lived in affluence and scorned this rising young architect on account of his poverty, was now homeless, almost penniless, and shivering with cold outside the elegant building, where the man whom he had hated and had wronged, was steadily mounting the ladder of prosperity, and building up a name and fame that promised to shine among the brightest lights of his profession.

These thoughts were humiliating in the extreme, and made him shrink and cringe with mortification, envy and anger.

"I'd like to see for myself how he is getting on," he muttered, with a sullen frown. "I've

man, liked by his customers and by his employers. Now one morning in dropped a Western merchant who, among many other things, told of how successful he had been with a new idea—a five-cent counter in his store. "It was a hummer, while it lasted," he said.

Hearing and remembering the merchant's yarn was Woolworth's luck. The day's work over, he recalled the story in all its detail, and it was not long before he was on the track of a great idea. He would go to New York, where he would be sure to find plenty of articles to buy and sell at five cents, and then he would open a five-cent store of his own! He had heard of the business axiom, "Small Profits and Quick Returns," and he determined if possible to try it out. He was sure he had the right idea, and the more he pondered it the more excited he got—in fact he couldn't sleep that night.

Next day he took his employers into his confidence, for he hadn't a cent of capital. They liked Frank, he was honest, capable and courteous, but they wouldn't loan him any money. They were willing, however, to let him have a bill of goods on credit. This, with a little money he managed to borrow among his friends, enabled him to rent half a store in Utica where he started his five-cent counter.

As he expected, it drew big crowds and his whole stock of five-cent articles went the first day. But a formidable difficulty soon loomed up. He couldn't go on selling the same articles day after day for everybody was supplied, and the difficulty was to get different articles, yet so cheap that he could sell them for a nickel. This, he recalled, was the same difficulty the Western merchant had spoken of running up against.

How to get over it taxed Woolworth's brain not a little, meantime his sales dwindled, for people when they saw the same old articles day after day and no novelties, turned away. He knew of course that he must have variety, and that variety couldn't be had at such a low price.

Then the idea suddenly flashed upon him to try a 10-cent counter!

The 10-cent counter was the answer to his puzzle—his snowball was at last on the move downhill, doubling in size every foot.

And this is how, through a lucky incident, F. W. Woolworth made his millions; and today, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain, he is successfully running more than 800 10-cent stores.

The S. P. Q. R. axiom turned out a "winner" for Woolworth.

half a mind to go inside and wait until he comes out."

He entered the building, and began slowly to mount the stairs, marking, as he went, the handsomely furnished and well-lighted hall.

"Up one flight, first door on the right," he repeated, musingly, "must cost something for office rent in a building like this."

He had reached the second landing, but for some reason, or from some oversight, this hall had not yet been lighted, and was comparatively dark. The neglect, however, proved better for Wilhelm Mencke's purpose, for upon reaching the door to which he had been directed, and finding that the upper panels were of glass, he could plainly see the interior of the architects' office, and all that was going on therein.

It was a handsome apartment, large, airy, well furnished and brilliantly lighted. There were four or five draughting-tables or desks standing in different portions of the room. A pretty carpet of modest colors was upon the floor, a few comfortable-looking chairs, with handsomely carved backs and substantial make, were scattered about, while a few fine engravings, richly framed, hung upon the walls.

Opposite him, and with the door standing open, there was another room—evidently a private office—and this, what he could see of it, was even more luxuriously furnished.

"What a jump for that young beggar to make in less than two years!" muttered the whilom pork-packer, with an angry scowl, "and there he is now, as I am alive," he continued, as a fine-looking, well-dressed gentleman suddenly emerged from the inner room, and approached a clerk sitting at one of the desks.

Yes, it was indeed Wallace, looking more manly than ever, yet with a certain air about him which told that he had known sorrow. His bearing was gentlemanly and dignified, and it was plainly to be seen that the clerk, though he was an older man than himself, regarded him with deep respect and good will.

Wallace finished what he had to say to his clerk—which was evidently something connected with the drawings he was working upon—and then disappeared again within his private office.

He reappeared, however, almost immediately, wearing a handsome overcoat, and with his hat in his hand, while he was closely followed by another man.

"Lord Cameron, as sure as I'm a Dutchman!" cried the watcher outside, under his breath, and

he saw that they were making directly for the door where he stood.

He shuffled away from his position, around to the foot of the next flight of stairs, where he would be concealed from their sight, and the next moment Wallace and his companion emerged from the office.

"Richardson, I am delighted over your success," the listener heard Lord Cameron say, as the two young men went down stairs together. "You are fast mounting to the top of the ladder and I shall expect to find you at the very summit the next time I come to America."

"Well, of course, I intend to improve my opportunities to the utmost," Wallace replied. "It has always been my aim to do thoroughly whatever I undertake, and I mean to attain to as fine a position and make my name as famous as possible. But," with a heavy sigh, "beyond the satisfaction to be gained by conquering difficulties and achieving my object, it will not amount to much, for I have no one with whom to share my honors."

Lord Cameron made some low-voiced, sympathetic reply, which Wilhelm Mencke could not catch, though he strained his ears to their utmost to do so and then the two friends, arm-in-arm, went forth into the street.

The eavesdropper hastened after them as fast as his bulky proportions would permit, and followed them up town for some distance, and finally saw them enter the Windsor Hotel together.

It is impossible to describe the feeling of mingled humiliation and spleen which raged in the heart of Wilhelm Mencke, as he watched them disappear within the brilliantly lighted entrance, into warmth and luxury, while he turned down a side street and made his way toward the miserable and comfortless room which was now his only home. The contrast of his present position with that of the young man, whom he had held in such contempt two years previous, was mortifying and terribly exasperating to his jealous nature.

He had always recognized the fact that Wallace was, by far, his superior in point of intellect, natural refinement and culture, while, as far as personal appearance was concerned, he certainly was not a gainer by comparison.

Wallace had been reared under the refining influence of cultured and Christian parents, and this advantage had served to mould his whole life, keeping him pure and noble, even in the midst of poverty and hardships.

Wilhelm Mencke, on the other hand, had drifted to Cincinnati, a coarse, unlettered youth, whose early life had been tainted by the example of an intemperate father and mother, and whose chief aim was to get rich, no matter how. He had found employment in a pork-packing establishment, and finally won a foothold in the family of his employer by consummating an elopement with his daughter, whose fortune and assured position had alone given him the entrée to the better circles of the city.

But, with his money all wasted and left to himself, his real nature now asserted itself, and he sank to the level from which he had sprung.

Still he had pride enough left to sting him severely when he was compelled to realize the contrast of his present position with that of the once "poverty-stricken carpenter," who had dared to aspire to the hand of his wife's sister.

"It is very strange that he and Violet should have both been in New York for so many months and never met," he muttered, as he went on his way. "They shall not meet if I can help it. I hate the young upstart, and I will do all I can to keep them apart. I can manage to bleed both of them in this way, perhaps, while I could never get a penny from either if they should come together; for Violet hasn't much love for me now, and would never forgive me if she should discover how she had been deceived about his death. It is lucky for me that I have those trinkets, which I helped myself to before I left London. It is a wonder, though, that I have never pawned them; but somehow she seemed to haunt me whenever I thought of doing so; but I'll warrant he'll pay me well for them—poor lackadaisical fool! 'No one to share his honors'—bah! It is lucky for him that he does not think of marrying one of the fine girls of New York. I wish he would take a notion to; he'd be in a fine pickle then, and I should have a nice hold upon him—I could bleed him then within an inch of his life!"

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

and had gone to the sitting-room for some books and music and other things, when Mr. Jackman came. He seemed distressed at the thought of my leaving, and wished to pledge my new-found happiness in a glass of wine. I drank a little of what he gave me, and in a few moments felt strangely dizzy and sleepy.

"The wine was drugged," ground Nell between his teeth. "The treacherous scoundrel!"

"It must have been drugged," faltered Beryl, "for after regaining my room, and dropping upon my bed, I remember nothing more until—until now. It was not noon then, yet here it is night. I must have lain in a stupor for many hours."

"You received no note purporting to come from me?" Nell asked, indignation and anger thrilling in his tones.

"No," answered Beryl. "Did you send me a note, dear?"

"I did not; but when I called for you, Jackman showed me a note which, he said, you had received, and which, he also informed me, he had picked up on the stairs. That note requested you to accompany the bearer to San Jose, and was signed with my name. I marveled at the time how you could have been deceived by the handwriting; still, believing that Jackman was your true friend, I did not doubt him at the moment, but turned to hurry back to the town in an effort to find you. I see now," he finished bitterly, "that the note was a decoy for me and not for you. I was to be lured away on a false scent, while Beryl came for you in this car."

Beryl shivered with the horror of it all.

"Oh, how could men prove so treacherous, so void of honor!" she cried, with a half sob. "Mr. Jackman—it is hard for me to believe that he would lend his aid to anything so despicable."

"I am glad that I was able to pluck you out of that fateful snare," said Nell. "My poor darling! For months you have been surrounded by enemies. We may thank a merciful Providence that you came off so well. I might never have been able to rescue you, had it not been for Tonita."

Beryl leaned over and kissed Tonita's cheek.

"At least," said she tenderly, "I had one true friend among all my foes; and I cannot help thinking that all would have been different if Mother Jackman had been at home."

Tonita drew Beryl closer to her breast.

"To the death, querida," said the Mexican girl; "you can always depend upon your Tonita."

"Pray tell me all that happened," said Beryl, nestling comfortably into half of Tonita's cloak, which was drawn around her.

Nell and Tonita, between them, went into details of recent events, and Beryl was thrilled by the recital. Her peril had been great, yet Tonita's cleverness and Nell's courage had saved her from a fate that was worse than death. A prayer of thankfulness went up from her heart to the Father who watches over the innocent and the unfortunate.

"And in this same automobile which was to carry me away with Mr. Beryl," murmured Beryl, "I am now speeding out of the hateful power of my foes with my true love and my dear friend. Heaven, indeed, has been good to me! And we are bound—"

"To San Francisco," Nell called back, "to the house of the minister who is to give me the legal right to defend you from scoundrels like Beryl and Trenwick. We had nearly fifty miles before us at the start. I have been over the road in a touring car before, and, if we have no breakdown, or other mishaps, we shall reach our destination by daylight. In the morning you shall be my bride!"

The last words found a delicious echo in Beryl's fluttering heart. They thrilled, too, like solemn music through the bosom of the Mexicans. In the great Leland Stanford University, at Palo Alto, her lover—a noble youth of her own race was studying to fit himself for the law. Some time they, too, like Beryl and Nell, would join their hands in wedlock.

"My trunk, my clothes, all my little store of goods," said Beryl, in dismay, the feminine instinct rising strong within her, "have been left at Sunset Ranch!"

"Pray consider me, dear," said Tonita gayly, "for I am but little better off. I came merely to make you a call, to do what I could to solve the mystery that had suddenly surrounded you, and behold! I am embarked on a journey just as I was and am to be your bridesmaid."

Nell laughed cheerily.

"Nothing shall delay us," said he, "until the ceremony is performed. After that, we shall visit some of the great stores, and what you ladies need it shall be my pleasure to provide. Tonita shall telegraph to her people that all is well with her, and there shall be many days of happiness for us in the City of the Golden Gate."

And on and on they flew, with Love, vigilant and determined, at the steering wheel; on through moonbeam and starbeam, along tree-lined avenues and dusky groves; on through the sleepy languor of the night, past Redwood City, San Carlos, Belmont, San Mateo, Burlingame, Palo Alto—little recking that, before many many hours the clatter of carriage wheels, and the very road over which they were passing fissured and gashed.

They halted but once, and then at a wayside tarrying place, quaintly known as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Here Nell secured some refreshments for his fair charges. A few moments after the journey was resumed, the tired girls were nodding drowsily in each other's arms.

Nell, alert, watchful, and tireless, breathed a sigh of deep content. Triumphant love had wooed his heart away from thoughts of revenge; a languor wrapped itself about his soul—a delicious softness, born of the starbeams, which in no wise diminished his vigilance or lessened his firm control of the car.

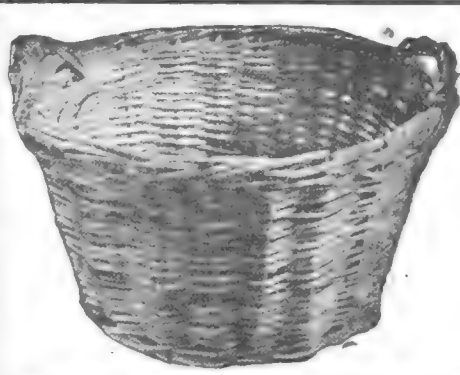
They went on through the night.

CHAPTER X.

OTHERS GO TO FRISCO.

Beryl's fury at having his long-conceived plan foiled at the very moment when success seemed certain was something terrible to wit-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)



WHAT A TEN-CENT BASKET WILL DO FOR CHRISTMAS

By Winnifred Fales

Copyright, 1919, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

AT the ten-cent store one day, I discovered some cunning little rattan baskets like miniature clothes-baskets, and with visions of the approaching Yuletide urging the necessity of "preparedness," I bought a dozen. The result is twelve really attractive Christmas gifts at the following modest cost:

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------|
| 12 Baskets at ten cents each, | \$1.20 |
| 1 Small can moss-green stain, | .10 |
| 1 Package gold bronze, | .25 |
| 3 Narcissus bulbs, | .15 |
| 2 Celluloid thimbles, | .10 |
| 2 Pairs small scissors, | .40 |
| 1 Box kindergarten beads, | .10 |

Grand total, \$2.90, or an average cost of about

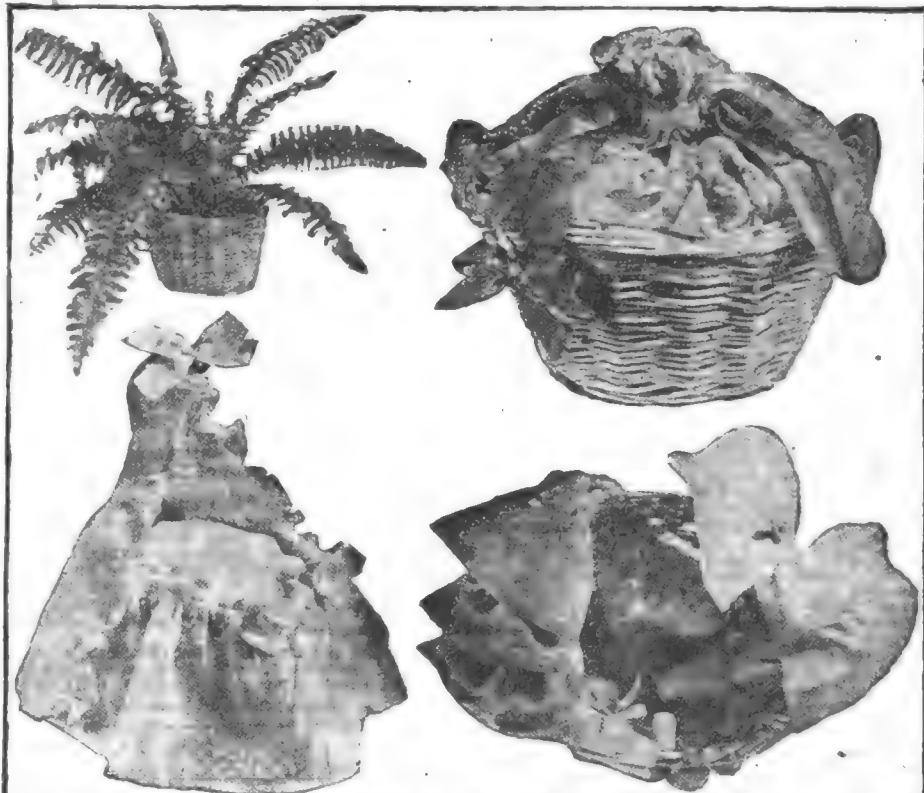
tackle for an old bowl containing the three bulbs and pebbles in which to grow them.

Number four had fitted into it a pad of blue satin tightly stuffed with wool. A counterpane, valance and canopy of Swiss muslin tied with blue ribbons transformed it into a tiny "bassinnet" pincushion for a young mother.

Number five was made into a pink and white bassinet in which was snuggled a wee china baby to delight the heart of the Littlest Girl.

To numbers six and seven, bag tops of fancy cretonne were sewed and the baskets thus transformed into yarn holders to hang on the arm, the yarn being drawn out through the top. These are for two devoted knitters for the Red Cross.

Numbers eight, nine and ten were stained green and then an irregular border, three or four rows deep, of the big, bright-colored glass beads was sewed around just below the rim. They were lined with waxed paper in readiness to be



THE TEN-CENT BASKET IS SHOWN IN THE HEADING. STAINED GREEN AND LINED WITH MOSS, IT HOLDS A FERN. ADD A BAG TOP AND IT BECOMES A YARN HOLDER. NEXT IS SHOWN THE BASSINET PINCUSHION. LAST APPEARS THE SEWING BASKET.

twenty-four cents each. All materials not listed were odds and ends and left-overs except, the candy, the cost of which I have not counted because it will be a small portion of a small batch not yet made! The baskets were prepared in the following manner:

Number one was stained green and lined with moss, and a small fern was planted in it.

Number two was similarly treated, suspended by scarlet cords, and planted with partridge berry vines.

Number three was gilded and used as a recep-

filled with home-made candy. Similar baskets cost two dollars each in fashionable New York candy stores.

Numbers eleven and twelve were fitted up as sewing baskets for the fourteen-year-old twins. One was stained green, with scarlet fittings, and the other gilded and decorated with pale blue.

Four little bags for buttons were made of ribbon and hung to the rim on one side, and a perky bow mounted on the other. A ribbon-covered needle roll and pin book, together with thimble and scissors, completed the outfit.

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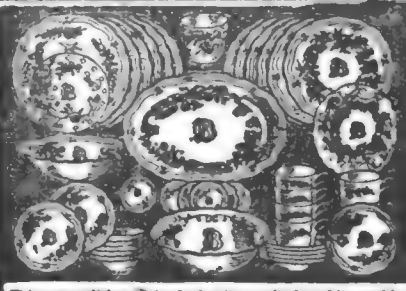
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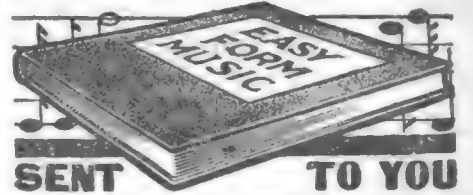
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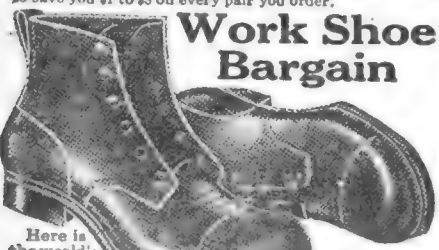


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The Real Santa Claus

By Thomas W. Spain

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"Type of a Father who rules above,
Who all of our wants can see,
'Tis a ruthless hand that, 'e'en thro' love,
Would destroy this mystery.
Yea, sea blue eyes, so slumberous deep,
Which ask for an answer true,
The giver comes in clouds of sleep,
When earth slips away from you.
'Tis true, blue eyes, 'tis true."

"I TELL you, Sophie, there ain't no such animal in existence, never was, and never will be. I'm bringing up practical children for a practical world, where they've got to earn an honest living by honest methods, and I ain't going to have their heads filled with lying yarns at the start. There ain't no Santa Claus, young ones, you are to understand that at the go in. The truth is good enough for you folks, whatever anyone else thinks."

It was only Jim Burge making his usual ante-Christmas declaration in the little kitchen of their home as they were preparing to go to town one Christmas Eve for the usual holiday gifts. They—in this case—were Jim, his wife, Sophie, and their two children, twins—a girl and a boy, Elsie and Fred.

Needless to say, Jim Burge had never believed in a Santa Claus; indeed, he treated the notion of the kindly old gentleman in knickerbockers and fur-topped boots with a tolerant contempt, declaring him to be a myth that only existed in the minds of credulous and over-sentimental mortals. He rather prided himself on his good, plain common sense, and he meant to bring his children up in the way in which they should go. He would not litter their young minds with a lot of false ideas about things that weren't rational and that had no foundation in fact.

"Good man as you are, Jim, in most ways, you would rob childhood of all its simplicity and trust," Mrs. Burge said somewhat reproachfully that morning, gathering the children close to her with a little knowing squeeze for each. "That's the fault I have to find with you, Jim, you never will believe anything that's not as plain as the nose on your face," continued Mrs. Burge, for though her husband was undisputed master of the house and generally had things his own way, yet Mrs. Burge had very decided views of her own in some matters and could not forego the satisfaction of voicing them at times, even though their only effect might be to confirm her husband in an opposite opinion. "And as for lying yarns," as you call it, I'm sure I'm none the worse for receiving Old Santa's visits when I was a child. I shall always look back upon those days as the sweetest of my life. For my part, I never was much set against these harmless little myths that help to make folks happy."

The children understood her, as children never fail to understand anyone full of soul-imaginings. There is a Santa just the same, ain't there, Elsie?" Fred whispered to his sister, as they lingered behind a moment after their father had gone out to the team, which was waiting to convey them to town. "Of course there is, brother," Elsie replied. "Didn't we see him in Fowler's dry goods store last year, and doesn't he always leave us extra gifts where papa can't find them, or know anything about them, and doesn't our mamma say so? I guess she knows."

"Yes, it's just as mamma says," Fred spoke more to himself than to Elsie. "Papa's worked in that old shop, among rough men in the smoke of the forge until he's partly blind. He can see only just what is in plain sight. Hidden things he cannot see any more."

Of the two children Fred was the more like his gentle mother, who, still almost at middle life, cherished and loved old Santa almost as much as she had in her early girlhood. All the friends of her own age had, of course, already ceased talking seriously about Santa; her husband did not know him, and did not even love him as one whom he had ever known but who had gone away from him; but Sophie's child-like mother heart kept old Santa unobliterated and painfully hidden away. The mother heart, after all, is old Santa's most beautiful and most unlovable home, even after that mother has grey hair; and the old fellow has millions of such homes scattered over the universe.

That year, as usual, Jim purchased a number of toys in his favorite shop and presented them to the twins, assuring the children that he had bought them, and that there was no Santa—not for him.

That year, as usual, the children hung their stockings in a little secret corner of the rambling old farmhouse, and great fun they had doing it—they and their sweet, gentle mother.

And that year, as usual, when Christmas morning dawned, they found that good old Santa had left many little gifts in passing over even that home where he was so much despised by the head of the house.

But the next year all was changed. The garden truck that Mr. Burge usually raised and sold in the village had been a complete failure owing to the drought; and people were very backward about coming forward to pay their bills in the little blacksmith shop. The family was in desperate circumstances, and it was a scrape and pinch with poor Mr. and Mrs. Burge to make both ends meet.

The twins, too, were growing older, approaching that stage in their lives where elf-land lay behind them and the shores of reality in front. As Christmas approached, Mrs. Burge was ter-

ribly troubled and perplexed, seeing, as she did, no way in which the winter's supply of extra clothing was to be had, much less anything in the way of luxuries for the kids. Yet to Fred, who understood her sweet nature so perfectly, she never seemed so beautiful as she did through those anxious, trying hours.

"How different mamma's life must have been in her childhood," he said to Elsie, again and again. All the neighbors say she was a rich man's daughter before she married papa, and lived in a great house in Sweden, and now she's in want and sorrow. When I grow up and get big like Jake Rankin I'll—I'll—"

And then Elsie would cut him short with a little laugh, and dare him to race her to the blacksmith shop, where they would find their father tinkering at some odd job.

On Christmas Eve Mr. Burge went to the village as usual, and took the twins with him; but what was rather unusual, Mrs. Burge refused to go. Her countenance these days showed little but a gentle melancholy, and was rarely lighted by the glimmer of a smile.

"It's no use Jim," she said aside to her husband as he was preparing to depart. "You must not, in the hearing of the children, ask me to go with you. I can't see so many Christmas things and not feel able to buy anything for them. But for heaven's sake, Jim, try to get them some little trinket; you know they will expect it."

Arrived in town that day, Mr. Burge took the twins, among other places, to the store of Toney Parillo. Toney was a genial fellow, full of the romantic friendliness of the well-bred Italian, and he had taken a great liking for the twins—to Elsie, so slender and light, with her heavy braids of golden hair, her merry blue eyes and mocking little stub nose; and to Fred, so wistful and full of strange, child-like questions.

"Well, Mr. Burge," said Toney, with a good-natured smile, while he fondled the kids affectionately, "I suppose you came in to buy 'Santa Claus' for the children?"

"Santa Claus, nothing," answered Mr. Burge, rather curtly. "I can't get money enough this year to buy them shoes, to say nothing of Santa Claus. Eh, it's fine talking of Santa Claus when folks ain't got nothing to eat. Toney sympathized with Mr. Burge and remarked that it was a pity he couldn't play Santa to the kids as he would like. But by a little diplomacy he discovered just what the children and their sweet-faced mother would like that year for Christmas.

As they were ready to start home, Toney stepped with them to their team by the roadside in front of the little shop. As he fed Billie the horse a red apple, Fred, who was on excellent terms with Toney and was not sure that he would not rather have him for a papa than Mr. Burge, asked, "Toney, do you suppose Billie knows it's Christmas Eve?"

"Of course he does," answered Toney; "even the fishes on the bottom of the deepest seas know that."

As Mr. Burge and the twins drove off, Toney stood watching them, waving a last good by to the children as they turned a corner and disappeared in the deepening twilight. For a few minutes longer he stood alone on the edge of the walk, and then, tossing back his black, curly head, he laughed a low, musical laugh, saying to himself in very good English, "By Jinks, I will!"

Through the evening glow, Mr. Burge and the children drove on towards their quiet little home. As they drove through the woods, none of them

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

No More Wrinkles

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE
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Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, and beautify your face and form quickly.



This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face. For removing wrinkles, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face.

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It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed. She has thousands of letters on file like the following:

Mrs. M. L. H. Abbin, Miss, writes: "I have used your beauty treatment with wonderful success. I have not a wrinkle on my face now and it is also improving my complexion, which has always troubled me with pimples and blackheads. My weight was 112 pounds before taking your treatment and now I weigh 117, a gain of 5 pounds. Your treatment is a God send to all thin women. I am so grateful you may even use my letter if you wish."

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Clare is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free; about her various new beauty treatments and will show our readers:

- How to remove wrinkles in 8 hours;
- How to make long, thick eye-lashes and eyebrows;
- How to remove superfluous hair;
- How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;
- How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
- How to quickly remove double chin;
- How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body;
- How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
- How to stop forever perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Helen Clare, Suite A 203, 3311 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

Sugar 4½ cents per pound. See Big 4 announcement on page 19.

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No longer need the ability to play music be shut out of your life! Now at last you can learn music—how to play any instrument—at home—yet without having a teacher at your elbow. By our wonderful home study method we have made it easy for you to play by note the Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet, Piccolo, Trombone, Clarinet, Flute, Harp, Cello, Saxophone, Ukelele, Hawaiian Steel Guitar, Harmony and Composition, Tenor Banjo, Viola, or learn Sight Singing.

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We want to have one pupil in each locality AT ONCE to help advertise our wonderful, easy system of teaching music. For a limited time we are therefore making a special advertising offer to give you music lessons in your own home, absolutely free. Only cost is for postage and sheet music, which is small. We can do this because our course makes friends—pupils recommend it to others and then we make our profit. We make this offer on condition that you give them our name when they ask you.

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Learning music successfully by our Home Study method is a positive, proven fact. The lessons are so interesting it is more like a game than a study. Thousands who never knew one note from another before taking the lessons have developed into expert musicians. The average yearly enrollment for the past few years has been over 25,000 pupils. We grade you before you start and fit the instruction to your special needs. A beginner gets entirely different lessons than one who has had lessons. Let us send you our new 24-page book, which describes the secret principles of our wonderful New System of Music Teaching from beginning to end, and contains scores of letters from pupils who have become expert players as a result of the course. Write today. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. Mail coupon or postal.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

as seemed to bolster up his case. It is also the privilege of those who seek to make the pacifist look more idiotic, worm-like and contemptible than he actually is, to quote the Bible against him. That was my reason for quoting the Joshua sun incident. Theologians and scientists can thrash the matter out among themselves. The Bible should be read understandingly and lovingly. We are learning more and more about the universe we are living in every day of our lives and the more scientists reveal to us the more we are filled with a sense of awe and wonder, and I trust our hearts, too, are filled with a deeper reverence for the Divine Architect who created the marvels about us. If science and the Bible clash at times, don't let that turn you away from the grand old book for it is the only thing we have to anchor to, the one source of eternal truth and hope immortal. If the Kaiser and his warriors had delved deeper into those truths and applied them to their daily living, instead of creating a tribal god, the world would have been spared this war. The Kaiser talked too much of God, but both he and his people forgot about Christ, and this country, too, is forgetting Him as fast as it possibly can. God help us!

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do is keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for December.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Lafayette Swanson, Boomer, R. R. 2, N. C. Paralyzed from waist down, result of having been thrown from wagon by runaway team ten years ago. Worthy case. Send him some Christmas cheer. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Thornville, R. R. 5, Ohio. Aged, bedridden, poor, needy and worthy. Well recommended. Send her a dime shower. L. B. Tinsley, Huntington, 1645 Washington Ave., W. Va. Paralyzed and utterly helpless. Very sad case. Send Santa Claus to his bedside. Mrs. Emma Jenkins, Walling, R. R. 1, Tenn. Invalid for many years. Needy and worthy. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Sarah J. Plunkett, Worthville, N. C. Invalid for many years with spinal trouble. Alone in the world. Well recommended. Very needy case. Send her some substantial cheer. Mrs. P. H. Craddock, Price, R. R. 1, Box 68, N. C. Invalid for a number of years. Remember her. Mrs. Furlly Mollett, Davisport, Ky. Blind and helpless. No means of support. Needs food and clothing. Send her some help. Elizabeth Gormley, Buffalo, Ill. Has tuberculosis. Depends on charity for support. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Mary Curry, Spencer, R. R. 5, Va. Great sufferer from rheumatism. Would appreciate second-hand clothing or any assistance you care to send her. James

Decorating for Christmas

By Mary A. Roberts

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DO not run out to the shop, purchase a few wreaths, hang them in the window and call the result "Christmas decorations." You might just as well frame a chrome and call it "Art." It is possible to put individuality, care and thought into your home decorations for the great holiday, without spending a great amount of money.

If you live in the country or near the country, plan an outing or two just before Christmas. Go into the woods and get evergreen. You are likely to find the long, trailing, velvety sort which makes such splendid wreaths. Even the sort that grows upright like tiny trees, may be pulled, done up in big bunches, and taken home to be wound with twine into long festoons which may be made for draping about the home or made into wreaths.

Cone-bearing pine branches are always beautiful and make especially fine decorations, but the branches of hemlock and any other greens should never be despised as they all help to brighten the home.

In decorating the hall, large branches of spruce are excellent; but pine or any other evergreen will serve nearly as well. Always choose full cone-bearing twigs; holly fastened among the branches of evergreen will be very effective.

An umbrella stand filled with tall branches of evergreens can be placed at the bottom of the stairway or on the first landing leading to floor above.

I have on several occasions used umbrella stands and waste-baskets for this purpose and found them very satisfactory. Red crepe paper or a bow of red ribbon will give a touch of Christmas color to the most ordinary waste-basket.

In many homes the top of the post at the head of the stairway is a good place for a small plain bowl filled with greens and holly. Branches of hemlock, fir, or arbor-vitae are particularly suitable for this purpose.

In decorating pictures, the "overdone" effect must always be avoided. Small twigs of holly or evergreens placed here and there over the pictures are all that is necessary.

On the living-room table a small work-basket lined with red crepe paper or soft silk and filled with evergreens looks very well. If there is a lamp in the center it is always best to remove it, as the basket alone will be sufficient ornament.

All the candlesticks in the house should be brought out for the holidays.

For the holidays, new, bright candles placed in them. These are very inexpensive, one dozen costing but thirty cents. In the dining-room a welcome change from the old familiar holly decorations can be made by tying branches of arbor-vitae, the fir, cedar or hemlock with red or white frosted ribbon and putting them at each plate place.

For the center of the table a basket of fruit with small twigs of evergreens placed here and there will be very pretty. Make the children's room a source of great pleasure to them during the holidays. Give them a small Christmas tree to be their own and allow them to decorate it as they will. From the current magazines they can cut out dolls to be hung on the tree, and a few inexpensive ornaments and small red apples will furnish the additional material.

This is a plan well worth trying for the sake of the young folk of the household and their little friends. Stars and half-moons, some made of silver cardboard, others of red blotting-paper, can be suspended from doors and windows, and little angel babies with wings of tissue-paper hung from the ceiling will be an added delight to the children.

Several large figures of Santa Claus purchased for a few cents or cut out of periodicals can Wortham, Letona, Ark. Invalid for many years. Send him some cheer. Lulu Thornburg, Patterson, Mo. Helpless for 33 years. Dependent on charity for support. Lovely character. Send her a greenback shower. Johnny Adkins, Branchland, R. R. 1, Box 116, W. Va. Would be grateful for good reading matter, old phonograph or printers' type; also back numbers of picture supplement of the New York Times, and cheery letters. Nona Peerson, Fulton, Miss. Would appreciate cheery letters and postal cards.

The Christmas of these poor souls will be a chastly, not a merry, one unless you come to their aid with something more substantial than tracts and sympathy. Their names will not be listed again for a year, so be generous. Once more, God bless you all.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

be pasted directly over the window panes, producing a most novel decoration. For the sake of variety a string of paper dolls holding hands can be used in the same way.

Each child should be allowed to wear a little bunch of evergreen tied with a bow of red ribbon, and any visitor to the house might be presented with small twigs of green ready to be pinned on. A work-basket filled with these little favors can be placed in the hall or living-room.

A pretty window decoration consists of branches of evergreens and holly tied together and suspended by fine wire. Or branches of evergreen alone tied with red ribbon can be used if preferred. If wreaths are used, plain holly or evergreen wreaths without bells or other ornaments are in good taste and really most effective.

Over the large open doorways branches of spruce or pine can be nailed up or suspended by wire. Full cone-bearing twigs must be selected for this purpose. This form of decoration is particularly suitable for large, spacious houses.

A few final bright touches can be added by placing red pillows on the couch and a red rug here and there. Red lamp-shades or anything else of that color that has been put away can be made use of again; and a small basket filled with greens and suspended from a chandelier or a hook in the ceiling makes a most charming decoration.

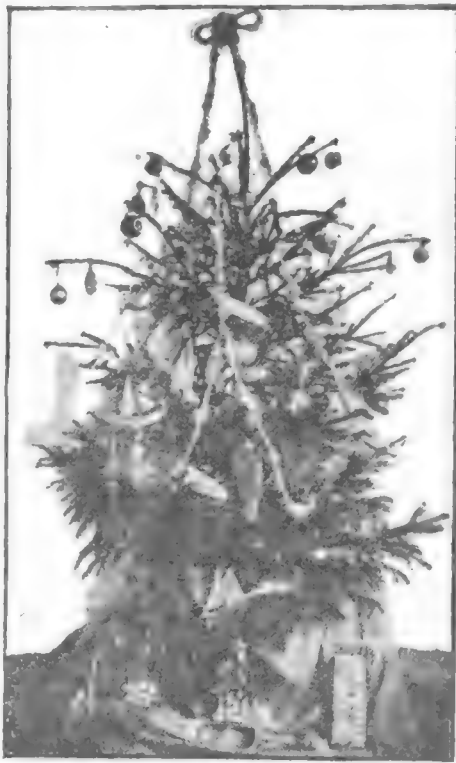
Last year, a young woman with very good taste, whom I know, came to live with her old-fashioned aunt. At Christmas time she begged to be allowed to do the decorating. She wouldn't spend a cent more than the usual sum for wreaths and she was sure her aunt would be pleased. This lady was sure she wouldn't be, but she was.

In the hall the girl put a fancy basket of loose holly, interspersed with a few small artificial poinsettias. In the living-room she trimmed the spaces over the windows and the door with boughs of Southern smilax. On the center table she placed a small, slender gray vase overflowing with several stalks of those exquisite berries, called bitter sweet.

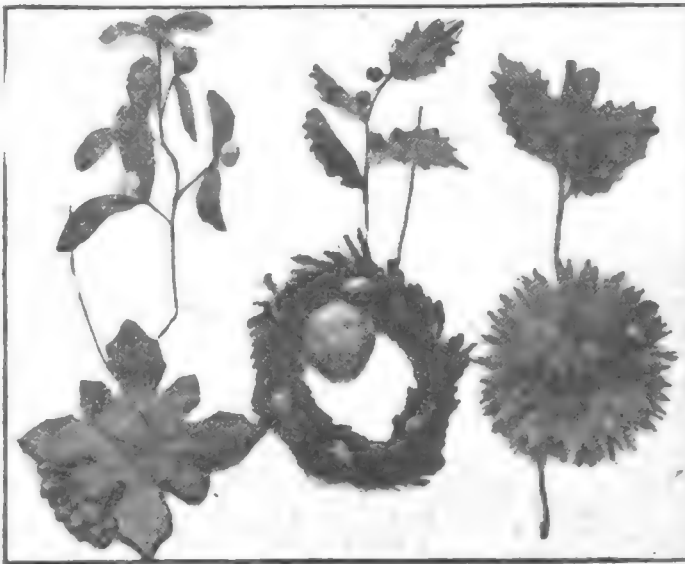
And in the dining-room she had a tiny Christmas tree, held upright in a hole made through an inverted chopping bowl, which was covered with the sparkling white powder that simulates snow. The branches of the tree almost touched the cloth and slender red candles were the only trimming. They were lit every evening for a little time, and twice, by the way, they caught fire.

On the side-board, she had two large baskets of fruit, imbedded in greens. The aunt admitted that the decorations were the most artistic and attractive she had ever seen. The finishing touch to Christmas decorations should always be to the table. A pretty Southern custom is to let the flowers for the table lie sprinkled on the cloth irregularly, and this is a charming way to use either holly, evergreens

or partridge berries, which can also be pinned on the corners of the tablecloth where they hang down, or in the case of holly or evergreen branches four or five inches long, can be wired to the backs of the chairs.



GIVE THE CHILDREN A LITTLE TREE IN THEIR ROOM TO DECORATE IN THEIR OWN WAY.



FOR TABLE DECORATIONS OR FAVORS.

For the middle of the table the prettiest thing possible is a Christmas tree. This may be either a tiny spruce or fir, or one of the fruited pepper-trees always for sale at Christmas. There should be a tiny candle for each one of the company, to be lighted at the very end of the dinner, while the coffee and the nuts and raisins are being served. Some small, nonsensical gift for each person may be hung on the tree and presented at the beginning of the dinner.

These table decorations seem to make the dinner have a deeper meaning than an ordinary dinner, as it should, while the nonsensical little gifts, something personal and a joke on each, if possible, bring joy and laughter, the two greatest digestive aids in the world.

Don't send a Cent



Simply give us your size—state the shoe desired. On delivery pay only the low price noted. We pay postage. If your careful examination does not prove that these shoes are superior in style, leather, finish and workmanship to any shoes costing you \$1 to \$2 more per pair, send them back and we will return your money. You risk nothing. Write today for our Big Catalog of shoe bargains, at factory prices—for all the family. Best shoes at biggest savings. UNITED STORES CO., Box 308 LANCASTER, PA.

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It costs nothing to investigate. Write me today and I will send you full particulars by return mail and place before you the facts so that you can decide for yourself.

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For Christmas

this new FILET Jacket

Prepaid for \$5. Colors below. You can MAKE it. Send \$1 for thread, hook, instruction book. Colors: Rose, pink, blue, gray, black, yellow; choose two. My 9 latest crochet books for \$1—Nos. 6, 7, 8, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z.

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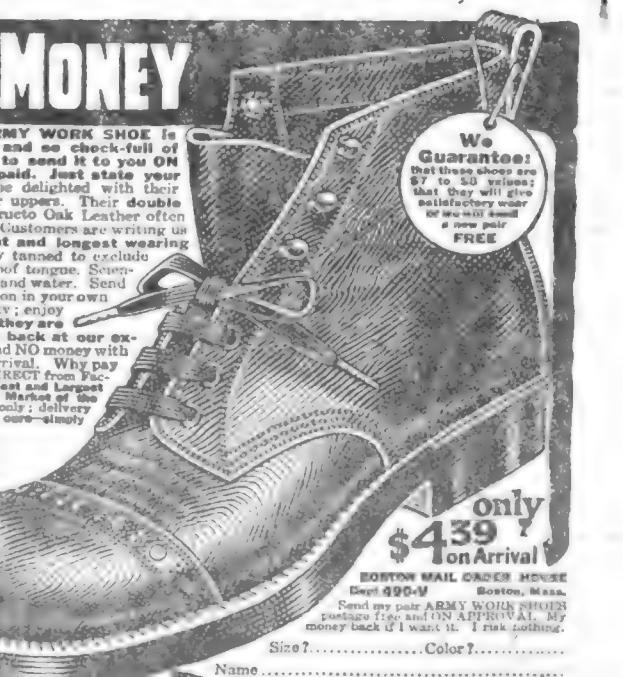
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The Brigand that Followed the King

See front cover illustration.

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By David Wallace

It was the peaceful starlit Bethlehem Hills on that first of all the glorious nights before Christmas. The shepherds who had assembled at Migdal-Eder for common protection against marauding brigands were hurrying away toward the little city of David with hearts aflutter with strange emotions and high expectations. Back of a clump of wild mustard above the watchtower, a dark form stirred, and Eleazar, "Wolf of the Judean Hills," staggered to his feet. Peering over the hilltop about an hour before reconnoitering his prey, the wily desperado was arrested by the voice of a venerable shepherd addressing the company on some absorbing theme. Crawling like a snake to the shelter of the great bushes, Eleazar had listened spellbound to the shepherd-seer as he pointed out a strange luminary in the heavens and recited Isaiah's sublime Messianic prophecy. When the skies were suddenly doft asunder and the blinding glory and heavenly music burst forth upon the hill, he fell on his face like one dead and lay still and cold until he could hear human voices again and when he looked up he saw the shepherds hastening down the hill. As he rubbed his eyes and stumbled against the edge of the miniature jungle he seemed as one suddenly awakened from a dream, a dream not of the night but of the years, not of fortune or fantasy but of glorious fate, and he grasped desperately at every clue that clung to burning memory. He recalled the wild wandering tent life on the edge of the great desert, his father playing the dual role of trader and brigand, and his mother, a quiet, patient, tender-hearted woman, the rose bloom on her upper cheeks and the steady lovelight in her coal black eyes. What was that story she used to tell him over and over again when a little boy, as they sat by the tent at the cool of the evening and watched the great stars as they came down, down, down, until they seemed to be resting just about the tent door? Oh, it was a vague, misty, jumbled memory, for he had the wild spirit of the desert and was soon old enough to mount his fleet-footed Arab and ride away to join his father in his thrilling exploits. But there was something in it about a King, a mighty Prince of Israel who would be greater than Moses or David or Solomon and who would gather together again the scattered and oppressed race of his fathers and lead them to triumph and glory! Oh, it all seemed but the wildest dream and never before since the innocent days at his mother's knee had he felt the thrill of its romance or dreamt of the possibility of its realization. One day his father had gone forth from his tent never to return, his surviving clansmen reporting that he had fallen in a fight with a Roman patrol across the Judean border, and from that day to this, Eleazar had been a red-handed Ishmaelite whose hand was against every man, and both Herod and Caesar had placed a high price on his head.

This was Eleazar, "Wolf of the Judean Hills," as the impatient band of brigands hiding in the woods back of the hilltop knew him.

Eager for quick and decisive action and nervous and fretful because of his protracted absence, the brigands deserted their ambush and crept stealthily to the edge of the hill. Finding the shepherds gone and their chief alone, they rushed to his side, praising his wonderful prowess and eager to fly upon the spoil. But there was something in the chief's eyes and manner that startled them and they glanced around with apprehension, fearing some sinister strategy on the part of the recalcitrant shepherds.

"It is in the wrong direction you look, brothers," he said, his voice as startling as his manner, and as they paused to listen he lifted his hand and solemnly pointed to heaven—

"It is not the fear of man that is in Eleazar's heart," he explained, "it is the fear of—"

His mother had taught him that it was awful sacrilege even to name the name of Jehovah their God, and the warning came back like a blow in the face.

Dumbfounded by his wild talk and creepy manner, the men looked at each other with painful enquiry and confusion and Kir the lieutenant ventured a suggestion.

The stars lose their twinkle, Master. What do we do must do quickly. Which flock shall we seize and in what direction shall we drive?"

"The man who touches a hair of one of these sheep is a dead dog," Eleazar answered as they glared at him with astonishment and resentment. "While you were hiding yonder, brothers," he proceeded, "strange things were happening here. From the hilltop I heard the shepherds talking about some wonderful star, and crawling down under the shadow of the mustard, I found a holy man pointing out the star and reciting a thrilling prophecy about the Star of Jacob which was to be the sign of the birth of a great King. And as they gazed at the star and marvelled at the prophecy, the heavens suddenly opened and a blinding light burst upon the hill. I was stricken with terror and dread and cannot tell just what happened but I could almost imagine I heard a voice from heaven and a great choir of angels singing such music as mortals never heard before. And the most wonderful effect of all, brothers, is that the shock has revived within me memories and emotions of stories my mother

used to tell me as a boy in the tent on the edge of the desert."

Again the alarmed brigands cast furtive glances at each other, slyly tapping the sides of their heads and nodded to Kir to answer again and make his appeal more urgent and emphatic.

"Eleazar can think deeply and long about such things while enjoying the spoils by the wells of Beersheba," he pleaded. "The shepherds must have heard the low growl of 'The Wolf,' and go to fetch Herod's dogs. We must fly upon the spoil and away or Herod's hunters will fly upon and make spoil of us."

"Oh, Kir, you cannot understand and I know not how to make you," Eleazar answered with a touch of tender feeling. "Judas will bring my steed and you can all choose whether to follow me or go your own ways. I am going to join the shepherds in following the star and searching for the King. Something tells me that this is the way of my destiny."

"Go not, Master; it is the way of death," cried Kir, seizing him by the cloak and giving way to passionate emotion.

"While you are searching for this phantom King, a real and terrible King is searching for you and the price on Eleazar's head is high and tempting. Let Judas trail the shepherds and bring you back the report."

"Ah, Kir," he gently replied, pushing him away "I wish we might see eye to eye, but you cannot comprehend, you cannot believe. They who follow the star never come back, they cannot come back. I have heard the call and must answer it and I fear not what awaits me for my King is greater than legions of Herods and Caesars."

"I have brought mine, too, Master," cried Judas, appearing with the horses, the flush of a great emotion lighting up his handsome young face. "I go with you, Master, anywhere you lead."

Amazed and awestricken, the low-browed ruffians slunk away from the face of the transfigured leader and gathered around the lieutenant. As Eleazar mounted his horse, Kir shook his head sadly and looked with painful anxiety toward Bethlehem.

"You go the way of death, Master," he said, "but you go following a light. If we go we stumble in the dark and die as the fool dieth. Peace be with you, Master, and remember that the 'Jair of The Wolf' is still thy stronghold, and that we are still thy slaves."

With affectionate farewells they parted and the two men rode off quietly down into the valley, giving the reins to their princely Arabs, who seemed to sense an unusual situation with almost human sagacity and concern.

"Let me go forward, Master, and be your eyes and ears," proposed Judas, as they reached the foot of the hill and struck the beaten track to Bethlehem. "My face is still my own and I can play the fox with skill."

"Ah, Judas, you are a brave soul, but you cannot understand," he answered. "I do not comprehend myself clearly. A great change has taken place in me. I am no longer an outlaw but the subject of a new King, the greatest of all the Kings that ever reigned on earth. My mother used to tell me about it in the tent on the edge of the desert. Herod and Caesar can no longer harm me, they can but hasten my immortality."

The strange light in his eyes burned with a more wonderful brilliance as he spoke and the boy's breath came hot and fast as he leaned forward in his saddle to catch every word.

"I cannot understand but I can believe, Master," he cried with passionate earnestness. "I, also, am a son of Israel."

When they reached the market-place of Bethlehem, the mystic foregleams of an oriental dawn illumined the far horizon and the thrifty traders had already begun to stir about and open up their stalls. Far down the open highway the vague outlines of the old caravansary loomed up, and moving specters of laden camels, turbaned attendants and mounted merchants could be seen pouring out of the open gate. As they continued their progress a group of excited shepherds appeared, singing and shouting as if celebrating some joyous event. The confused echoes of their exclamations startled and thrilled Eleazar as he hastened toward them.

"The star! The angel! The Magi! The

King!" These were the refrains of their songs and the burden of their story and they were accosting every passer and telling some thrilling story and urging everybody to go into the inn and see for himself the wonderful babe and the princely Magi who had come from the far East with their precious gifts.

"Abide here till I return," whispered his Master to Judas as he hastened away through the gateway of the inn to the strangest of all places for the nativity of a King. Long and earnestly he gazed at the little baby, reverently stooping to kiss the tender forehead and laying a purse of gold at his feet, and then bowing low before the venerable Magi he begged the privilege of escorting them to the hilltop above Hebron, the first stopping place on their return journey. Eager to instruct him and inspire him with their own enthusiasm, the Magi talked to him all the way, of stars, of dreams, of revelations, of prophecies, everything pointing to the coming of the King.

Breathlessly he looked and listened as each took up his story, the wonderful light in his eyes burning deeper and stronger, lifting his hand at times to ask a question or make some striking comment; but, by and by, they noted with painful alarm that he grew silent and sad and seemed to be lost in strange perplexity.

"You wonder why my heart grows sad and heavy," he said as they halted on the hilltop above Hebron to say their farewells. "I am thinking, oh, Magi, what a poor, weak, little thing a babe is to contend against Herod and Caesar."

"Ah, but you forget, my son," answered Melchior, the most venerable, "that it is Jehovah who is the strength and hope of this wonderful child. Jehovah, the Everlasting, the Almighty, the King of all the Gods. What is his word, Eleazar? Is it not this? Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given! and the government shall be upon his shoulders and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end upon the throne of David and upon his Kingdom to establish it, and to uphold it with righteousness from henceforth even forever." The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.

A gray mist rose over the young man's eyes as he lovingly stroked his Arab's glossy neck and listened, and as the venerable prophet lifted his hands in benediction, he answered: "What to you is the light of the sun at noonday, oh, Melchior, is to me but the flickering of the fireflies in the valley. You have long years of wisdom and experience, I have only dreams and hopes. But I can wait and watch for the day of the King, and, oh, how gladly will I give him my love, my sword, my life."

Back over the dusty highway rode Eleazar with Judas his faithful escort by his side, his mind confused and wandering, his heart overwhelmed with strange emotions, the little flickering light within growing dimmer and dimmer as he went along.

Passing the last incoming caravan, the riders gave the Arabs free rein and flying with the wind were back, about sundown, at the immortal well of "Bethlehem by the gate." Riding through the town but avoiding all parley they soon emerged on the main thoroughfare to Jerusalem.

At a fast clip they could reach the great city before the gates would be closed and among the crowds waiting for Roman registration find shelter and safety and then wait for the light.

About midway between Bethlehem and Jerusalem there is a lonely valley through which the Kedron passes on its way to the Dead Sea with dark winding hills on either side. Cautious travelers always picked their steps stealthily through this region for enterprising brigands had been quick to recognize its advantages for their business. Quietly and warily the two men made their way down the winding hill overshadowed by palms and sycamores, across the brook and up the winding hill on the other side. Suddenly they halted as they reached the top, for there, coming swiftly toward them, were three horsemen, glistening in armor and richly caparisoned and bearing the ensigns that they feared as the fear of death. "Golden armor and iron feet," sang Judas as he wheeled around; "they have the eagles on their horses' heads but we have them on our horses' heels. Up and away, Mas-

ter! We can be over the hills before they reach Bethlehem's gates."

But to the horror of Judas, instead of wheeling around and taking the lead, Eleazar stopped deliberately and lifted his hand to his head.

"They are upon us, Master," cried Judas in mad desperation as he stood in his stirrups and seized Eleazar's cloak. "We are no match for them, we must fly, fly!"

But instead of turning, Eleazar broke away and seizing his spear, dug the spurs deep into his Arab's sides. A great thought had burst upon him, dispelling all his confusion and perplexity and opening up a way before him like the way of the sinking sun on the open waters. "What if these horsemen were Herod's bloodhounds sent out to track down the wise men from the East and compel them to return to Jerusalem, bringing the young King of the Jews with them?" It might have been something the wise men told him as they started for their home by another way that suggested the thought, it might have been an inspiration from God, but instantly the way before him was the way of supreme duty, the way of manifest destiny, the way of glorious fate, and Eleazar's heart sang for joy as he lifted his spear and sprang forward.

Like a flying god he seemed as he thundered across the plain, shouting the battle cry of his clan and "The King!" "The King!" as he prepared to strike.

Two of the horsemen went down before his fearful onslaught but the third got in a mortal thrust before Judas came to the rescue and wreaked a speedy and terrible revenge. "I can see the star clear and steady now, Judas, and I know the King is coming to his own," he whispered as the heartbroken youth knelt at his side and tried to staunch the flowing wound.

"Don't weep for me, Judas," he pleaded. "It is not my life I'm regretting; it is that I cannot see him in all his glory and power."

Gasping, choking, he rolled over in a dead faint and then as the boy held his head up and poured wine into his lips, the light broke for a moment through the death mist and the hoarse whisper burst into notes of triumph.

"Oh, Judas! Judas! If you live to see him crowned and mighty, and triumphant, tell him that I gave my heart to him; tell him that I died fighting for him; tell him that perhaps I saved—"

Poor Eleazar! first Knight of the cross, child of passion and plaything of fate but with eyes that can see a great light and a heart that scorns any sacrifice but the uttermost—who knows but thou didst save the life of the King?

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STRIPES

By Augustin W. Breeden

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PART II.

"BACK to Centralia. I was coming for you in the car, but something got wrong at the Cheniere Bridge. The engine stopped and I couldn't start it again; so I walked from there."

This time the oath slipped out in spite of me. The idea of that proud girl walking alone through the mud and darkness was too much for me. "Wait!" I commanded. "You must drink a cordial before you go out again in those wet clothes! I'll make up the time lost—lucky I've got my chains on!"

We hurried through the rain and darkness over the sixteen miles of slippery roads to Centralia, and in the noise and confusion she told me as best she could what Roy had done. It was to me a plain case of misusing his power of attorney and appropriating trust funds for private use. For the rest, the envy of less successful lawyers was enough to put a sleuth hound on his trail. The amount, to my rural mind, was staggering—seven thousand dollars. I made a hasty estimate of all my own earthly wealth.

"We'll pay it back and stop the investigation," I encouraged.

The poor girl groaned. "I have begged him! begged him!" she sobbed, "not to buy me so many costly gifts. Dr. Elgin, I am as guilty as he is! He spent most of that money on me!"

"But of course you thought he was making all his money honestly."

"He told me he was. He would come to me and say: 'I made so and so on such and such a case.' I even kept a little account book and set down the various amounts he said he made and the sums we paid out; but I am no book-keeper—I lost track and he did, too. Dr. Elgin, I firmly believe he aimed to pay that money back!"

I swore to myself as I pictured that poor girl keeping her imaginary accounts. "Once a gambler, always a gambler," the saying ran through my mind. I cursed myself for letting him have that first fifty dollars. I had simply made a big gambler out of a little one and in doing so had broken this girl's heart.

It was two o'clock in the morning when we reached Centralia—too late to do anything that stormy night. Even the telegraph office was closed. I did, however, get Roy's father on the rural phone and asked him to be in Centralia at daybreak. Then Theo and I went to her apartments and made a crude inventory of all she possessed.

I am no judge of the value of jewelry and neither was Theo; but she laid out each separate piece—the bracelet, a costly Tiffany engagement ring, bought after the wedding, a pearl earring, a gold and platinum wedding ring, a platinum inlaid wrist watch, brooches, pins, and ornaments galore. The phonograph, she explained, had been bought on the installment plan and was only half paid for, and so it was for the most part with the rest of the furniture. The piano would bring perhaps three hundred dollars at a forced sale. The car was clear and might bring fifteen hundred. "We estimated that we had thirty-five hundred dollars in sight."

"I have a thousand dollars' worth of salable clothes," ventured the girl.

"But you shall not sell your clothing!"

"I will sell everything!"

She brought out an armful of dresses and began sorting them and making an inventory of them. She was now dry eyed. She looked proudly straight ahead; and, looking on, I could not but realize what she was suffering. I knew that the impression of this night's work would be lost to leave her heart and brain when she died. I think if Roy Hodge had come in at that moment I could have cheerfully wrung his neck for him.

"I will sell everything!" she kept repeating; and I knew that she meant to pay the debt from her own labor if Roy did not return and pay it. "If I had found a wonder girl like this in my youth," I mused; "what a man I might have been."

But I did not aim to let her sell her clothes. I am a poor man, but I stood ready then to sell or mortgage my little all if it would save the boy's good name and the girl's happiness.

Our plan was to get in touch with Roy and get him to come back home and face the people he had wronged. For the next two or three days we kept the wires busy but got no word from him. Then on the third morning Theo got a telegram from Hoboken.

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His father and I called on his chief creditors. It was the funds of the succession of one Harriette Ward that he had peculated, and the chief prosecutor was an old skindint, Harriette Ward's brother. The fact now developed—that most of Roy's money had not been spent directly but gambled away on cotton futures. There was little sympathy for him in Centralia and none at all among the legal profession.

The skindint, Ward, denied poor Theo even the poor satisfaction of making a self-sacrifice by coming at once and seizing everything in sight. You may picture the scene when at the door of the courthouse when little intimate presents, frocks that carried in their folds the ghostly memories of delightful evenings, and even bits of delicate underwear were exposed for sale. There was a profanation about it all that left me sick at heart.

I bought in a number of little things to which I knew the girl attached a sentimental value, though I doubted if she would ever accept them from me. She of course did not come near the sale. She had shut herself up in her room and refused to see even her most intimate friends. Her Byrrell pride was touched. She had spoken very little to me except in way of business, but I could see that she regarded the affair as a worse tragedy than death. I think she actually tried to starve herself. Her mother came to see her, but for twelve hours she would not admit her, but talked with her through the door; until her mother finally touched her to tears and gained admission.

Almost before we knew it they had brought Roy back for trial. I went to the jail and offered to make bond for him, but he was so shamefaced that he said he did not wish to be outside where people could see him and point at him. He asked me to arrange for a meeting between him and Theo, and this I did.

I never went to witness such another meeting. He simply held her in his arms and wept. He begged her to forgive him, and when she told him she had forgiven him, he could not believe it and still wept on. Roy was a weak man; that was his trouble, a brilliant mind and a weak will. He had committed this crime for the sake of his wife. He told me he was buying cotton futures on what would have been a cinch if the war had not suddenly broken out and killed the market. He wanted to make a hundred thousand dollars—that was what he said, "a hundred thousand dollars," in order to take Theo to the city and take her into the kind of society that he foolishly believed she longed for. You see, the girl had made him all that he was, and he felt that he owed her a glorious repayment.

Of course none of these arguments would have

had any weight with a jury, and they were not offered. Roy was given three years in the State penitentiary.

On the day he was sent away Theo went to live in the country with his father and mother. She could not take music pupils there, because they lived three miles from Pecan and had no piano. She might have got her old place back in the Pecan school, but she was unable to face people. At the Hodge's she became a recluse and was not at home to any visitor. She earned her keep by milking the cows, looking after the chickens, and doing often the heaviest kind of household drudgery. Her mother in Mississippi sent her money every month, and with this she used to send books, comforts, and presents of every kind to her husband. The rural carrier never stopped at the Hodge box that there was not a fresh letter in it for the penitentiary address. The Hodge came to love this girl as if she were their own flesh and blood, and no wonder; she was the very angel of that stricken home.

One day about fifteen months after Hodge had been sent away Theo came to me with a hundred dollars, the pitiful savings of all her days of drudgery with the boy's parents.

"Please buy Roy a good suit of clothes and everything necessary and if there is money left please place it in the pocket of his trousers and send it to him," she begged. "He is— is coming home next week."

I looked into the girl's eyes for a gleam of happiness, but none was there. She had changed, had aged in the months that had passed since that November night. She was no longer a creature of song and sunshine, but a woman of dark moods and with a will of iron. I told her now of that other time when, inspired by her singing, the boy had come to me and I had put up for him a new suit and accessories to give him a start in life.

"And he paid you the fifty dollars back, didn't he?" she asked very eagerly like one looking for a jewel in a rubbish heap.

"Yes, he paid it all back," I said; but I saw her face darken anew as she read the lie in my voice.

One week from that afternoon Theo came to my house alone in the dead of night.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

state, 95,000 children between the ages of six and eight years receive instructions. There are 115,000 school children in Utah but several thousands of these attend private schools. They are taught in 700 school buildings, valued at \$8,000,000. The expenditure for school purposes has now reached the sum of \$4,000,000 per annum, which means an expenditure of \$35.00 for each pupil of school age or an annual tax of \$11.00 to each person in the state.

I must not tire you this time or you will not let me come again.

Mrs. A. L. MORRILL.

SAND SPRINGS, OKLA.

FOR COMFORT SISTERS:

I like COMFORT very much. Reading the September number I felt as if I would like to talk to some of the sisters. I would say to "A Worried Mother," "Don't worry too much about your boy." The playful, full-of-life boy is the one who usually succeeds; he is energetic, only needing the energy to be applied in the right direction. Let him play, but mix play with work, doing the little needed work or lessons first. My boy is the same "full-of-play" boy, too, but I say, "Lessons first," and how he will work in order to get to play. Don't scold or discourage; make the boy feel that he has accomplished something each day, or will be able to master some undertaking.

Parkville School, in Missouri, or Chillicothe, Mo., are good. One can work their way through these schools, that is, they can pay for their board and tuition after they get employment (and the school will find the employment for you). The environments of these schools are good.

I suppose there are other schools similar to these mentioned but I know these two to be good. Write to Box 255, Sand Springs, Okla., for information concerning schools.

As for "Wife in Name Only," I think your husband is a gentleman. He cannot help his feelings toward the nurse but since he has controlled his actions what more could you ask? This alone shows he wishes to be what he has proved himself to be. I think, by your being good, jovial as you can, the good wife and mother, always doing your duty, your husband's passing fancy for the nurse will fade and some day—not far off in the future—he will find that you are the one who holds, and is entitled to his best love and honor as you have helped him to retain the family honor; this alone is worth much.

Mrs. Ernest Wheeler, I know a woman who selected her children from a home. She taught the children that God gives life to all living things. How the beautiful flowers are wrapped in the tiny seed, only requiring to be planted in the rich soil, with moisture, light and the proper care to cause the plant to first burst through the soil, then, by and by, the beautiful blossom unfolds.

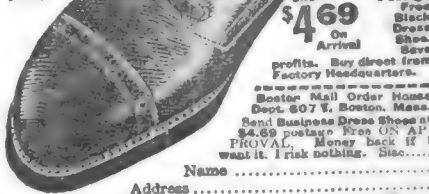
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

SEND NO MONEY

Simply send your size and these wonderful Dress Shoes will come to your home at once. You'll be proud of them. Built solid full of wear. Genuine leather soles. Note the splendid extra quality leather! Enjoy their blessed comfort! The risk is ours—Shoes must delight you or no sale. Pay Only \$4.69 on Arrival. Postage FREE.

GUARANTEE: We guarantee that these shoes are \$7 to \$8 value; that they will give actual factory wear or we will send a new pair FREE.

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Send Business Dress Shoes at \$4.69 postage Free ON AP-PROVAL. Money back if I want it. I risk nothing. Sinc-

Name

Address

Make Good Money in a Business for Yourself

Be independent of wages and salary—get ahead of high living costs. The Lange Plan offers you the opportunity for a business of your own with big, steady income. You can sell Lange quality products—teas, coffees, spices, extracts, medicines, toilet preparations and grocery specialties—at less than store prices—and make big profits. Healthful and enjoyable work—well-known goods—sales get better every trip. Experience unnecessary. You furnish home or auto, we supply rest of outfit on easy terms and you do business on our capital. Our contract beats all others three ways. Let us tell you how. Exclusive territory now open but going fast. Write quick.

THE LANGE CO. Box A DePeru, Wis.

SUGAR 4 1/2c Per Lb.

Save your fruits! With sugar at only 4 1/2c per pound you can easily afford to make more jellies and preserves than in any other canning season. Send only \$1.99 for the combination offer of high grade groceries shown below—regular value \$3.43—a cash saving of \$1.44, or nearly one-half! Every item guaranteed absolutely pure, fresh, standard, highest grade—exactly the same as you have been paying double for.

FREE! Heavy Silver-Plated TEASPOON

Beautiful Wild Rose Design

As an extra inducement to you to give us a trial order at once, we will send you, absolutely free, the heavy silver-plated teaspoon illustrated here.

Catalog Bargains

Remember that with your first order you get a free copy of our big wholesale catalog which saves you money on all your grocery purchases. Here are just a few catalog specials.

Flour, Per Bbl. \$7.98

Sugar, 100 Lbs. \$4.50

Uneeda Biscuits, 12 Pkgs. . . 35c

Quaker Oats, Large Pkg. . . 4c

RUSH Send your trial order at once and get our wholesale grocery catalog in which you will find many of the most startling grocery bargains ever offered.

References We are one of the leading Wholesale Grocers in Chicago. Our bank, Foreman Bros. Banking Co., or any mercantile institution in Chicago can tell you about us.

We Guarantee

you absolute satisfaction or your money back. In every instance you get pure, fresh goods of the very highest quality. So send the coupon for the trial order today.

BIG 4 GROCERY CO.

900-902 W. Lake St., Dept. 607 CHICAGO



Our low prices merely indicate what you can now save on all your groceries, a full line of which is listed in our Wholesale Catalog—The Big Money Saver. This catalog sent to customers only. A Free copy will be sent with your first order. Send this coupon NOW—TODAY.

Trial Order No. 8

One Teaspoon FREE

	Average Retail Price	BIG 4 Wholesale Price
5 pounds Granulated Sugar	\$.60	\$.22
1 bar Fels Napha Soap	.07	.02
1 large size pkg. Quaker Oats	.14	.04
1 pound Pure Baking Powder	.55	.38
1 bot. 4 oz. Van. Flav. Extract	.65	.44
1/4 pound Pure Cocoa	.17	.12
1 bottle Machine Oil	.25	.17
1 pkg. BIG 4 Brand Best Tea	.50	.35
1 box Powdered Bluing (equal to about one gal. average Best Bluing)	.50	.25
1 Catalog FREE		
Total	\$3.43	\$1.99

YOU SAVE \$1.44

Trial Order Coupon

BIG 4 GROCERY CO.

900-902 W. Lake Street, Dept. 607 Chicago

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find \$1.99 for which send me at once your Trial Order No. 8. Send also your heavy silver-plated Teaspoon FREE, and a copy of your Wholesale Grocery Catalog, also free. It is understood that if I am not satisfied, I may return the goods at your expense and you will return my money at once.

Name

Address

Express Office

COMFORT'S Christmas Medley of Original

Christmas Courtesy

COURTESY in giving means care in selecting. The value of Christmas or any gift lies in its appropriateness. Never think any little thing will do when you feel reasonably sure it will not give pleasure or be of any use to the recipient, and a standard rule of Christmas giving should always be not to give more than one really can afford.

Whatever we have in abundance tends to make us consider it of less value and at times we are apt to forget how much another might appreciate it. For this reason much which could be done in the way of real giving is often overlooked.

For example, a country woman with little money to spare, but wishing to remember a city friend, would scarcely consider a bag of potatoes.

But even so humble a gift could be made attractive and would be valued if sent to the right person.

In preparing, use a clean potato sack and then put this into a bag fashioned of holly paper. Make this exactly like the regular paper bags with a folded bottom, tie up with red and green twine and attach a card bearing the following:

"Fry me, bake me, stew me, boil me;
'Tis most impossible to spoil me.
Bells are pealed on Christmas day
But we are peeled three times a day.
We'd open our eyes in great surprise
To find a man who'd us despise.
Boil me, stew me, bake me, fry me;
If you don't believe I'm good
Just try me."

Other farm produce can also be easily sent by parcel post, such as apples, eggs, home-made jellies, jams and pickles, any of which will be sure of a welcome by city folks, especially those modern cliff dwellers as they are sometimes humorously referred to, who occupy tiny apartments, having no space for more than a day's supplies.

As always it is the thought represented by any gift which gives it a value not to be estimated in dollars and cents. So put on your thinking cap, utilize whatever you happen to have and you will be surprised at what you can accomplish with a little work and odd lots of ribbon, lace and linen. Send each gift out with a little note or jingle, and remember to mail early.

"This little humble gift means more
Than if it were purchased at a store,
For it was made in Christmas spirit true,
While thinking kindly thoughts of you."

Or this:

"With heart and hand I fashioned it,
This little gift for you;
Each thread a thought of your happiness,
Each stitch a wish to come true."

This message will add to the gift:

"I was thinking kind thoughts of you dear every day
As each little stitch in this work I was taking,
And I hope that the pleasure it gives to you may
Be as great as the pleasure I found in the making."

Canvas Collar Bag

This bag has a crocheted bottom stretched over a silk bag having a stiff cardboard bottom, while the top of the bag is rather coarse cream linen decorated with cross-stitch medallions.

For these one could use any of the small flowers which are used on the towels, surrounding the design with a border of cross-stitches



CANVAS COLLAR BAG.

as shown. In this instance, these stitches are of a golden brown to match the silk lining of the bag.

Crocheted Bottom

Using No. 15 mercerized cottons, ch 6, join in ring, ch 3, 7 d c in ring, join to ch 3.

2nd round.—Ch 3, 1 d c on 1st d c, 2 d c on each d c, join.

3rd round.—Ch 3, 1 d c on 1st d c, 1 d c on each d c, with ch 1 between double, join.

4th round.—Ch 3, 1 d c, 2 d c on each d c, repeat around and join.

5th round.—Ch 3, 1 d c, ch 1, 2 d c, ch 1, 2 d c, repeat around and join.

Now to increase sufficiently to keep work flat, make ch 2, between each group of 2 doubles as soon as necessary. When work is as large as one wishes the size of the bottom to be, further increasing is not necessary. Make six more rows and break thread.

Top Finish

Edge top of the bag with one row single crochet worked into the linen, join, ch 5, 1 tr in next st, ch 1, sk 1, 1 tr c in next st, repeat around, join, ch 5.

2nd round.—1 tr c under ch 1, ch 1, 1 tr c under next ch, repeat around, join.

3rd round.—1 s c in 3 sts, ch 3 for picot, 3 s c, repeat.

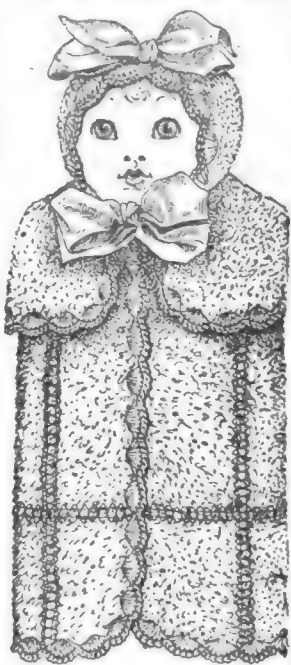
Use either cord or ribbon for drawing up.

Bags for gifts are always popular, laundry

bags, work bags, handkerchief bags, button, string and broom bags, any sort of a bag which you know is lacking.

A Soap Baby

These little home-made dollies are very cute and little folks immediately make love to them.



A SOAP BABY.

with tiny bows of wash ribbon in any desired color.

Our illustration gives one but a faint idea of how sweet this little bath dolly is. The little face is painted on a round cake of soap, and then wrapped in a wash-cloth.

To do this place the soap near the edge on the center of one side of the cloth, carry the edge down and fasten under dolly's chin. Fold the corners on this same side diagonally and catch under the chin. This will bring the two corners on the opposite side together as shown.

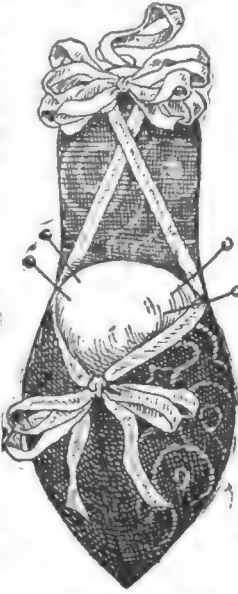
The little fullness in the back is folded in at the bottom of the soap and sewed in place. Finish with tiny bows of wash ribbon in any desired color.

Slipper Pincushion

Our illustration gives one a fairly clear idea of how such a little cushion will appear if made up neatly of contrasting colors.

The foundation should be of cardboard, shaped somewhat like a slipper sole. The toe piece should flare out and be enough wider to form the pocket on the front which is filled in with the small cushion.

This little trifle if made up of pretty materials finished with ribbons and bows will make an acceptable little gift, for pins are a constant necessity and are one of the few things which never go out of style.



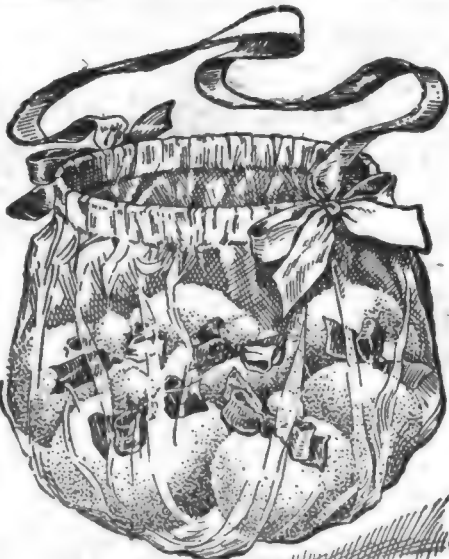
SLIPPER PINCUSHION.

A Pair of Pincushions

A pair of pincushions, to hang each side of her dresser, will be appreciated by the girl at school—or at home, for that matter—because there is no "maiden fair" who does not delight in dainty things for her room. The pincushions are of white linen, triangular in shape, and with a simple design in solid embroidery, which should match the prevailing color of the room in which they are to be used. Make bows of narrow ribbon of the same shade. A single cushion makes a pretty gift, but the set is, of course, more unique.

Guestroom Bag

For this dainty little article which will surely be appreciated by any travel-worn visitor, one only needs a square of white wash net, a six-inch wooden hoop, one yard of inch and a half ribbon, a little baby ribbon, and some cotton batting.



GUESTROOM BAG.

Cut the net into a circle, gather up edge and sew over rings. Finish with ribbon for hanging. Then fill with little individual puff balls of cotton.

These are made by forming the cotton into balls, tying closely with strong thread, and then clipping the cotton off quite closely.

Finish each ball with a small bow of baby ribbon.

For Powdering One's Back

A slipper sole or even pasteboard shaped like a sole will answer for the foundation of this

little article, which is another suggestion for some sort of home-made gift with a use.

If one uses a sole with one side of cotton or wool one half of it need not be covered, otherwise a small piece of eider down can be used, while the balance of the other



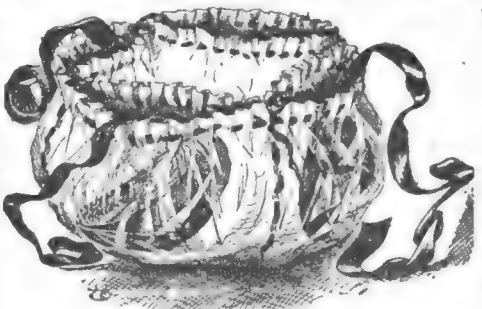
FOR POWDERING ONE'S BACK.

be marked with a band of narrow ribbon tied and then caught in place.

Net Bag for Lingerie Ribbons

This inexpensive little article is very dainty and attractive as well as being most useful.

For making one will need one and one-third yards of white wash net; fold this exactly in half and cut into circles. Turn in two inches



BAG FOR LINGERIE RIBBON.

on the edge of each circle and run around with a double strand of rope silk.

Place the two circles together, fold and mark the center, from this point draw a circle six inches in diameter, run around this with embroidery silk.

Divide the bag from this point circle out to edge into four equal parts and run along these divisions with double embroidery silk. This forms four pockets each of which can be fitted with a bolt of lingerie ribbon.

Washable Doll

The wash-cloth doll is a clever little affair, and is easily made. The body and head is all



WASH-CLOTH DOLL.

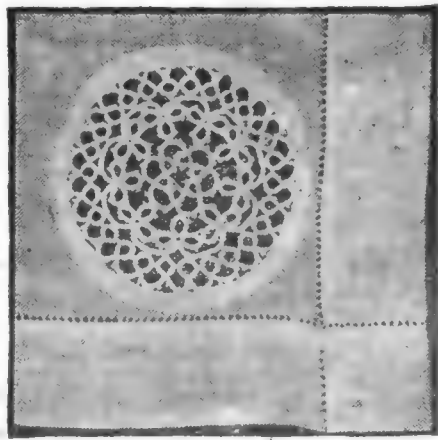
one roll of cotton, arms and legs each separate rolls, joined to the body and afterwards covered with wash-cloth clothes. About half of one cloth will be needed for dolly's coat, the balance cut so the border will form the edge is used for the cap, arms and legs, while bits from the center can be used for the face and to put over the ends of the arms and legs.

Small pearl buttons sewed on with black are used for the eyes, while a stitch or two of black marks the nose and mouth.

Tatted Medallion

BY MRS. JOHN D. PERRY.

Our illustration shows a handsome tatted medallion made of very fine cotton, suitable for decorating a handkerchief. This same design, however, worked in coarser material could be for inserts in bags, scarfs, pillows or in fact anything which one wishes to decorate with tating. Center is of 6 rings each of 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s with ch between of 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, surround



TATTED MEDALLION FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

with 3 ring clover design each of 6 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, joining the center p of the center ring to the center p, of each ch, the clover designs being connected with ch of 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, the rings in

the outer row are each of 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, joining each as made to one of the picots of chs in last row, these rings are connected by chs of 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s.

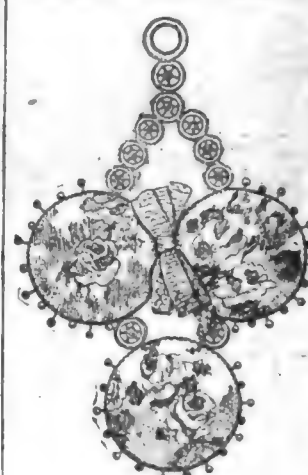
Pin Balls

Cut six two and one-quarter-inch circles, cover one side of each smoothly and overcast two and two together closely.

Crochet over ten small brass rings, filling in the centers with spider webs, as shown. Use these to connect and for hanging. Fill the circles with pins and finish with a small bow.

A Dainty Pin Tray

An attractive little tray for one's bureau or dressing-case can actually be made in a few minutes. All one needs is a pair of wooden embroidery hoops, some two



PIN BALLS.

and a half yards of half-inch satin ribbon, four glass push tacks and a small piece of flowered ribbon or silk.

Cover each of the hoops by winding evenly with the ribbon. Then across the small hoop stretch a piece of silk tightly and sew the edge all around securely to the outside of the hoop. Next slip the outside hoop on, pressing it in place

from the bottom up. This will carry the raw edges of the silk which forms the bottom up and out of sight.

The small glass tacks are used as feet and tend to make this little article more effective, although they are not absolutely necessary.

If one wishes to make these little articles still more attractive one good-sized rosette of baby ribbon or two smaller ones, on opposite sides of the tray, may be added. A combination of colors is also sometimes used, one hue being wound on the inner ring, and another on the outer.

In selecting hoops for these trays, pairs which do not fit closely are best, otherwise the rings should be sandpapered before covering or one will have difficulty in placing them together.



TWINE CASE.

Twine Case

In parts of the country where gourds can be obtained readily, our sketch shows how one can be carved in an amusing way and made to serve as a holder for a ball of twine.

The top should be cut at a point large enough to admit the ball, and a large nail can be used to make the hole, through which the twine can be slipped between the lips.

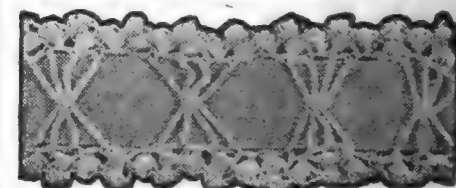
The carving should be done while the gourd is green. Colors may be added or decorations burned in with a hot poker point.

Crocheted Garters

Ch 14 sts, ch 5 sts and join in last st of ch 14 with d c ch, 14, join to end of foundation, ch with d c, turn, ch 5, join in top of d c, making another d c, ch 14 sts, join in opposite side with d c, turn ch 5, join in top of d c with another d c.

When you make the 4th ch, knit 7 sts, catch hook through center of 1st ch and draw all four together with a c. Make it all along in same way leaving 1 ch free and joining four together every time.

The edges are finished by making a row of



CROCHETED GARTERS.

popcorn sts, by placing hook under ch of 5, catch up thread, draw through, catch up thread, place hook under ch, catch up thread, until you have made this 8 times, then catch up st and draw through all.

Make these all along side, making ch 2 sts join to edge between chs of 5. Make ch 2 and join in top of next ch of 5, making another popcorn of 8 sts. When you finish the length of the work in this way turn and make a popcorn under the threads on top of popcorn on previous row, then a popcorn under a ch of 2, then a popcorn under threads on top of next popcorn.

Face Chamois

A cunning idea for a face chamois is to cut it in heart shape and send with it:

"My heart is but a trifling thing,
But you its praises well may sing;
If you will use it long and will
Old age and wrinkles 'twill dispel."

Another chamois motto is:

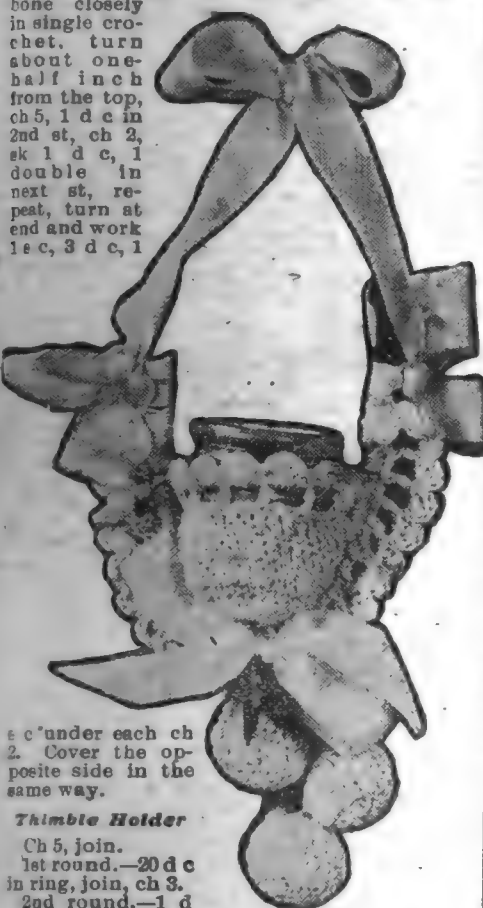
"Little specks of powder
And little daubs of paint,
Make the great big freckles
Seem very, very faint."

and Useful Ideas for Home-Made Gifts

Wishbone Thimble Holder

THE foundation of this thimble holder is a chicken's wishbone—dried and gilded. No. 50 mercerized crochet cotton or silkateen of any color can be used for crocheting.

Begin by working over one side of the wishbone closely in single crochet. Turn about one-half inch from the top, ch 5, 1 d c in 2nd st, ch 2, sk 1 d c, 1 double in next st, repeat, turn at end and work 1 e c, 3 d c, 1



THIMBLE HOLDER.

Thimble Holder

Ch 5, join.
1st round.—20 d c in ring, join, ch 3.
2nd round.—1 d c in 1st 3 doubles, 2 d c in 4th, repeat, join, ch 3.
3rd and 4th rounds.—1 d c in each d c, join, end 4th round with ch 5.
5th round.—Sk 2 sts, 1 d c in next, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat around, join.
6th round.—1 e c, 3 d c, 1 e c under each ch 2.
Attach this holder to the sides of the wishbone about half way from top as shown. Finish the bottom with 3 small crochet balls filled with cotton, on chains of varying length and a small bow of ribbon.

Using the same width ribbon, sew securely to both sides of the top of the wishbone, tie small bows leaving a loop between for hanging.

Crocheted Novelty

BY MRS. JOHN GREGG.

Needle-Case

Ecru cotton No. 50. Steel hook No. 12. Begin with ch 5 sts, join in ring.
1st round.—15 d c in ring, join, ch 3.
2nd round.—1 d c in d c, 2 d c in next d c, repeat, join, ch 3.
3rd round.—Same as 2nd round.
4th round.—1 d c in every other st.
5th round.—1 d c in each d c with ch 1 between.
6th and 7th rounds.—2 d c in each st.
8th round.—1 d c in each st.
9th round.—Ch 3, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c, sk every other st.
Fill crown with cotton so it will stand out and trim with tiny blossoms.

10th round.—Ch 4, join, 12 d c in ring, join, ch 3.
11th round.—1 d c in 1st d c, 2 d c in 2nd d c, repeat around.
12th and 13th rounds.—Same as 11th.
14th round.—1 d c in each d c, join, ch 3.
15th round.—1 d c in 5 d c, 2 d c in each 6th d c, join.
16th round.—Picot edge worked the same as 8th round.

This completes bottom of needle-case. Cut three leaves from white flannel and button-hole with either white silk or silk to match the



PINCUSHION IN WATER LILY DESIGN.

flowers used. Fill with assorted needles and tack leaves and covers together with the ecru cotton.

Pincushion in Water Lily Design

For this pretty and easily made novelty cut from green cardboard a leaf measuring six and one-half inches wide and six and one-half inches long. And from white cardboard cut out two pieces six and one-half inches in diameter, having eight petals, and cut one green piece like this for sepals. For the center of the lily which is the cushion, cut out a round piece five inches across, from yellow sateen—or other material. Gather around edge, draw up until cushion measures three inches across, fill with cotton batting or wadding, to make a flat cushion having a little depression in the center; cut a small round piece of yellow and sew to bottom of cushion.

Curly each petal and sepal, arrange the white pieces and the green sepals on the green leaf having the petals of one piece come between the petals of the other, place cushion in the center; thread yellow baby ribbon—using ribbon double—into a large darning-needle, push needle down through all, near center cushion, leaving ends of ribbon on top of cushion, push needle, with ribbon, up through all and tie the ribbon in a small bow.

If one wishes it to hang on the wall, a green baby ribbon may be used for a hanger, threaded under the ribbon at back, and also a stitch taken with the ribbon, in the leaf, near the top, under the sepals where it will not be seen, ends of ribbon tied or sewed together at back of cushion. The ribbon hanger represents the stem of the leaf.

Camisole in Bluebird Design

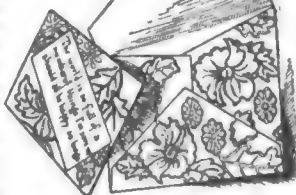
BY MARY PUFF.

Materials: Five spools No. 30 white mercerized crochet cotton, 2 spools of blue and 1 of green. The camisole as shown is of white with birds and sprays of forget-me-nots of blue with green leaves. These border the top and bottom, as shown, although the design can be worked throughout in one color if one prefers.

The work is begun as follows: The pattern including five birds is crocheted and then the design repeated in reverse order from the center of the front to form the other side of the camisole.

Begin with 187 sts, 1 d c, in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c (sp), repeat, making in all 67 sps.

3rd row.—19 sps, 2 blks, (of blue if desired), 5 sps, 4 blks, sps to end, ch 5, turn.



HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS CARDS. NO. 1.

CAMISOLE IN FILET STITCH—BLUEBIRD DESIGN.

The birds are all the same but placed in different positions as shown in our illustrations. See notice at bottom of page.

Crocheted Horse Reins

These are so simple that even the little lady of the family can fashion them with her own wee fingers for a small brother or little friend. Odds and ends of wool which has accumulated in every home the past couple of years can be utilized in this way to advantage, all edges being afterwards finished with any dark color or black.

Either Germantown or Scotch are the best materials. The reins are attached to a shield which fits across the chest. This is made as follows: Ch 24 sts, turn, draw up one loop of wool through each ch st, keeping them all on the hook, then work two at a time. Make six rows in this way of afghan st then decreasing 1st at end of each row work until all are narrowed off.

For Reins

Crochet Afghan st on a ch 5 until three yards long, and join the end. Single crochet along both edges. Finish shield in same way. Double the reins and measure ten inches on each side from fold, place top of shield at this point at each side and sew the side of the shield to the edge of the reins. Small balls can be added to point of shield if obtainable.

Dainty Gifts Made from Wall Paper

Dear COMFORT Sisters:

You have helped me out so many times and in so many ways, I am more than pleased to add my mite.

All of the little articles illustrated are easily made and original so far as I know and all were appreciated by those who received them, so I am more than glad to pass the idea along.

For materials one will need some cardboard, library paste, a few brass or ivory rings, remnants of ribbon, a pair of sharp scissors and last but most important some odd bits of wall paper.

If one hasn't the wall paper from a store some paper hanger's sample book can be secured for a small sum.

Catch-all boxes can be covered with paper which matches or will harmonize with a bedroom, to hold the odds and ends one never knows quite what to do with. These boxes should each have a gummed label on the end for convenience in marking the contents. Such a set of boxes will certainly be welcomed by any neat orderly housekeeper as it is impossible at times to avoid a collection of unsightly bundles on closet shelves in even the best regulated homes.

No. 1 is my own idea for home-made Christmas cards which can be made by the dozen in one's spare time.

For each of these one will need an envelope made of wall paper and a card.

Before making these I looked over all my Christmas cards, many of which were perfect but for the name of the sender, making them useless as they were.

They had accumulated from year to year as they were too pretty to destroy and yet seemed useless. But having learned to conserve in other ways, I put my wits to work and evolved my first use for wall paper.

In some cases I covered a used card with

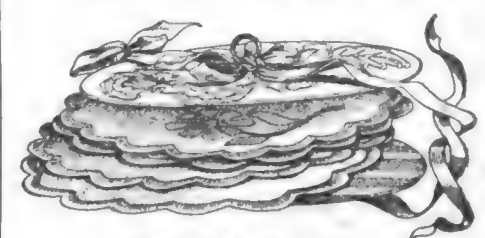


CASE FOR UNANSWERED LETTERS. NO. 2.

paper, copied the sentiment of a small white card and pasted it in place, as shown, using the same paper for both the card and the envelope. Many of the printed sentiments could be cut

from the cards or clippings from magazines may be used.

Pretty illustrated Christmas cards I used with tiny pads in making calendars. For these one will need a bit of ribbon perhaps seven inches in length, slip one end through a small ring and fold back for an inch and a half. Paste the ribbon to the back of a Christmas view, something bright and pretty in coloring, having the loop and ring come at the top. Over the back of the card paste a piece of wall



DOILY CASES. NO. 3.

paper, using a plain but harmonizing color if possible, then on this place a card with either a sentiment or personal message. To the front add a small calendar pad to the lower end of the ribbon.

Wall Paper Letter Case

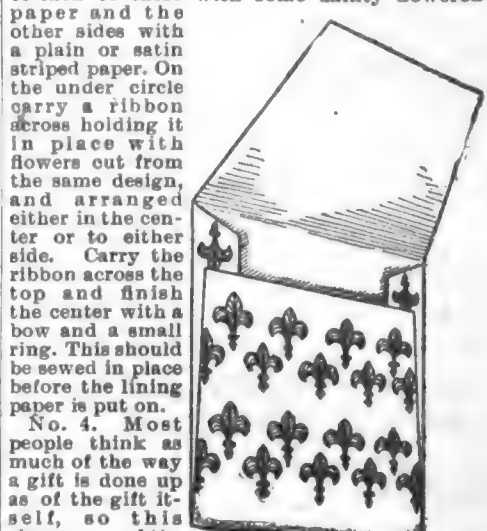
No. 2 illustrates quite clearly the method of making a case for unanswered letters.

I used cardboards for the foundation, one nine by nine inches, and the front one nine by four inches. Cover neatly and tie together with ribbons, allowing a couple of inches leeway at the top.

A larger case for magazines can also be made but heavy foundation board will be needed and strong round elastic will be better at the top of the front board than just the ribbon.

Doily Cases

Number 3 consists of two circles, either nine inches in diameter or larger. Cover one side of each of these with some dainty flowered



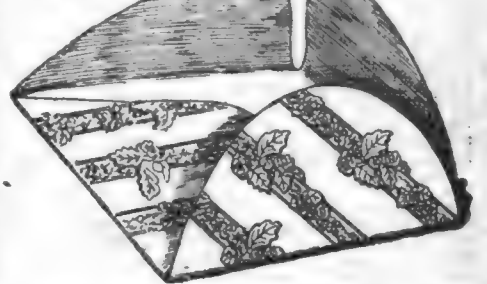
ENVELOPE FOR THE CHRISTMAS GIFT. NO. 4.

paper and the other sides with a plain or satin striped paper. On the under circle carry a ribbon across holding it in place with flowers out from the same design, and arranged either in the center or to either side. Carry the ribbon across the top and finish the center with a bow and a small ring. This should be sewed in place before the lining paper is put on.

No. 4. Most people think as much of the way a gift is done up as of the gift itself, so this shows one of the many unpasted envelopes of various sizes which can be used for stockings, aprons, towels, etc.

These cases with fancy stickers and Christmas ribbon or cord certainly make a package very attractive.

No. 5. Another envelope just large enough



CASE FOR CHRISTMAS HANDKERCHIEF. NO. 5.

for a handkerchief, decorated with a magazine picture of a pretty handkerchief on the flap.

To a shut-in who sees little of the pleasant side of things I sent still another envelope containing a Christmas message and seven smaller envelopes with a cheerful motto for each day in the week. Each of these I made of a different color and tied with a pretty ribbon.

Medicine Cover

This is just a small circle, a bit of ribbon and ring, but sent to the right person it will prove helpful.

These are just a few of the many articles which may be made. If anyone starts the work numberless ideas will come for similar things.

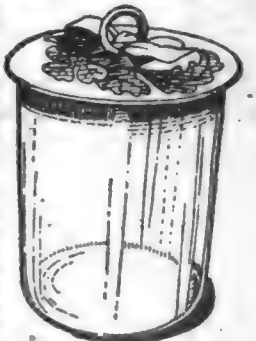
Post cards which one wishes to preserve may be pasted to a long strip of paper, just the width of the cards, and hung up or folded back and forth.

As these hints for the small gifts are inexpensive, attractive and easily made I, hope they may benefit some COMFORT readers in these days of the H. C. L.

MARY A. ATKINSON.

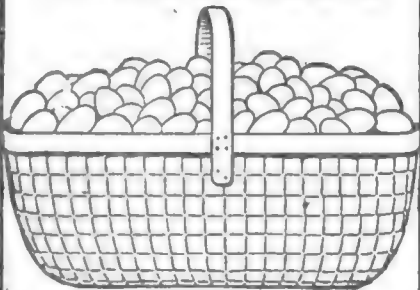
Notice

As the directions for Camisole in Bluebird Design are lengthy, a working chart will be furnished anyone upon receipt of 10c. sent to COMFORT Fancy Work Department, Augusta, Maine.



MEDICINE COVER.

448 EGGS FROM 20 HENS



Chas. Moore, Clymer, Pa., Writes:

In January I was getting one egg a day from 32 hens. I began feeding Mayer's Laymore and here is the result—448 eggs from 20 hens in 1 month.

You Can Easily Double Your Poultry Profits by Feeding

LAYMORE

SEND NO MONEY

Don't send one cent. Pay for two packages—(regular value \$2) for only \$1. When the Laymore reaches you, after you have freely tested it out by using the whole contents of both packages and are not satisfied, your money—every penny—will be refunded.

Laymore Makes Lazy Hens Lay

FREE DELIVERY COUPON

MAYER'S HATCHERY,
67 No. 2nd St.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me _____ packages of Mayer's Laymore for which I agree to pay \$_____ on delivery.

Name _____
Postoffice _____

R. F. D. _____ State _____
Two (2) Packages, \$2 Worth, for \$1

GETS 28 EGGS A DAY NOW, FROM 34 HENS

Chas. C. White, Well-Known Breeder, Tells How.
Costs Nothing to Try.

"I gave Don Sung to 34 utility Buff Orpingtons and the egg yield increased from 7 to 28 a day. Don Sung is a wonder and I am now giving it to all my hens regularly."—Chas. C. White, Manager, Cherry Hill Farm, Chas. C. White, Manager, Cherry Hill Farm, Chas. C. White, Manager, Cherry Hill Farm, Ind.

Mr. White is the well known breeder and exhibitor. He wrote the above letter in December, after his test had shown a gain of 21 eggs a day from 34 hens. We will make you the same offer we made him. Here it is:

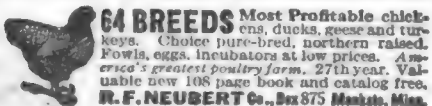
Give your hens Don Sung and watch results for one month. If you don't find that it pays for itself and pays you a good profit besides, simply tell us and your money will be promptly refunded.

Don Sung (Chinese for egg-laying) works directly on the egg-laying organs, and is also a splendid tonic. It is easily given in the feed, improves the hen's health, makes her stronger and more active in any weather, and starts her laying.

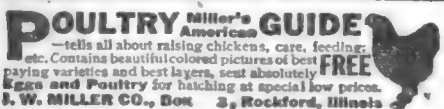
Try Don Sung for 3 days and if it doesn't get you the eggs, no matter how cold or wet the weather, your money will be refunded by return mail. Get Don Sung from your druggist or poultry remedy dealer or send 50 cents for a package by mail prepaid. Burrell-Dugger Co., 445 Columbia Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Get More Eggs; Save Feed

Sky-high prices for eggs this winter will make big profits for those who know how and what grain mixtures to feed. Improper methods mean big loss. Prof. T. E. Quisenberry made a thousand hens in the American Egg-Laying Contest lay 200 to 304 eggs each in a year. Another big flock cleared for him \$6.15 per hen in nine months. His methods are explained in a new bulletin, "How to Get More Eggs and Save Feed." Get this free bulletin by writing Quisenberry today, addressing care American Poultry School, Dept. 312, Kansas City, Mo.

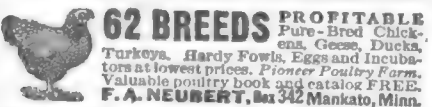


64 BREEDS Most Profitable chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Choice pure-bred, northern raised. Poultry, eggs, incubators at low prices. America's greatest poultry farm. 27th year. Valuable new 108 page book and catalog free. R. F. NEUBERT Co., Box 875 Mankato, Minn.



POULTRY Miller's American—tells all about raising chickens, care, feeding, etc. Contains beautiful colored pictures of best paying varieties and best layers, sent absolutely FREE. Eggs and Poultry for hatching at special low prices. I. W. MILLER CO., Box 2, Rockford, Illinois

POULTRY AND PIGEONS FOR PROFIT Foy's big book tells all about it. Contains many colored plates—an encyclopedia of poultry information, poultry houses, feeding for eggs, etc. Written by a man who knows. Sent for 5 cents. Low prices, fowls and eggs. FRANK FOY, BOX 6, CLINTON, IOWA.



62 BREEDS PROFITABLE Pure-Bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Hardy Fowls, Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. Pioneer Poultry Farm. Valuable poultry book and catalog FREE. F. A. NEUBERT, Box 342 Mankato, Minn.

PLANS FOR POULTRY HOUSES. ALL STYLES, 150 ILLUSTRATIONS, SEND 10 cents. INLAND POULTRY JOURNAL, Dept. 42, Indianapolis, Indiana.



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

The Value of Artificial Incubation

AN incubator is the foundation of profitable poultry raising.

The first and most important advantage gained by using an incubator lies in being able to hatch chickens early in the season. You all know how maddening it is to watch and wait for the hens to cluck, especially if it happens to be a late, cold spring, and then have all your best layers get broody in a bunch when it is really too late to hatch anything but market birds. Unless the heavy birds, like Rocks, Dories and Reds, are hatched in February and March, they haven't time to mature and start laying by November, and unless they do start before real cold weather, there is not much hope of their doing so before spring, which means feeding all winter without returns. It is true, Leghorns, Anconas, or any other of the light weight birds can be hatched as late as May, because they mature very rapidly, but all such birds have been bred specially for egg production, and rarely, if ever, want to set. So you see, it does not matter what kind of hens are kept. It is difficult—nay, almost impossible—to have chicks hatched at the right season to develop into profitable pullets unless the incubator is used.

The second great advantage of artificial incubation lies in the fact that it eliminates many of the causes of infection, such as *coccidia* and *aspergillus* fungus, which are likely to infest hay and other materials used as nests. It is much easier to free an incubator from germs or mold-spores; you have only got to burn a fumigating candle in it, or to wash it out with a strong solution of any good disinfectant, to purify after each hatch, and there is no danger of their becoming contaminated; whereas



A GOOD LOT OF YOUNG DUCKS WITH MOTHER'S HELPER ON GUARD.

a hen may appear to be healthy when she carries the germs which cause white diarrhea. What is more, she leaves the nest at least once in twenty-four hours, and there is always danger of her carrying back such germs on her feet, and, as you possibly know, eggs can be infected through the shell, with the result that chicks are really doomed before they are hatched.

Eggs laid by healthy hens, and kept in a clean, cool, airy place, and being wiped off with alcohol before being put into the incubator, are safeguarded against these several causes of white diarrhea. Of course, incubator chicks start life absolutely free from vermin, which in itself is a tremendous advantage.

My third reason for preferring an incubator is the saving of time and trouble. Ten minutes night and morning will take care of a machine holding from fifty to three hundred eggs. There is only a lamp to fill and eggs to turn, and I have timed the work frequently, so feel sure about it. Beyond that, a glance at the thermometer at midday and just before retiring at night, if the weather conditions are uncertain, and there is likely to be any great rise or fall in the outside temperature, is positively all that is necessary. And even these two glances can be omitted if the incubator is in a house cellar. Then it is much less trouble to feed and care for chicks which are all together, and all the same age, than it is to go around to several small coops, feed hens one way and chicks another, fill many small water dishes, and clean many coops with old hens fussing during the operation.

Every month for the last thirteen years, has brought me dozens of letters from COMFORT readers; people living all over the country from Jersey to Oklahoma; some of them villagers and others on big farms, and many who started on bare land, and built up a comfortable home, and I can safely say that every one who has reported financial success has had at least one incubator.

Women who wrote me through the paper at first, became personal correspondents and real friends, who tell me their successes and failures without reserve, and amongst them are sixty cases where chickens, aided by an incubator, have saved the farm from going under in years of poor crops or the ill health of husbands.

Perhaps the best illustration of the advantage of using an incubator is the case of a young fellow who started with a six-dollar machine. He was recovering from a terrible accident which had left him almost a helpless cripple. He had only a few hundred dollars, and no relatives except an older brother and his family, with whom he had been living since he left the hospital in the early fall, and it was his sister-in-law's lamentation about the contrariness of old hens who would not set early in the spring that suggested to him the idea of buying a small incubator, which could be operated in his room without too much tax on his meager strength.

The machine chosen was a round metal affair which held fifty eggs. It arrived early in February, but was not filled with eggs until the nine-

teenth. On the fourteenth of March the proud invalid presented his sister-in-law with thirty-eight bright, strong chicks.

By the fifteenth of June, four more hatches had been made, which brought the number of chicks to the number of two hundred and thirty-three. The first two hatches, consisting of eighty-seven chicks, were given to the sister-in-law, but in making up his accounts, the invalid charged them at eight cents each. The results of the following four hatches were sold as day-old chicks to people in the vicinity, and at the end of June his account stood as follows:

RECEIPTS.

Value of 80 chicks given to Mary,	\$6.40
152 chicks sold at 15 cents each,	22.80
Total,	\$29.20

EXPENDITURES.

Incubator,	\$6.00
20 doz. and 10 eggs,	5.25
Oil,	.60
Total,	\$11.85
Balance,	\$17.35

The invalid's health improved so wonderfully, his sister-in-law told me, after he had an incubator to interest and occupy him, and the returns, though not large, were sufficient to make him realize that even if the crutch was to be a lifelong necessity, he could still earn something toward his own support if he increased his earning capacity, so he added a dollar to his first season's profit of seventeen dollars, and bought two incubators which held one hundred and twenty eggs each.

The demand for day-old chicks from people living on the outskirts of the town and the city families who came up to their country homes for the summer, had been so much greater than he could supply, and his sister-in-law had such a good market for the table birds she could furnish, that they considered it safe to again increase the hatching capacity. There was the foundation of an old cow barn on the farm. The brother said that he could have this for an incubator cellar. Walling up the opening where the doors had been in front, putting on a roof, windows, and doing some patching where the cement had been cracked, amounted to one hundred and twenty-one dollars.

What kind of an incubator to put inside of the cellar after it was finished took a lot of consideration, but at last he decided on getting one of the mammoth compartment machines instead of several medium lamp machines.

The principal reason for this decision was that

est market price, because, coming from pure bred stock, they would have been uniform in size and color.

The three fundamental points on which success depends in the poultry business are: First, thoroughbred stock; second, a good incubator, to insure being able to hatch chickens early; third, a well-constructed brooder.

One must be able to hatch these chickens in early spring, so that they will have time to mature and start laying before cold weather, for, if they don't, they will in all probability hold off until moderate weather in the spring.

Even the housewife who keeps a few hens to supply the family table should add a small incubator to her household goods, and the man or woman who keeps poultry as a means of income cannot afford to do without one, for every one who keeps fowls knows how aggravatingly dilatory hens are about wanting to set in the early spring. For some unfathomable reason, amateurs, especially women, have an antipathy to incubators, and seem to regard them as little less than infernal machines, invented especially to hatch deformed freaks, or at least have a dread of undertaking anything so complicated as a hatching machine.

But in truth the up-to-date incubator is as easy to operate as a sewing machine, or even

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

50 Eggs a Day

Yes—fifty a day. How? Read the letter below.



"More Eggs" Tonic is a Godsend," writes Mrs. Myrtle Lee, of Boston, Ky. She adds "I was only getting 12 eggs a day and now get 50."

Give your hens a few cents' worth of Reefer's "More Eggs" and you will be amazed and delighted with the results. A million dollar bank guarantee if you're not absolutely satisfied, your money will be returned on request and the "More Eggs" costs you nothing.

"More Eggs" will double this year's production of eggs, so if you wish to try this great profit-maker, write E. J. Reefer, poultry expert, 8049 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., for \$1.00 package of "More Eggs" tonic.

Poultry Raisers Everywhere Tell Wonderful Results of "More Eggs"

"More Eggs" Paid the Pastor

I can't express in words how much I have been benefited by "More Eggs." I have paid my debts, clothed the children in new dresses, and that is not all—I paid my pastor his dues. I sold 42½ dozen eggs last week, set 4 dozen, ate some, and had 1½ dozen left.

MRS. LENA McBRON, Woodbury, Tenn.

1200 Eggs from 29 Hens

The "More Eggs" Tonic did wonders for me. I had 29 hens when I got the tonic and was getting five or six eggs a day. April 1st I had over 1200 eggs. I never saw the equal.

EDW. MEKKER, Pontiac, Mich.

160 Hens—1500 Eggs

I have fed 2 boxes of "More Eggs" to my hens and I think they have broken the egg record. I have 160 White Leghorns and in exactly 21 days I got 125 dozen eggs.

MRS. H. M. PATTON, Waverly, Mo.

\$200 Worth of Eggs from 44 Hens

I never used "More Eggs" Tonic until last December; then just used one \$1.00 package and have sold over \$200.00 worth of eggs from forty-four hens. "More Eggs" Tonic did it.

A. G. THODE, Sterling, Kans., R. No. 2, Box 47.

1368 Eggs After 1 Package

Last fall I bought a box of your "More Eggs" Tonic and would like to have you know the result. From January 1st to July 1st my hens laid 1368 eggs.

A. E. WHITE, Scranton, Pa.

"More Than Doubled in Eggs"

I am very much pleased with your "More Eggs" Tonic. My hens have more than doubled up in their eggs.

L. D. NICHOLS, Mendon, Ill.

Send Coupon

Every day counts! Send the coupon today for a full sized package of "More Eggs" tonic. Order now and start your hens making money for you. You run no risk. A Million-Dollar Bank will refund instantly if you are not entirely satisfied. Profit by the experience of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry. Act NOW. Just put a dollar bill in with the coupon. Send for this bank-guaranteed egg producer and profit-maker NOW. Today!

E. J. Reefer, Poultry Expert
8049 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Send me one full-size package of "More Eggs." Send this with an absolute Bank Guarantee that you will refund my money if this tonic is not satisfactory to me in every way. I enclose \$1.00. (Either P. O. money order, your private check or \$1 bill.)

Name _____

Address _____

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

So do the birds increase: God implants in the little bird the seed; they grow; then in the spring she chooses a mate to help her care for her family. So two little birds build them a home, or nest, in a tree somewhere; the little egg seeds are placed in the nest. (Sometimes the seed, or eggs, are not their very own, as with the hen or turkey.) Warmth is given to the eggs by the bird's own body; by and by the "egg flowers" unfold, or hatch; by the aid of the parent bird the little "bird flowers" grow into beautiful birds.

Then again, God gives the human mother tiny little seeds to blossom into babyhood. Sometimes these little seeds are found in our own home, sometimes by the wayside, sometimes in the Orphan's Home or "human greenhouse" as plants and flowers are kept; sometimes by unfortunate or dying parents. But wherever they may be found, they are God's little seeds waiting for the kind care of a parent to help them unfold into beautiful flowers.

I am sure your children, Mrs. Wheeler, have gone to the woods or to some neighbor or somewhere to gather plants for their flower garden. If not, go with them some time and help them select plants for a flower garden of their very own (children take more interest in things of their own). Show them, and explain about life, then after the flowers begin to appear, explain that was the way they had been selected to beautify your home and that with their love and your care you hoped to help them grow into more beautiful flowers than if left by the wayside.

I am sure it would please the children to let them help select the new baby sister you spoke of adopting.

I would be thankful to any one who will give instructions for caring for winter bulbs; how to have them bloom and what kind is best for winter blooming.

N. A. BEST.

FROM BEAUTIFUL ATASCADERO IN FARAWAY CALIFORNIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Is your door bell out of order? I think it must be for I have rung and rung but did not hear a friendly "come in" so I just opened the door and came in and you look so cozy and nice that I want to stay a few minutes if I may. Perhaps you would like to know who it is making so free coming in and talking so glibly. Well I will tell you that here in Atascadero, California—the best place on earth—everybody calls me Auntie Wood and you may call me that if you like. I should like very much to add you to my list of nieces. They are all good to take my advice and heed my counsel. I will not, however, ask you to do so until we are better acquainted. Last Fourth of July several persons asked my age and I said, "Well, after the 13th of next November you may put me down 88, two eights, that is my age exactly, and I learned in school that two eights make sixteen," so now they are calling me sweet sixteen. I am two years older than any woman in the colony. We have a very unique society called "The Veterans of the Cross," the only organization of the kind known to be in existence in the world at this time. We hold a meeting annually, in September, our last meeting being held on the thirteenth of the month. To become a member the candidate must have reached the age of 65 years. At our last meeting we unanimously adopted a Motto and Our Life's Program, as follows:

MOTTO.

"Strive to make our lives a blessing to all with whom we come in contact, and so live that the world will be the better because we have lived."

OUR LIFE'S PROGRAM.

Gather up the sunshine and scatter it to and fro, And make other people happy as through this world we go.

When rich blessings unto us are given, Praise Him whose dwelling place is Heaven. When afflictions come, we'll patiently, submissively pass under the rod, When the angels open the golden gate we will cheerfully, triumphantly go to our God.

Now, dear Mrs. Wilkinson, if you haven't got too tired of me this time perhaps I'll come again. I am an old subscriber to COMFORT and think it is correctly named. I wouldn't think of keeping home without it. It is perfect in every department.

AUNTIE WOOD.

Auntie Wood.—You are really too young to be admitted into the Sisters' Corner but as that is a fault you will overcome in time I am going to let you come in, or rather let you stay in for you seem to have settled the coming in part for yourself. Here's hoping you will be there to welcome me when I become eligible for admission into the Veterans of the Cross Society. I'll begin right now to live up to the motto so as to be ready when that time comes.—Ed.

YOST, UTAH.

DEAR COMFORT PEOPLE:

Ever since the male sex has been admitted to your Corner I have promised myself that I would break in upon you. I'll just take a seat over here by Bill and Mrs. Vesey. Don't scream, I'm not an outlaw even if my hair is rather long. You see, my occupation keeps me isolated from the ladies and with the exception of an occasional sheep herder or cow puncher, away from all human beings. What is my occupation, you say? I am one of Uncle Sam's hunters, working for the Bureau of Biological Survey. We are trying to exterminate the predatory animals that each year are killing hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of stock that grow on the U. S. National Forest, and three hundred and sixty-five days of each year I am on the trail of the wild cat, coyote, wolf, mountain lion and bear. We don't have Sundays or holidays here and if I did not have to write a daily report I probably would lose all track of the date.

Lonesome? Well, not so bad. You see, I have the songs of the birds, the wind moaning through the trees, and the ripple of the stream that runs by my camp door, and there are thousands of other things that I love to keep me company. Any time I want wild meat, mountain trout or wild honey I have to do is to go get it. And as I like to study the habits of wild birds and animals I do not have time to think of getting lonesome.

Why don't you huddles deposit half your monthly salary in your wife's name and give her a check book; then at the end of the month you can compare notes and see who has spent the most money and if she has bought too much silk and lace just remind her that you are not a bank, and it is a good way to find out if you are spending too much for cigars and taking friends car riding. You will find then that there are better ways of spending money and ways which will be of benefit to both. But for heaven's sake don't nag or quarrel at each other. I think the knocker, the nagger and the crank were made from the material left from making the reptiles and toads.

Mrs. Vesey, I can picture you and your rosy-cheeked, healthy youngsters chasing around in a care-free way, enjoying the things that Nature so abundantly furnishes. There is nothing so grand as being in the forenoon.

Where the woodbine twines,
The whangdoodle sings,
And the frog flips its wings in glee
And the—

I see the stars on Uncle Sam's hat band as he peeps around a tree, wondering why I am not on the trail of the mountain lion that has been killing so much stock in our section.

So long

S. C. SHEPPARD.

Mr. Sheppard.—Don't feel hurt over my slipshod remarks regarding you and your poetry but come again and tell us more of your adventures. Did you get that lion? I'll fix it up with Uncle Sam so that he won't mind if you take time to tell us about it.—Ed.

ARIZONA.

DEAR WIFE IN NAME ONLY:

Your pathetic letter touched me greatly and I hope to help you. Won't you write to me, giving me your name and address.

My dear little woman, such affairs as you describe happen once in a while but are overcome and forgotten, especially if the wife has courage and poise, which qualifies you seem to possess.

A House that Demonstrates Friendliness

By Frances L. Garside

Copyright, 1919, by W. H. Connett, Pub., Inc.

DID you ever notice that houses sometimes assume human characteristics and some just naturally seem to growl at you as you pass, and others look so nice and friendly you wish you had the privilege of walking in?

Well, this house was one of the friendly kind. It was set down in a neighborhood where the other houses looked as if they needed friends, and though its walls had fresher paint, its dooryard was cleaner, its brass knocker was polished bright, a striking contrast to the doorknobs pulled out of their sockets in other doors; though there were nice white curtains at the windows, with plants peeping through, and there was a general air of better care, it was not at all snobbish because of it.

The door opened welcomingly; the curtains waved back and forth in gentle greeting, and even the plants seemed interested in coaxing the passers-by not to pass, but to come in. Over the doors there was a sign: "International Institute." The words looked formidable.

"I think," said a woman coming down the steps, and throwing her shawl over her head preparatory toward going along the streets, "that that sign should be changed. 'International Institute' means a lot to those of us who know, but to those who have not learned, how much nicer just 'Friendly House' would look."

I overheard her and went in. If the house was as friendly as it looked, and such was the reputation the woman gave it, it would prove friendly to an inquisitive woman who felt more than a passing interest. I had no doubts of my welcome; I felt the atmosphere of the place the moment I stepped over the threshold.

"The International Institute," said a pleasant young woman at a desk in the front room, "is a house to demonstrate friendliness, and our subjects are the foreign-born woman."

It sounded as if there might be a "story" in it. There was, as you will see.

A man and his wife come to this country

from foreign shores, bringing nothing more than a carpet sack of clothing, and a large assortment of hopes. He gets a job. He meets Americans. He learns to speak English because he has to learn it in order to earn a living.

They find a home in a quarter where others have settled who came from their native land. Children come. Children always come, and they come in large, old-fashioned numbers and with old-fashioned speed. They go to school. They learn more than to talk English; they learn to read it and to write it. Father and the children talk together in this new tongue. Mother, in the seclusion of her home, still talks only her native tongue. The family is getting away from her, and it sometimes takes a painful jolt to make her realize it.

The notice from the board of health, from the gas company, and from the milk man, every bit of writing that comes into her house must be translated to her by her children. The father can speak the language; he cannot always read it. She finds herself at the mercy of her little Ignace, Jean, Pierre, or Nicholas. They are more than human, they are divine, if they do not interpret for their mother to suit their own convenience.

"Don't mind her," said a little Italian boy to a caller one day. "She's my mother but she can't talk English. She's only a Dago."

The war made life still harder for these women, for the husband enlisted to fight for his native country, or the son packed a grip and went to the front. When their letters came there was no one to read them to her. Fancy what it means to sit facing a letter till the children come home from school to translate it! The International Institute translated many hundreds of letters in the last year to mothers. Some in Syrian, others in French, Italian, Russian, Polish and Greek.

The staff of the Institute is made up of women who speak foreign tongues. The Syrian-speaking woman calls on the Syrians in the neighborhood and interests them in the House of Friendliness. They are invited to come to meet others from their native land, and the social meetings soon drift into classes for the study of hygiene, the care of children, first aid, cooking and sewing.

the women taking eagerly to a lesson given in their own tongue.

Nothing is said about the study of English. The necessity of that must come from within, and not from pressure without. Gradually, the Italian woman, who "is nothing but a Dago," and all the other foreign-born women, awakened to a realization of the danger that threatens a home where the children are its spokesmen. They ask to learn English, not because they love their own native land less, but because they love it more, the love for the old home being strengthened by what this new country is meaning to them.

They learn to come to these places with all their problems; they tell their troubles there; they learn to laugh there, and they learn, through association in recreation and studies, something about the problems and sorrows of the other woman, be she from their native land, or from some other for which they have never before had a feeling of sympathy or interest.

The International Institutes are being strung across the continent, like buttons on a chain, by the Young Women's Christian Association. The foreign born are here to stay: To make happier and more healthful citizens of them is a problem growing out of the war.

The Y. W. C. A. is doing its bit of this work in going to the aid of the foreign-born woman with these Houses to Demonstrate Friendliness.

It seemed to me the house really smiled a "Come Again" to me when I turned at the corner for a farewell look.

In the first place, do not nag him about this nurse. It will make him sympathize with her and keep her in his mind.

Keep yourself attractive. Arrange your hair as nicely as possible. Give your complexion care. Keep your home attractive. Cook your husband's favorite dishes. Be as cheerful as possible.

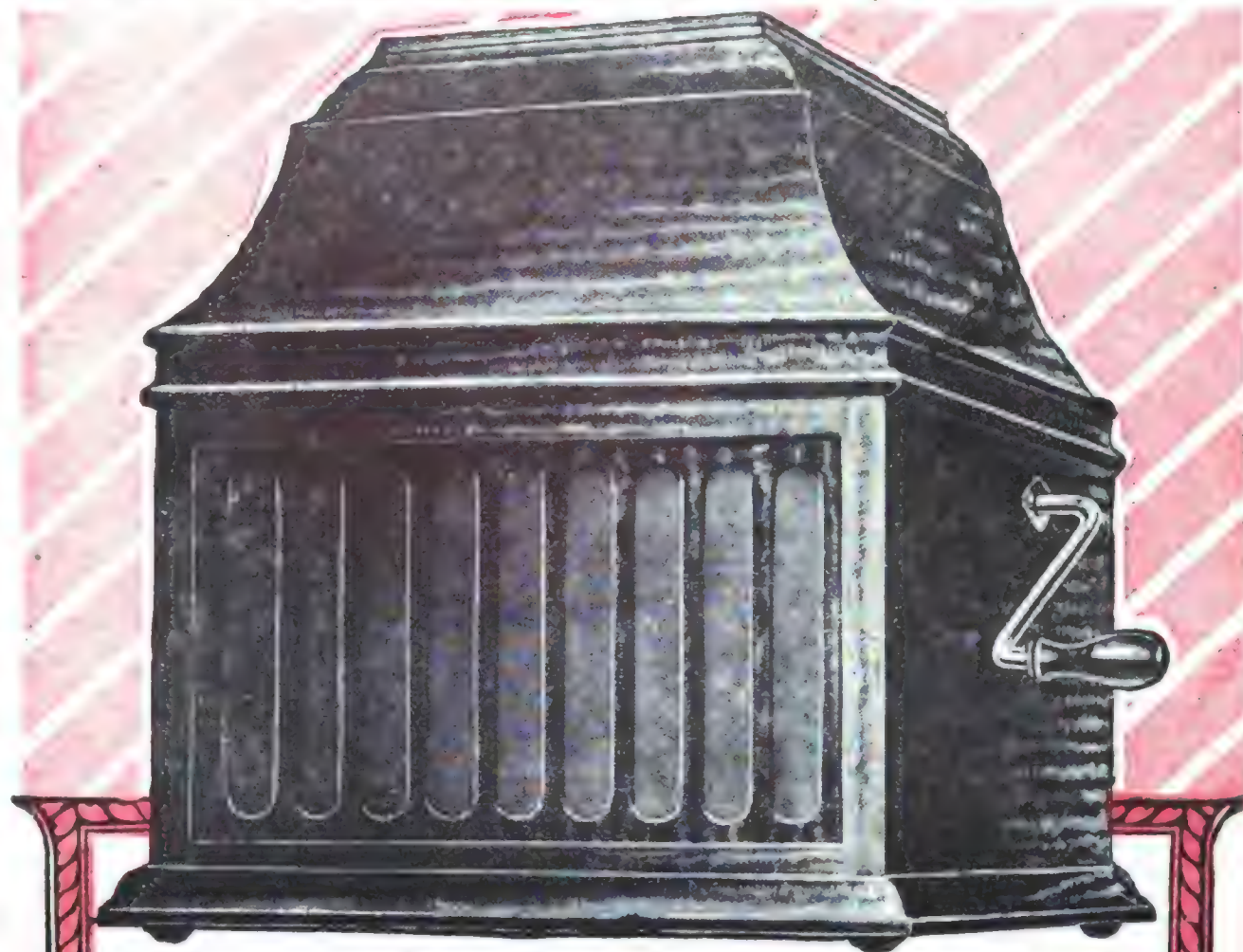
Any new interest will be good for both of you. It may keep you from brooding and also help him to forget this woman. Invite company to your home. It brightens home and makes you seem attractive and keeps the nurse in the background.

Again I say such fascinations often amount to nothing. The good, true wife, by making herself as sweet and lovable as possible, wins entirely and the other is forgotten.

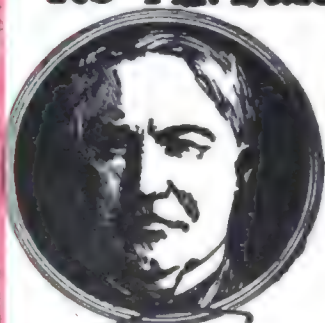
I wish you happiness, my dear.

A FRIEND.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)



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THE world's greatest inventor has made the music of the phonograph life-like, at last. Success—after years of labor on his favorite invention! Read our offer on his wonderful new phonograph. Now that you can have the best on this liberal offer, you need no longer be satisfied with anything less than Mr. Edison's great instrument. Write at once.

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Let us send the New Edison Amberola to your home on trial. Entertain your family and friends with your favorite records—everything from Grand Opera to the latest city song hits. Comic Vaudeville and roaring Minstrel Shows—then, if you choose, send outfit back to us at our expense. But if you wish to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument, pay at the rate of only \$4.00 a month. Don't miss this wonderful offer. Send the coupon today—now.

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Letters and Photographs

Forty-two Furs—\$125.25

My neighbor boys were trapping and making money, so I thought I could do just as well. It



\$125.25 EASY MONEY FOR HIM.

being the last part of November, I thought I would give it a start. I bought one dozen traps and it was not long before I caught skunks, possums, etc. Then I got interested in trapping and bought a dozen more traps and began setting them. Well, it

(CONTINUED IN LAST COLUMN.)



COMFORT'S Fur Forum

COMFORT trappers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired about trapping or marketing furs. Questions will be answered in these columns free by a recognized trapping authority of America. All questions must be signed with the writer's full name which will not be published if the writer so requests. Address Trapping Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Questions Answered

R. A., Texas.—The fur firm you mention is one of the advertisers in COMFORT and is thoroughly reliable, the same as any of the others who solicit shipments of pelts through our columns. Give them a trial. (2) Skunks generally throw a small amount of odor when caught in steel traps although sometimes they do not. However, by not exciting the skunk and civet, they usually can be killed with a minimum of smell. The odor may be removed from the clothes, hands or pelt by thorough washing in gasoline. Do this outdoors to avoid danger from fire. Do not confine the fumes. Be sure they are evaporated before coming into the house, barn, etc., especially close to heat or fire.

O. H. W., Pa.—It is almost impossible to state which animals are the most profitable to trap in Pennsylvania. The choice, no doubt, would lie between skunk and muskrat, depending upon the locality. However, with fur prices "sky high," almost any boy in the rural communities can make his spending money for the entire year with a few steel traps in spare time. Read in COMFORT's book on trapping, sent free, how the boys caught the animals. Write for it. Ship furs as soon as they are ready for market whether the lots are large or small. In this way one takes no risk of prices lowering. The average trapper cannot afford to gamble with his catch.

V. A., Wash.—There are so many things to guide a trapper regarding dens of various animals that space does not permit going into details. Perhaps the most important is the location; that is, muskrat burrows would not be upon a hill far from water, etc. Then there are the tracks, signs and droppings. These should be studied. A reading of the books on trapping put out by the various fur firms that advertise in our columns will be worth while. Send for them. They are free. Do not overlook the articles that appear in COMFORT, either.

E. E. E., Cal.—Snare for small animals may be made from stout cord or fine flexible wire. It would be better for you to employ steel traps as they are far more effective and cost so little. Even the expert rarely employs a snare, and for this reason beginners ought not to waste their time with it when after the valuable pelts.

Q.—Where do the scent bags of skunk and civet lie?
A.—These are at the root of the tail.

Q.—Is there danger of cutting into them?
A.—Yes, skin around the sacs, leaving a small patch of fur. By so doing, the skins are not damaged.

Q.—What kind of an animal is Hudson Seal?
A.—This fur is the common muskrat you catch—certain quality skins well furred and thin pelt (leather)—which are sheared, dyed and electrified. The name "Hudson Seal" is one given by the manufacturers. The furs resemble the real seal and only a good judge can tell the difference.

Q.—Where can one get skins tanned?
A.—Do not tan skins for shipment to any of the fur houses. If you want to have the pelts made up into garments, employ some custom tanner to do the work. Never try to tan at home. Usually it is a failure and furs are too high now to have them ruined.

Q.—Are ground hogs good fur?
A.—No. There are firms who claim to make them into coats, etc., but most are agreed the pelts are so poor that tanning is a waste of money. The skins are mostly hair.

Q.—What are coon tracks like?
A.—They resemble the imprints of a small baby's foot.

Q.—Mention a good bait for mink.
A.—Muskrat flesh is one of the best natural draws. Rabbit is all right also. Fish, frogs, etc., serve, too.

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Rogers Prices Must Satisfy You or You Get Your Furs Back All Charges Prepaid And No Questions Asked.

Ship to Rogers for Guaranteed Satisfaction on fur prices. Use the tag below and Rogers will hold your furs separate for seven days after he sends you his BIG MONEY CHECK. If you are not satisfied, send the check back and Rogers will return your furs All Shipping Charges Paid. Did you ever hear of a fairer deal than this?

Note the Big Prices Rogers Pays On Furs. All Other Skins Equally High According To Grade.—Rogers Deducts No "Extras."

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Mink
\$16.00

Skunk
\$10.00

St. Louis World's Best Fur Market.

Raccoon
\$10.00

Rogers—St. Louis For Best Returns.

Wolf
\$35.00

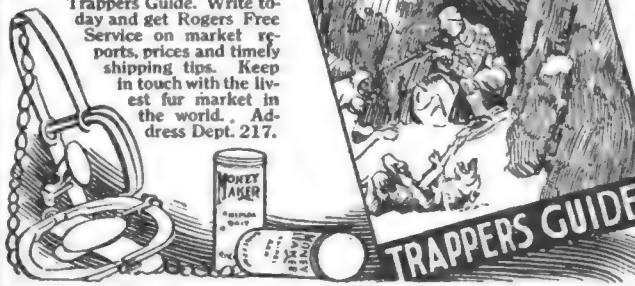
Red Fox
\$35.00

Opossum
\$3.00

Above prices were actually realized in St. Louis recently for best kinds of furs named and other kinds in proportion.

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Latest, most complete work of its kind. No trapper can afford to be without one. Brimful of facts on handling and shipping that save dollars for you. If you trap at all trap right and get all that's coming to you. Get the Free Rogers Improved Trappers Guide. Write today and get Rogers Free Service on market reports, prices and timely shipping tips. Keep in touch with the live fur market in the world. Address Dept. 217.



Above prices are present values for best skins from best sections. Rogers guarantees to pay fullest value at all times for all skins from other sections.

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609 Funsten Bldg. ST. LOUIS, MO.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST COLUMN.)
wasn't long before trapping law closed—February 1. I caught 25 skunks, 1 mink, 10 opossums, 7 muskrats.
I gathered all my furs together and hung them in our summer kitchen. They certainly did look pretty. Then I sent them off, and received \$125.25, some money for one season's catch!
GEORGE WENNERMANN, Ohio.
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)



When Johnny has the Croup!

That's a cough with a croupy rattle, so hurry for the Musterole and rub it in right over the chest and neck. How it will tingle at first and then grow ever so cool. And how it will reach in and penetrate right to the spot! It will dissipate all the stuffy congestion which causes that hacking cough.

Why shouldn't grandmother swear by Musterole for colds and coughs? It is better than a mustard plaster—good as that was in the old days. And the explanation is this:

Musterole is made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It penetrates under the skin, down to the part. Here it generates its own heat, and this heat disperses the congestion. Yet Musterole will not blister. Musterole, on the contrary, feels delightfully cool a few seconds after you apply it.

Try Musterole for Bobby and Helen and Dorothy's croup—and for your own cough, too. Try it for rheumatism—it's a regular router out of all congestions. Always keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

30c and 60c jars—\$2.50 hospital size.

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No horses needed with a Kirstin Puller—no extra help required. One man alone pulls biggest stumps in 4 to 10 minutes. The wonderful Kirstin One-Man Puller pulls little, tough or green stumps as low as 5c each; also brush, hedges and trees. Cuts land clearing cost very close. Costs less to buy—less to operate. Weighs less—has greater strength—more power.

Get Our Big FREE BOOK Tells how to clear land quickly and economically. Guides you at every point. Worth many dollars to any farmer. Also get special proposition.

Kirstin One-Man Stump Puller

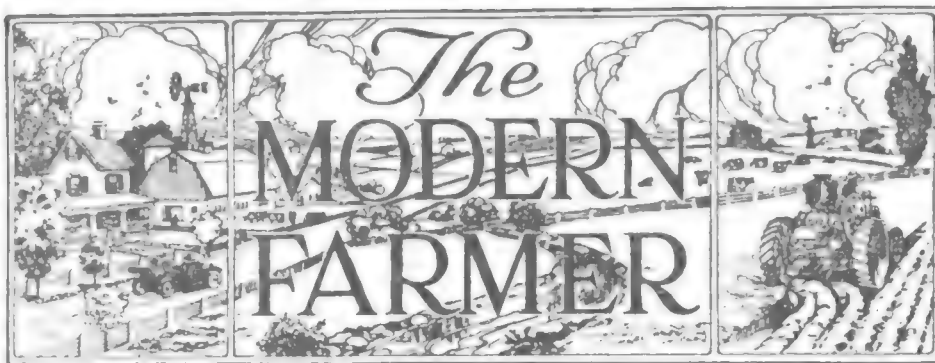
Works on wonderful leverage principle—gives one man giant's power. Its six speeds and patented cable take-up save time, cable and machine. All steel—three years' guarantee against breakage. Pulls acre from one anchor.

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How to Choose a Dairy Cow

There is nothing else so good for the growing child as milk. All young animals need milk. It is Nature's food for the young. Hence there will always be a ready market and an ever increasing demand for milk. The dairy business is the one line of farming not likely to be overdone. Get into the dairy business. If you can't own a herd, you can at least own a family cow.

The Kind of Cow to Keep

Amateurs should not make the mistake of buying pure bred cows. They cost so much that the risk is too great. Better buy cheaper cows. But don't buy "scrubs." "Scrubs" are dear at any price. Buy good but do not pay any fancy prices for them. High priced stock is only for those who know the business thoroughly and who are willing to take large risks. Better buy heifers than old cows. In buying heifers you have equal chances with the seller. Neither one knows what the young heifer will produce. But in buying old cows the buyer is always at the seller's mercy. The buyer gambles on the seller's "sure thing," that is if the seller is a good dairyman and knows his business.

What Breed to Choose

There are many breeds of dairy cows, each having peculiar advantages over the other. THE HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN are heavy milkers, in fact the heaviest of all breeds. They are large cows and eat large quantities of rough feed. But, their test is low. The lowest of all breeds. For a cheese factory or condenser cow, they cannot be beat.

THE JERSEYS are the smallest cows and the lightest milkers, but they give the richest milk. For a family cow where the land is so limited that but a single cow can be kept the Jersey is the most desirable. They make fine pets and require less feed and pasture than larger cows.

THE GUERNSEY breed falls in between the Holstein and the Jersey both in amount of milk given and the richness of it. They are very beautiful cows of average size and are especially fine for city milk supply animals. City customers are always satisfied with rich yellow Guernsey milk.

THE Ayrshire cow is the favorite with the Scotchman and more nearly resembles the Holstein than the Guernsey. They are rather small cows and for their size give a large quantity of milk a little richer than the Holstein but not so rich as the Guernsey.

THE BROWN SWISS cow looks a little like the Jersey and gives milk a little richer than the Holstein but not so much of it. They are very quiet cows and stand "roughing it" better than any other breed.

But there is so much difference between the individual animals within any one breed that the problem of selecting cows becomes one of selecting individuals rather than of choosing a breed. Of course, one must first decide what breed he intends to keep, but the real problem comes in selecting the cows.

How to Know a Good Cow

All good dairy cows, no matter what the breed, have four characteristics that the buyer should know. They are:

1. Good health.
2. Good feeding capacity.
3. Large milking capacity.
4. Reproduction power.

The expert can usually tell by looking at a cow about what she is in all four of these important points. After this is learned it is comparatively easy to pick out a good cow. This is the way it is done:

FIRST LOOK FOR INDICATIONS OF GOOD HEALTH. The two things most feared by the dairyman are tuberculosis and contagious abortion. Tuberculosis can only be detected by the tuberculin test unless the animal is very sick from it. Then its poor health is indicated by a dull eye, a rough, staring coat, poor flesh, a hacking cough, running from the nose, and a general run down condition. Good health is shown by bright eyes, sleek hair, fair flesh and a general thrifty appearance.

If no young calves are seen on the place, contagious abortion can be suspected. There is no other easy means of detecting it.

NEXT LOOK FOR FEEDING CAPACITY.—A good dairy cow must eat large quantities of feed to make milk. She therefore must have a large "middle" or barrel as it is called. It should not be "slab-sided" but roomy, full and large. Then look at the nose and mouth which should be large and wide. The eye should be bright but mild, the neck thin, and the back bone prominent.

MILKING CAPACITY NEXT IN LINE.—Heavy milkers always have large udders and large, prominent and crooked milk veins. The teats should be uniform in size and the udder evenly balanced in the four quarters. A small teat or a shrunken quarter indicates that the cow is a "three-teater."

A fat cow is seldom a good milker, that is, if she is fat at the same time that she is milking. A cow can't put her feed on her back and into the pail at the same time.

Will She Reproduce?

If one is building up a dairy herd he wants his good cows to produce calves equally good or better. How is he to know this in a cow?

If she is well marked, that is, if she closely resembles any one of the leading herds, the buyer can know that she is well bred, and if she is well bred she will produce calves like herself if bred to a sire of the same breed. This is the only way that he can know from appearance what she can reproduce.

If herd records have been kept, the buyer should ask to see them. Good producing cows are likely to reproduce heifers that are good producers. If the purchaser will keep these four points in mind, they will be of great assistance to him in selecting dairy cows.

Why Clover Fails

There are four main reasons for failure of the clover crop. They are: Poor seed, winter killing, sour soil and nurse crop. The latter is probably the most frequent cause of failure, though in the colder sections winter killing is a close second.

Poor Seed and Poor Seeding

In many states the law requires the labeling of seed both as to its purity and its germination power. Even then the farmer must be very careful in order to get good seed. Many noxious weeds, particularly Canada thistle, dodder and ox-eye-daisy, are introduced in the seed. The farmer should carefully examine seeds he intends to purchase with a magnifying glass to be sure that he gets no weed seed. He should also get a small sample and test the germination of a hundred seeds on a wet blotter placed between two pie tins—one inverted over the other. By this method he can tell in six or seven days whether any sample of seed he is testing will grow or not and exactly what percentage. He can also learn by the vigor of growth and the size of sprouts whether it is strong or weak seeds. In these days of high priced clover seed there is much poor and old seed on the market—some of it too poor and old to sow.

Winter Killing

No one knows exactly why clover winter kills because there are several reasons such as the freezing and thawing heaving the soil and breaking the roots, ice sheets smothering the plants, excessive cold on bare fields and weak, sickly plants unable to stand the cold of a severe winter.

The best remedy for all of these is a heavy blanket of vigorous growing plants on the field at the time winter sets in. This holds the snow, helps to keep the ground warm and thus protects the roots against severe cold. It is important for the success of a clover field that it goes into the winter in good shape. This means that it must get the right start in the spring.

The Right Nurse Crop

Much depends on the nurse crop. Clover is usually sown with oats at the usual rate of seed. Two mistakes—the wrong nurse crop and too much seed.

Oats is a heavy feeder and at time of ripening uses enormous amounts of water. This robs the young clover of both food and moisture. If clover must be sown with oats it should be sown at about one half the usual rate of seeding in order to give the clover a chance; Then if when the oats begin to ripen a dry spell is coming on, the oats should be cut at once for hay, leaving the moisture in the soil for the use of the young clover plants. Who has not noticed how much more vigorous the clover growth when the oats have been cut green for early feed! Barley sown at the rate of one bushel to the acre is a better nurse crop than oats. Rye is even still better.

Lime Helps Clover

When clover fails to grow the soil is often sour. Sour soil is indicated by the growth of sorrel and "horse tails." It is easily determined by the use of the litmus paper test frequently described in these columns.

Clover will not grow well on sour soil. The remedy is the use of ground limestone, from two to four tons to the acre depending upon whether the soil is very sour or not.

The farmer who succeeds best with clover tests his soil for acidity, buys carefully selected seed, uses rye or barley for nurse crop because they are off the ground before dry weather begins and this leaves a fine vigorous growth of clover in the ground by the time winter sets in.

The Fruit Garden

Every farm should have a fruit garden. Likewise the family which has no more land than a town lot, we say, should have a fruit garden, and here's the reason:

During the war the commercial fruit grower was often "up against it." Fruit—a perishable product—must be handled quickly. It must be properly handled—rushed through to destination—iced—placed in cold storage and quickly distributed, as a rule. This is particularly true with berries. But the government needed the cars and the railroads. To save themselves, fruit growers had to resort to canning. Large numbers of fruit canneries were built and the canned fruit industry has become a pronounced success. New fruit products in the form of jellies and marmalades have made their appearance. All these canned and preserved products are easily stored and can be kept indefinitely. Hence, fresh fruits have become scarce and relatively high and in all probability will continue to be.

This is why you should have a fruit garden.

What to Grow in Your Fruit Garden

What you will grow depends upon the land available. The town lotter, that is the city or village man who owns a plot of land sixty by one hundred and twenty feet, can have on this land both a fruit and a vegetable garden of sufficient size to grow practically all the fruit and green vegetables used by a small family. This is what he can have in the way of fruit:

Two apple trees, two cherry trees, six currant bushes, six gooseberry bushes, six blackberry bushes, six raspberry bushes, a half dozen pie plants and from fifty to a hundred strawberry plants. This much the town lot gardener can have. Of course the regular farmer will want much more.

How to Arrange the Fruit Garden

By careful planning all the above can be put on a lot of the size mentioned and still have left a space at least forty by sixty feet for vegetables. The fruit trees can be planted in a row and placed fifteen or twenty feet apart. The currant and berry bushes in another row—ten feet away and placed five feet apart in the row. Or a different arrangement is possible with the small fruits placed between the apple and cherry trees. The strawberries for the first two years at least can be grown in the spaces between the rows of other fruit.

In a favorable season of full bearing it will be possible to harvest from one to five bushels of apples, a bushel of cherries, a half bushel each of currants, blackberries, raspberries and gooseberries—and a hundred quarts of strawberries with pie plant "galore" from the above garden.

Ever-Bearing Varieties Good

The ever-bearing kinds of strawberries and raspberries are both good. The quality of these berries is exceptionally fine and they both bear through a long season. While the amount ripe at any one time is never large, there is usually enough ready for a meal. However, in strawberries the bed should not be made up wholly of ever-bearing if any of this fruit is desired for canning. The apples, cherries, currants, goose-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

Down Go ENGINE PRICES

In the face of rising costs, I have reduced engine prices. By increasing production, making my factory the largest, selling direct to user, I build engines for less and give you the benefit.

90 Days Trial Guarantee

You have 90 days to try the OTTAWA and you are protected by my liberal ten year guarantee. Sizes 1 1/2 to 22 H.P. Cash or Easy Terms—make engine pay for itself while you use it.

2 H.P. \$39.95
3 H.P. 34.95
4 H.P. 39.95

OTTAWA ENGINE CO.
1276 King Street
OTTAWA, KANSAS

Right Out of Your Own Smoke House

Don't Sell All Your Hogs!

Save enough for your own use and smoke your meat and fish in the National Giant Smoke House. This wonderful smoke house is portable. Can be operated in and out doors. Burns on sawdust, coke and little bark for seasoning. The

NATIONAL GIANT PORTABLE SMOKE HOUSE

Is a 6 Years' Success
Thousands in use in U. S. and foreign countries. Positively best way to smoke hams, bacon, etc. After smoking meats, use for store houses. Made in 3 sizes of heavy sheet steel. FULLY GUARANTEED.

Send for FREE Book of prize-winning recipes, low prices, full details. Invested in PORTABLE ELEVATOR MFG. CO., 374 McClum Street, Bloomington, Ill.

WITTE DRAG SAW

Get Latest Drag Saw Prices

Direct From Factory

A complete power plant for log sawing or ice sawing. Arm Swing leverage and latest improvements. Simple, safe, easy to operate. Engine easy to handle. Saw stays idle until you push the clutch lever. Starts slow or fast. Adjustable stroke on saw—180 strokes a minute. Goes anywhere. Does the work of 10 men. Write for description and latest prices, free.

WITTE ENGINE WORKS

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3640 Empire Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Only \$2 DOWN ONE YEAR TO PAY

\$38 Buys the New Butterfly Jr. No. 2. Light running, easy cleaning. Use aluminum, durable. NEW BUTTERFLY. Superior over guaranteed a 10-time. No defects in material and workmanship. Satisfactory in first inspection and sold on 30 Days' FREE TRIAL and on a plan whereby they earn their own cost and more in what they save. Postal Brokers Free Catalog Folder. Buy from the manufacturer and save money.

Albaugh-Dover Co. 2182 Marshall St. Chicago

Save Half Shoe Costs

Yankee Steel Taps and Heel Plates Will Do It!

The wonderful new invention, Yankee Steel Taps and Heel Plates will do it. You can put them on in 3 minutes, right on your own foot—only a hammer needed. Makes Cent's Come Off any shoe last twice as long. Weight only 2 ounces. Flexible, springy. Costs less than leather soles. Complete set—Men's 75c; Women's and boy's 45c, postpaid. Money back on request. Send today. Dealers, Cobblers, Agents! Write for quantity prices. Increase your profits.

Shoe Shield Co., Inc., Dept. 37, Augusta, Ky.



"Every Old Timer Ships to Taylor"

Why do successful trappers choose Taylor, year after year?

Because this is a successful fur house—the only kind they want to deal with. Taylor knows how to sell their furs for best market prices. Tag your bundle today to Taylor!

Taylor
INTERNATIONAL FUR EXCHANGE
St. Louis, U.S.A.
ESTABLISHED 1871

We get top market prices and bigger returns for you because our experts always grade furs up. If a little expert handling will give your fur higher grading, we do it. Result? Better grading—bigger check for you—another Taylor regular shipper added to our long list.

Quick Cash Pay!

After you have worked hard for pelts, there's no excuse for your having to wait for your money. That is why we mail your check same day your furs are received and graded. No waiting—no disappointments.

Reliability!

Since Eighteen Seventy-One F. C. Taylor Fur Company has been paying highest possible prices for furs! Forty-eight years of playing square with boys and old trappers has built the Taylor reputation for reliability. And you must ship to an absolutely reliable Fur House to be sure of every penny your furs are worth.

Remember that Taylor of Saint Louis is the oldest Fur House in America. More than a million trappers have shipped to Taylor. Join that long list of satisfied trappers.

If you have never shipped to Taylor, make a shipment today and then you will always know where to ship for absolutely highest prices and gradings.

Ship Now!

Today—while fur prices are sky high—is the time to ship. More furs are coming in than we've ever seen before in any season, so no man knows when this high price market will break. Play safe! Tag your furs to Taylor today! Don't hoard! Don't delay! Ship whatever furs you have—one or a bundle—and get your check by next mail.

F. C. Taylor Fur Co.
International Fur Exchange
686 Fur Exchange Bldg.
St. Louis, U.S.A.

Send us your Coon, Skunk,
Muskrat, Mink, Fox, Wolf,
Opossum, Weasel, etc.

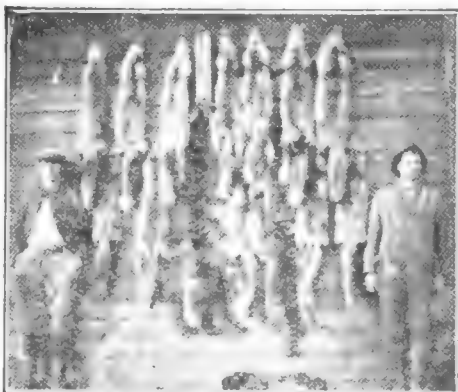


Letters and Photographs

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

Fox Trappers' Big Catch

In one week, with 20 traps set, we caught 12 fox and four coon. This catch brought us



THIS IS ONE WEEK'S CATCH OF FOX AND COON—GOT \$377.00 FOR SEASON'S WORK.

\$176.00. We own two fine fox hounds and with them we have shot 12 fox a head since trapping. We sold all our furs for \$377.00. We have had five years' experience trapping and hunting.
FRANK PILBIN AND C. BLANCHARD, Vermont.

Has 98.34 Clean Cash in His Pocket

This letter is to tell you how I trap the wise old fox. First of all, clean cotton gloves should be worn, which should be coated with bee's wax or rubbed in a good trail scent. I bury my traps about two or three weeks in the ground before I set them. I go in the woods where I know there are fox. I take a box or chicken coop and put two roosters in it, then I cut stakes about 2½ feet high and make a path from each side and end. I put the stakes about 3 inches apart in the row and make the path about 6 or 8 inches wide and 6 or 8 feet long. I then fill in between the paths with brush so that he cannot get to the box without going through the path. This very seldom fails to get him. Another way to get him is to go to a tree where a bough hangs over a stump, a rotten one preferred so as to make a place for the trap to set in, hang a chicken or rabbit on the bough right above the stump, so that he will have to get on the stump to get his bait. I use No. 2 Victor or Newhouse traps.

ALTON P. MANCK, Virginia.
P. S. I caught 12 foxes, 10 opossum and 6 muskrat. I sold them and got \$98.34, which is in my pocket.

Easy Money and Healthful Practice

My season's catch consisted of 5 mink, 6 muskrat, 1 raccoon, 7 opossum.
I sold 4 muskrat, 1 raccoon and 2 opossum to a local buyer, for which I received \$8.00—seven pieces—which had fine fur, too, and I shipped 10 pieces to a fur company advertising in COMFORT, for which I received \$24.25, over three times the amount which I received from the local buyer.

It pays to ship your furs to a good fur house. My methods of trapping are as follows: I find



TEN DAYS' CATCH.

a good place where animals travel and set my traps in their runs. For fear the animal may pass my trap, I just leave one path, and for 4 or 5 feet on each side I pile brush, and when Mr. Mink or Mr. Coon comes along he is sure to go the path and gets caught. This applies to all kinds of animals.

Between a fence and a creek is a good place for this. If an animal travels in water along the edge of the bank, lay a stick in such a position as to make him walk over the trap. Place trap between stick and bank.

Yours truly,

J. B. OWEN, Tennessee.

His Hobby Is Muskrat

My season's catch consisted of 17 muskrats, 6 skunks and 6 opossums, which I sold for more

YOU TOO CAN BE A SATISFIED FUR SHIPPER

Like thousands upon thousands of others, you too can be a satisfied Fur shipper if you will ship your furs direct to "SHUBERT." Prices are higher than ever before.

It's up to you to get the full market value for every skin you ship. Don't be misled by high quotations. It's not the prices quoted in a price list that count—it's the amount of the check you receive that either makes you smile or swear. "SHUBERT" checks will make you smile. That's why Fur shippers never change after they have once given "SHUBERT" a trial. Join the happy crowd of satisfied Fur shippers. Ship your furs direct to "SHUBERT." You take no risk. "The Shubert Guarantee" protects you absolutely. Why not give "SHUBERT" a trial today?

A.B. SHUBERT, INC.
The Largest House in the World
Dealing Exclusively in
AMERICAN RAW FURS
25-27 W. AUSTIN AVE. DEPT. 45 CHICAGO U.S.A.

than \$40. The highest price I received for the muskrats was \$2, the opossums \$2, and skunk \$5. A greater part, of course, sold for less.

I consider the above very good for week-end



WHEN A SKUNK IS CAUGHT HE MUST NOT BE EXCITED.

trapping, as I attend High school in a nearby town, which occupies five days out of a week of my time.

My pet hobby is the muskrat. I hunt along the creek banks until I find a slide or other signs. I then set a trap about two inches from the bank and stake it out in the water so the animal will drown.

In setting traps for skunk and opossum I find a den inhabited by these animals and I make my set with the greatest care, leaving as few signs of my visit as possible.

When a skunk is caught he must not be excited. If possible catch him by the tail and hit him in the neck, right back of the head, by which, if done with care, the disagreeable odor may be done away with.

The skinning, stretching and drying are very important if the top prices are realized. Then the furs must be shipped to reliable firms. (Firms that advertise in the COMFORT can be depended upon.) I inclose with this letter several snapshots of my last shipment, which was made in the first part of February. One important thing to remember is that prime furs bring the most money, so one ought not to commence trapping too early or to continue too late. (Dec. 15 to Feb. 1 is the best time.) GLEN W. DELAVAN, Kansas.

Trapped Fifty Years

I have been trapping for the last 50 years and am now 78 years of age. I sold my furs for \$70.25 for the first lot and \$30.15 for the second lot. I find the best scent for skunk is to break one half dozen rotten eggs in a fruit jar and shake them up and put a few drops on the bait. A skunk will come as far as he can smell it; good for opossum, too. I am sending you a photo of part of my season's catch, 11 skunk, 4 opossum, 2 ground hogs, with me and my dog.

J. A. B. MILLER, Pennsylvania

Our Money is more than a match for your RAW FURS

Our competitors say we bid too high—but that's the way we get the most shipments—when the demand is heaviest. We turn over money over several times while our competitors are doing it once. That's why we can and do pay the highest prices. That's why we are so generous with our grading. That's why we charge no commissions. That's why we pay spot cash the day the goods arrive—and that's why our business is growing by leaps and bounds. If you want this kind of a square deal send for our price list at once—today — it's FREE.

DAVID BLUSTEIN & BRO.
196 West 27th Street New York City
THE CENTER OF THE WORLD'S FUR INDUSTRY

PFAELZER PRICES

must not be confused with "highest" prices or with "highest market" prices

Pfaelzer Prices are New York's TOP prices PLUS for your

RAW FURS

AND NEW YORK PRICES ARE THE HIGHEST PAID ANYWHERE ON EARTH.

The House of Pfaelzer will forfeit

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rather than jeopardize its reputation for being the biggest booster of Raw Fur prices, for allowing the most genuinely liberal gradings, for charging no commissions and for paying spot cash. You cash in big every time you ship to Pfaelzer, for there's extra money waiting for you.

FREE Send today for the remarkable new Pfaelzer Price List THAT'S the document that proves louder than words how determined is the House of Pfaelzer to get your shipments and get them quick.

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Raw Furs Wanted I sell direct to manuf., pay top prices and you will find me square. SIPLEY, THREE BRIDGES, N. J. GEO.

RAISE BELGIAN HARES
New Zealand, Flemish Giant and Carina breeds large. We supply stock and show you how to sell all you raise, also Mink, Skunk, Fox, etc. Book "COMBINE RABBIT RAISING AND 75 PAGE SMALL STOCK MAGAZINE" tells how. Write, NAME FREE. STALL'S OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE CO., 899 Gumbel Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Both 150 EGG INCUBATOR
CHICK BROODER
 Made of Galv. Redwood shales
 and covered with copper
 regulation, complete, ready to use
 10 day trial—money back if not
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Incubator Co., Box 21 Racine, Wis.

New Kind of Hatcher

Results revolutionized! Built round like hen's nest.
 No cold corners. Takes only 3 minutes' time a day.
FREE BOOK describes 10 wonderful features.
 Mail postal today before you forget.
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Make Big Money Raising
FLOWERS
 Turn the fence corners of your
 back yard into a flower garden
 and clear \$100 to \$200 extra money
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 seeds, tools, and a complete manual
 about it. Little time required
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Just your name, and we will send
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Old Gold, Silver and Jewelry Bought Highest
 prices paid. Cash by return mail.
Jewelers Bureau, 150 Nassau St., New York.

KODAKERS—Attention!

3x10 Mounted Enlargement, Prepaid \$39
 Send Negative. Excellent Devel. & Ptg.
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 at home. Wonderful moving picture machine,
 complete with projector and 5 sets reels,
 all different (50 views). Powerful lens, show-
 ing large, clear pictures. Given for selling 20
 large colored pictures, or 20 packages beautiful
 cards at the each. Order choice today.
GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 825 CHICAGO

CARDS, D. H. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.

FORD CAR GIVEN

Solve This Puzzle. Win Fine Prize
 9 23 1 14 20 The figures rep-
 20 16 23 9 14 resent corre-
 sponding letters
 in the alphabet.
 Figure 1 is A, 2 is B
 and so on. The two figures spell
 four words. What are the words?

To Men, Women, Boys and Girls
 All can share in these EASY-TO-WIN prizes. Send the four
 words on a slip of paper with your name and address. Besides the
 Auto I am going to give away Phonographs, Bicycles, Gold Watches,
 Silverware, etc. and cash prizes. Send your answer. Win the Auto.
Duane W. Gavford, 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 30, Chicago

Poultry Farming For Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

a washing machine, and anybody with ordinary common sense can run them successfully, and raise chickens that will be just as strong and physically perfect as any hatched under hens. And what is more, it is not one half as much trouble to tend an incubator as it is to cater to the vagaries of setting hens. And last of all, there is the unquestionable advantage of being able to control the hatching season and raise chickens which will catch the highest market prices as broilers in April and May.

When the flock runs up to fifty and over, it is best to buy a machine that holds somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred eggs. Most of the leading firms make three or four different sizes, the smaller of which holds from one hundred to one hundred and twenty eggs. But the beginner, with only a few hens, will find a still smaller size, holding say fifty eggs, quite large enough.

All up-to-date incubators are such well made, perfectly adjusted machines, that any one with ordinary common sense can run them successfully by following the directions and providing one's self with a hygrometer, in addition to the thermometer which accompanies the incubator. For it is quite as important to gauge the moisture as the heat in the egg chamber. A hygrometer only costs about one dollar and fifty cents, and it does away with the most difficult problems amateurs have to solve in artificial incubation.

It is all very well for experienced poultry keepers to say that the amount of moisture can be gauged by the increase of air space at the end of the egg. But the poor amateur can't possibly know how much it should be increased from day to day, and so frequently makes mistakes which cost the lives of many chicks. But when you have this little instrument to tell you exactly what is happening, there is no guess-work.

Raising young chicks in the winter for what are termed early broilers is extremely profitable for those who can run it successfully. To commence on a large scale requires a large capital, but there are hundreds of men and women who have accommodation on their premises that will enable them to start in a small way, and by investing the profits from the first year will be able to obtain a really good equipment for the business. My start in this branch of poultry work was made with one incubator and two home-made brooders. In two years we were operating ten incubators, twenty brooders, and a house for the growing birds, one hundred feet long.

To convince yourself of the profit to be made out of early chicks, just look at the market quotations from New York, Boston, or any large city, on what are termed "Philadelphia broilers," and then consider what it would cost to raise a chick to the killing age. Or, to save you trouble, I will quote from some of my own past experiences.

White Wyandotte chicks, hatched in January, sold in March (when they weighed two pounds apiece) at thirty-eight cents a pound. Cost of keeping, not more than nineteen cents. Several of the same hatch, kept till June, weighed four pounds apiece, and sold at twenty-eight cents a pound. Cost of keeping, thirty-five cents. Last year, January hatched birds brought one dollar and fifty cents the first of April, and had cost forty-five cents. Birds of the same hatch caponized and kept till August brought twenty-five cents a pound, and averaged seven and a half pounds each; cost, sixty-nine cents. Are not such figures convincing?

The farmer can't grow good crops without plows and harrows. Accept the lesson, get an

incubator, and have good crops of eggs and chickens. It will pay you tenfold.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

C. A. C.—I fear the birds' deaths were caused by roup, which, as you probably know, is a very contagious disease. You did quite right, quarantining the sick birds, and the remedy you used has a very good reputation. But possibly you have a malignant form of the disease to fight. Better get ten cents' worth of permanganate of potassium at a drug store, dissolve two teaspoonfuls in a quart of warm water. For use, dilute one tablespoonful with three of water. Fill a small syringe and spray the throat and nostrils of every bird in the flock. Or, if you have no syringe on hand, add half a cupful of the original solution to a pint of water, put it in a small pan, and dip the entire head into it, holding it in the solution until the bird begins to sneeze and breathe hard. Repeat the treatment three times, allowing two days to elapse between doses. From your letter I take it that you take very good care of your poultry, and keep the house and fixtures clean, but as roup is a contagious disease, the house, drinking and feed vessels, and all fixtures should be thoroughly disinfected.

F. K.—There are several diseases which have been investigated and described as different because the bacteria which cause them differ in some of their characteristics. The symptoms and the changes which are seen after death are so nearly identical that it is only by studying the bacteria that any one of these diseases can be distinguished from the others. The treatment applicable to one is equally applicable to the others. For the practical purpose of combating these diseases together, it sometimes happens that this disease develops in poultry yards which are not kept clean, possibly because of the large number of germs which are taken into the bodies of the birds, but probably because they have acquired greater disease producing powers from growing in warm manure. When they begin growing in the tissues of fowls they soon increase their virulence, and the disease which they cause may rapidly spread from bird to bird until the greater part of the fowls are dead. The typical germ of fowl cholera has adapted itself more completely than have these germs to the common conditions of life within the fowl's body, so that it is strictly parasitic, and is only obtained from fowls which are affected or have been affected with the disease. That is, birds only contract true fowl cholera by exposure to contagion that originates in other birds that have or have had the disease. The cholera-like disease may, therefore, either develop in the poultry yard from unsanitary conditions, or they may be introduced by contagion carried by new birds which are added to the flock, by birds which have been to exhibitions, by wild birds which fly from one poultry yard to another, or by various animals, such as dogs, cats, rats, etc. Birds which recover from the disease may sometimes carry the germs and disseminate contagion for six months or a year after they are apparently well. The

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

Got 117 Eggs Instead of 3

Says One Subscriber

Any poultry raiser can easily double his profits by doubling the egg production of his hens. A scientific tonic has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "More Eggs." Give your hens a few cents' worth of "More Eggs," and you will be amazed and delighted with results. A dollar's worth of "More Eggs" will double this year's production of eggs, so if you wish to try this great profit maker, write E. J. Reefer, poultry expert, 3049 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., who will send you a season's supply of "More Eggs" Tonic for \$1.00 (prepaid). So confident is Mr. Reefer of the results that a million dollar bank guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied, your dollar will be returned on request and the tonic costs you nothing. Send a dollar today. Profit by the experience of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry.

Send Your Name and We'll Send You a Lachnite
 DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring or 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit \$4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends, wear the ring from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it, send us \$2.00 a month until \$10.75 has been paid.
Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the ladies' or men's. Be sure to send finger size.
Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 3049, Chicago

BOYS & GIRLS EARN A DOLLAR IN AN HOUR

Sell twenty-five packages each containing 50 Christmas Post Cards & Novelties for 10c. We Trust You. When Sold Send \$1.50. Keep \$1.00. Each package contains 5 nice Xmas Post Cards and 45 Xmas Tags, Stamps, Seals, and Enclosure Cards.

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4-POUND SILK BUNDLES
WONDERFUL SILK AND VELVET BARGAINS
 For Quilts, Fancy Work, Pincushions, Etc. Send 10 Cents for big package of large beautiful silk remnants including free quilt designs and agents' catalogues describing free quilt designs, vest, waist, hat, and other remnant bargain bundles, also instructions how to make money paid home by selling.
UNION S. WORKS, 207 FACTORY ST., MOONVILLE, N. Y.

Crying Baby Doll FREE
 She is an awfully Nifty Baby. You can hear her allover the house! Sounds just like a live baby. Wears a long white dress, and baby bonnet. We send her free, by parcel post paid, for selling only six easy selling jewelry novelties at 10c. each. We Trust you. Simply send your full name and address to JONES MFG. CO., DEPT. 246 ATTLEBORO, MASS.

CROWN YOUR TEETH
 with our gold filled shells and gold teeth. See samples dentists' work. Also give you the tooth, easily adjusted, removed at will. Price 10c. 1 for 25c. 12 for \$2.00. Agents' Price, 3c. for \$1.75. 100 for \$15.00.
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THROW YOUR VOICE

Learn to throw your voice into a trunk, under the bed, out in the hall or anywhere. Lots of FUN fooling the Teacher, Janitor, Policeman or Friends. The VENTRILLO is a little instrument that fits into the mouth out of sight. Anyone can use it. Never Fails. A 32 page book on VENTRILLOISM sent with the Ventrilo for 10c. and 2c. postage.

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CASH OLD FALSE TEETH
 We pay up to \$35.00 per set (broken or not). Also buy old gold jewelry, crowns, bridges & silver. Cash by return mail. Goods held 5 to 15 days for your approval of our price. **United States Smelting Works, Dept. 8, Chicago, Ill.**

FREE WATCH 5 year guarantee
 1000 Free prize watch and your guarantee. Just fill in 12 boxes 12. Month-November before at 10c. Great for kids, teens, young men. Hundreds of other premiums FREE.
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CARDS
 Send 5 cents for large Sample Album of Hidden Names, Silk Prints, Jokes, Friendships, Jokers, Love's and all other kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Premiums. Star Bean Catcher and list 800 Songs given free. No trash. **ONIC CARD CO., 5-14 Columbus, Ohio.**

25 Postals, Xmas, Birthday, Views, Flower, Lovers, etc. 10c.
 Silk Flag Free. Magnus A. Hess, 412 So. LaSalle, Chicago.

FREE
 High power air rifle for selling only 6 Boxes Mentha-Nova at 25c. Order today. **U. A. Company, Dept. 1, Greenville, Pa.**



DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

GRANDMA KNOWS What's Good for Coughs and Colds

FROM one generation to another, Dr. King's New Discovery, the old reliable remedy for Bronchial affections has been recommended.

Grandmother knows that Dr. King's New Discovery will stop the cough, quickly relieve the most stubborn cold and mothers find their children like this old remedy as well as grandmother said she did when she was a child.

A half century of use recommends it to you. Try it. 60c and \$1.20.

Your druggist sold it ever since he opened his store.

NOTE—Irregular bowels often result in serious sickness and disorders of the liver and stomach. Make them act as they should with Dr. King's New Life Pills. Keep the liver active—the system free from waste. 25c a bottle.

Are You A Woman Who Wants To Become A Better Cook—A Better Housekeeper?

If so, you need this new book just published by COMFORT.

It is, we believe, the most valuable, most helpful book for the American housewife ever written. For it will help any woman to become a better cook and a better housekeeper, and at a saving of money almost unbelievable in these days of high prices.

Its scores upon scores of tried and proven recipes call for only the most common, inexpensive ingredients, yet you will find them to be the most wholesome, appetizing, satisfying dishes ever eaten in your home. No grandmother of olden days ever made more delicious bread, pies, cakes and puddings than you can make with the aid of these prize-winning, money-saving recipes to say nothing of the waffles and muffins, turnovers and puffs, cookies and doughnuts, tarts and all kinds of toothsome pastry.

The secret of correct mixing proportions, with tables of cooking weights and measures, are described, as are also the right way to use eggs in cooking and the best methods of cooking and serving meat, fish, chicken, and all kinds of vegetables.

There are pages of special cooking hints—instructions on how to plan and prepare an economical breakfast, dinner and supper for the average family—what to cook for the sick—Christmas cakes and candies—Easter luncheons—how to keep food from spoiling in any weather—how to eliminate food waste by making use of "left-overs"—and other bits of helpful advice all contributed by women who are expert cooks and know what they are talking about. But this book is

More Than A Cook Book!

In it you will also find countless household hints and suggestions that will enable you to make, with your own hands, and at practically no expense, many new labor-saving devices for the kitchen and articles of needed furniture and decorative furnishings—you will learn how to have an efficient kitchen—how to save fuel, oil and gas—to care for, clean and conserve clothing and household utensils—to take "short cuts" in washing, housecleaning and the other hundred and one housewife's duties in the home.

It also explains how to prepare and can all kinds of meats, vegetables and fruits by steam pressure—

COMFORT'S Home Maker's Help and Family Guide

A Book For The Woman Who Believes In Good Cooking And Good Housekeeping



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how to can and preserve fruit in season, with special recipes for jam, jellies, etc., etc.—how to dry vegetables and fruit—how to salt, pickle and ferment green vegetables for winter use.

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BREAKS ALL RECORDS IN EGG PRODUCTION

Yes, the world's record in egg production was broken by 5 different flocks of hens in one month by the use of "TWO FOR ONE" egg tonic.

P. S. Siegrist of Logan, Kansas, the winner of \$250.00 the 1st prize given in our September egg laying contest reports that his 10 hens laid 299 eggs during the month of September, or 99.7%, almost a perfect score.

Mrs. E. M. Halsted of Strawberry Point, Iowa, winner of the second prize of \$100.00 has a record of 1466 eggs from 50 hens, or 97.7%—the winner of our 3rd prize of \$75.00, Miss Viola Smith of Udell, Iowa, received 810 eggs from 28 hens or 96.4%.

It is seldom that world's records are broken more than once in any event, but in this contest there were five individual poultry raisers who did this very thing.

The 4th prize was won by Mrs. E. W. Pingel, Pulaski, Wisconsin, whose record for September was 231 eggs from 8 hens or 96.2%, and the winner of the 5th prize, Judge A. R. Berryhill, Vada, Missouri, who received \$25.00, making a record of 1600 eggs from 56 hens or 95.2%.

These are the records of the first five prize winners in our September egg laying contest. Each of these statements was sworn to and witnessed before a notary public. They are only samples of the thousands of letters that are coming in to us from poultry raisers throughout every section of the United States who are amazed and astounded at the truly marvelous results obtained by using "TWO for ONE."

Nothing Like It in the History of Poultry Raising

September results in the great "TWO for ONE" \$5,000 egg production contest have astounded the whole world. Nothing like it was ever heard of before. Records are falling North, South, East and West. All of the best efforts of poultry raisers heretofore pale into insignificance when compared with results obtained from the use of the great poultry tonic.

World's Greatest Egg Producer

"TWO for ONE" tones up the flock. "TWO for ONE" makes laggards lay. "TWO for ONE" has been tried and tested in every state in the Union—was not put on the market until we were assured of results. "TWO for ONE" is sold under a positive guarantee—your money back if you are not satisfied. "TWO for ONE" keeps flocks healthy and prevents disease. "TWO for ONE" makes hens lay, even while moulting. "TWO for ONE" will beat the best your poultry yard has ever done. "TWO for ONE" will double, triple, may even quadruple your egg profits.

\$5000.00 EGG LAYING CONTEST

To encourage chicken raisers, stimulate egg production and introduce "TWO for ONE," the scientific hen builder and egg producer, we offer every user of this wonderful tonic the opportunity to enter our egg laying contest where the size of your flock matters not at all. Boys, girls, men or women may enter and all stand equal chance—no strings—no entry fee—no obligations—nothing to keep you from winning one of the magnificent prizes we are giving and at the same time get more eggs from your hens than you ever dreamed possible—making producers and real money-makers out of every single, solitary hen you own.

Remember these prizes are free to users of "TWO for ONE"—no strings—no entry fee—no obligation of any kind. All you have to do is to fill in coupon and give your hens "TWO for ONE." If you have only 10 hens you have the same chance as the owner of 1000, as the prizes are all awarded on a percentage basis. Open to all men, women and children:

35 PRIZES EVERY MONTH

We will give 35 prizes each month to the owner of the flock of hens producing the most eggs in proportion to the size of their flock for the months ending September 30, October 31, November 30, December 31, 1919, January 31, February 29, 1920. Winners will be notified on the 15th of each month. Read the following list of monthly prizes carefully:

1st Prize	\$250.00
2nd "	100.00
3rd "	75.00
4th "	50.00
5th "	25.00
10 next " each	10.00
20 "	5.00

Eggs All Winter

Now is the time to insure yourself an ample egg supply for the winter. Eggs are now selling at 75c to \$1.00 a dozen. Give your hens "TWO for ONE," the tonic that makes them stronger, healthier and better laying hens. Increase your egg supply and double your profits. The cost is small, the profits are large. Don't wait. Begin now. Get your hens into condition so that they will be laying all winter when your neighbor's hens have quit. This Tonic will be a greater profit-maker for you than you ever dreamed of. Order today and make every chicken you hatch a greater money-maker. The coupon is also your entry blank for the big contest, the price is only \$1.00 a box. This cost you 1-15 of a cent a day, per hen, or less than 1c a dozen for the additional eggs you will receive from your flock.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Don't take our word for it. Every box of "TWO for ONE" is sold under the distinct guarantee that if you are not entirely satisfied you get your money back. Take advantage of this offer and send in your order today, this will entitle you to an entry in the big contest which is absolutely FREE to all users of this wonderful tonic. Clip the coupon and mail now. It will mean greater profit to you—more eggs than ever before, a healthier and better flock and a wonderful chance to win a Ford automobile, a Victrola talking machine, Johnson incubator or cash. Do it today—now. The coupon is your first step toward a larger income.

KINSELLA CO., 169 LeMoyne Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
The House That Returns Your Money If Not Satisfied

NOTICE

Owing to the steadily increasing cost of the ingredients used in the preparation of our "TWO for ONE" tonic, we will be forced to increase the price when our present supply is sold. At the present time we are unable to state just when this will be, but it appears from the enormous demand now being made on us by the public for our tonic that the supply is likely to be exhausted in the very near future, our advice to poultry raisers is to lay in a large supply at the present market price and avoid the increase which is sure to come in the near future.

MAIL COUPON NOW

KINSELLA CO., 169 LeMoyne Building, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I want to increase the egg-laying ability of my hens, make more money out of my chickens and take advantage of the high prices that will be paid during the coming fall and winter. So please find enclosed \$..... for a box of "TWO for ONE" as checked below:

(Check in squares opposite size wanted:)

1 box.....\$1.00 ☐

SPECIAL OFFER

Box containing as much as three \$1.00 boxes.....\$2.00 ☐

(The above prices include war tax.)

This order entitles me to an entry in your prize contest, for which you are to send me full particulars and my money is to be returned if I am not entirely satisfied with the tonic.

Name.....

Address.....



Vapo-Cresoline
ESTABLISHED 1875

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Influenza, Coughs, Bronchitis.

"USED WHILE YOU SLEEP"

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vapo-Cresoline relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous cold. Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers. Cresoline relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria. It is a protection to those exposed. Cresoline's best recommendation is its 40 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet #24. Try Cresoline Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the Irritated Throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresoline. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, U.S. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLINE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada



Only \$2.75
Made to Express Measure Prepaid

AMAZING VALUE Remarkable guaranteed, made-to-order pants. Sample on request. All extra free!—full length, fancy pocket flaps, cuffs, etc. Regular \$5.00 value. Perfect fit and satisfaction guaranteed. Biggest bargain ever heard of. Go in business for yourself at our expense. Anderson made \$50 first week. Williams cleared \$32. You take no risk. We back you up. Send for big, complete outfit. Contains cloth samples, fashion tape, business cards, stationery, etc. Absolutely FREE. Earn big money taking orders from your friends and neighbors. Be your own boss. No experience necessary. Don't send a penny! We furnish everything and you can easily Earn \$35 to \$50 a Week and more. Have lots of money always. Geo. Edwards earned \$40 first week. So can you. Don't lose a minute. Write now. Send me big free outfit. Write Quaker, Dept. 55, THE OLD WOOLLEN MILLS CO., CHICAGO, ILL.



10 Cents
NORTH OF COMMON KEROSENE or Coal Oil will keep this lamp in operation for 50 HOURS and will produce 300 CANDLE POWER

No Wicks to Trim
No Smoke
No Smell

of the purest, whitest and best light known to science. Nothing to wear out or get out of order. Simple. Safe. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Send for catalog showing lamps for every purpose; also special introductory offer and agency proposition. Write today.

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AGENTS: \$10 a Day
NEW-KANT-KLOG COAL OIL BURNER



Nothing else like it. New-patented. Not sold in stores. Big seller. 100% profit. Most perfect burner ever invented. Absolutely safe. Can't clog up. Turns any coal or wood stove into a gas stove. Cheaper than coal. Popular price. Write quick for agency and territory.

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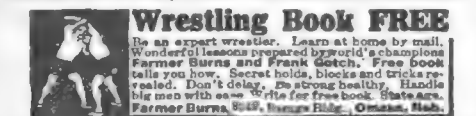
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What Sort of a Man Is He? Stanton's Encyclopaedia on Character Analysis, answers the question. Price \$6.00. AGENTS WANTED. Address DAVIS, Dept. G, 1914 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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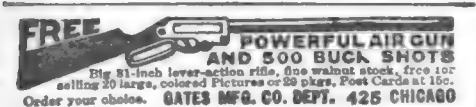
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Big 31-inch lever-action rifle, fine walnut stock, free for setting 20 large, colored pictures or 50 small. Post Card to 100. Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 425 CHICAGO



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The Comfort Closet for Homes, Factories, Stores, etc. A comfortable, sanitary, indoor toilet, entirely protected from cold, stormy weather.

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The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

berries and pie plant should furnish an abundant canning supply.

What to Buy

For the northern section the following varieties are all good and particularly hardy: Early apples: Yellow transparent Duchess, Whitney crabs and Tolman sweets. Late apples: Baldwin, Wealthy, McIntosh and Greening.

Cherries: Early Richmond and Montmorency. Currants: Perfection, Fay and Victoria. Gooseberries: Downing and Pooman. Raspberries: Ever-bearing, Cumberland (black caps) and Cuthbert (red caps).

Blackberries: Snyder and Rathburn. Strawberries: Progressive, Ever-bearing, and some local variety particularly adapted to your state.

There are many other varieties and some better adapted to certain localities, but these are the standard sorts whose adaptation covers a wide range of conditions.

Where to Buy

If you know of a seedsman or nursery agent with which you or your neighbors have dealt with satisfaction, buy of him. Poor stocks are often peddled by unscrupulous salesmen. Reliable dealers are not afraid to advertise their goods.

Consult your farm papers and other publications to learn who these men are.

What Does It Cost to Keep a Rat?

Have you a rat? Or maybe two or perhaps a whole litter of rats? If so, have you ever figured the cost of keeping a rat? A good healthy rat will eat two bushels of corn a year and spoil three more. At present market prices two bushels of corn are worth \$3.20 and five bushels are worth \$8.00. A nice little colony of ten rats in the corn crib will eat and destroy about \$80.00 worth of corn this year. Does it pay to keep rats?

How Idaho Has Got Rid of Ground Squirrels

The farmers of Idaho have been fighting ground squirrels, which are worse than rats in that state. They use powdered strychnine for this purpose. The "poison bait" is prepared by mixing two tablespoonfuls of gloss starch in one cupful of cold water and then stirring the cold starch into one pint of boiling water to make a thin, clear paste. Then two ounces of powdered strychnine is mixed with two ounces of baking soda in a little water and the whole thoroughly mixed with the starch water into a thin creamy paste. Then one half pint of corn syrup, two tablespoonfuls of glycerine and one tablespoonful of saccharin are dissolved in water and the whole stirred together. The whole mass is then mixed with twenty-four quarts of oats and scattered over the land near the holes, about a teaspoonful in a place. Of course the poison will kill pigs, chickens or other livestock if they are allowed to get at it.

Bait Hard to Make

The recipe for making the poison bait is rather complicated, but it is very effective. The sweet is used to make the bait palatable—the soda helps hide the bitter taste of the strychnine, the starch sticks the poison to the oats (or barley) and the glycerine prevents it from drying out and dusting off. It can be stored and kept for a long time.

Weeds Gather Fertility

The esteemed editor of one of our contemporaries has sprung a rather new suggestion relative to the fertility gathering function of weeds. He wrote that he had been busy mowing high weeds in the fence corners of his worked orchards and fields, and, by way of apology for their presence, stated that he believed such weeds gathered potash and other plant food from the ground in corners not utilized in any way and that this fertility might be applied to the soil where most needed by piling the cut weeds about the roots of orchard trees. His idea is that the weeds will rot and yield up their treasures of potash and other fertility to the growing, profitable fruit trees. That, no doubt, is so and heavy growth of green weeds plowed under are as good as some other green crops in supplying nitrogen. But clover and alfalfa, or sweet clover, gather far more nitrogen than ordinary fence corner weeds such as burdock, wild hemp, ragweed and milkweed. The fence corners may be dug and seeded and made to produce valuable soiling forage, or crops for hay, and we have seen many a fine squash or pumpkin produced in such corners where weeds were wont to grow. All things considered, a clean fence side and corners are to be preferred to weedy ones and if time and help allow, weeds should be kept down and other sources of fertility that are much safer, should be depended upon for plant food.

Soldier Boys Back to the Farms

To get back home—home to God's country—was the one overwhelming wish of every American soldier boy when the din of the world war ceased. And if that home happened to be on a farm, so much the harder did the longing tug at the heart-strings, and now we rejoice that most of the boys are enjoying their heart's desire. For all the splendor and gaiety of Paris did not wean them from their first love, nor were they tempted by sightseeing in many an overseas village and city to avoid going back to the land on their return.

Once it was a problem how to keep the boys on the farm; now you can't scare or chase the returned soldier away from it, for mother is there and the one best girl, and peace and quiet, plentiful, wholesome food and a downy bed for honest, work-tired bodies. And so we are told that 98.2 per cent of the soldier boys who came from farms are making a beeline for the old homestead, the shady swimmin' hole and all the loved, familiar scenes of boyhood's happy days when the wide world was a dream and war a thing unthought of. Colonel Arthur Woods, assistant to the secretary of war and chief of the employment bureau for returned service men, is authority for the figure quoted and he asserts further that of the 1.8 per cent of those who do not return to the farm, 1 per cent are physically disabled for heavy outdoor work.

Good luck to our farm boys who have come back to us! They cannot find a grander, safer, sweeter place to live than down on the old farm; and they are needed there, as are thousands of able-bodied men now unprofitably employed at irksome work in the cities.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

BEE CULTURE.—Kindly inform me where I can purchase a book which gives full details of raising and caring for bees. I have become interested in the subject through reading COMFORT.

H. W. L., Forest City, Iowa.

A.—Apply to the agricultural experiment station of your state for bulletin on bee culture and also to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Books on the subject may be ordered through any bookstore in your city.

PLANTING TREES.—Father has bought a farm and next spring we are going to set out fruit trees. Can you prescribe the right way to plant them? In what

month and how far apart should they be set? Is it all right to raise them from the seed or should we plant young trees? Kindly give me all information you can.

Miss C. G., Bloomington, Ill.

A.—We cannot give full information on such a subject in the space at our disposal. The nurseryman who supplies you with trees will give you full instructions, or you will find them in his catalogue, and in addition you should write to the state agricultural experiment station at Urbana for free bulletins on all farm matters, including tree planting, fruit culture and gardening. Hire an expert to plant the trees at the proper time in spring, according to the climate of your district. You may be able to learn from him how to do the work, but no person who has not had training or experience should attempt such work. We would also suggest that if a farmer's short course is to be given at the state agricultural college this winter you should arrange to attend.

ENSILAGE TOO DRY.—Following COMFORT's advice as to the value of corn ensilage, we built a silo and finished filling it a week ago, but the contents is getting moldy in places where it looks to be dry. The mold extends to the depth of about one foot. I put in about 50 loads of corn and while filling I put on quite a lot of salt and water, and when filled I added four or five barrels more of water. Some distance below the surface it is very hot. Do you think it should have more water added?

Mr. H. H., Irma, Wis.

A.—Your corn was too dry when cut into the silo. Add water when filling and tramp it down well. Pack close to keep from molding. You did the right thing in adding water but you didn't put on enough and did not pack your silage enough.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

first symptom is a yellowish coloration of that part of the excrement which is secreted by the kidneys, and which in health is nearly or perfectly white. Soon there is diarrhea, the droppings consisting of the whitish or yellowish secretions of the kidneys mixed with considerable thin mucus and a small quantity of intestinal contents which may have a yellowish, brownish or greenish color. There is a considerable fever, and soon after the bird is attacked it loses its lively appearance, separates itself from the flock, and appears dull, dejected and sleepy. It no longer searches for food, but sits with the head drawn down to the body or turned backward and resting in the feathers about the wing. The plumage soon loses its brilliance, the wings droop, the appetite is diminished, and the thirst increased; the comb and wattles may be a dark bluish red from engorgement with poorly oxygenated blood, or they may be pale and bloodless on account of the congestion of the internal organs, especially the liver. The affected birds soon become very weak, drowsy, and often sleep so soundly during the last day or two of their lives that it is difficult to arouse them. If made to move, they stagger forward for a few steps only in an uncertain manner and with dragging wings. The crop is generally distended with food and apparently paralyzed, and the feathers about the vent are soiled and sometimes pasted together with excrement. As death approaches, the weight and strength of the bird rapidly diminish, it breathes with difficulty, sits with its beak open, and the breathing may be heard some distance. Finally the weakness is such that the beak is rested on the ground, and a little later the bird falls over on one side, makes a few convulsive movements, and dies. In the very acute cases no symptoms are seen; the birds may be found dead under the roosts, or they may fall at the food trough and die in a few minutes. The cholera-like diseases often occur in a chronic form, which may follow an acute attack of the disease or may be chronic from the first. This form is characterized by a continually increasing weakness, loss of weight, bloodlessness, and finally an exhaustive diarrhea. Sometimes one or more joints of the wings or feet swell, the birds become very lame, and later the swellings break and discharge a creamy or cheesy mass which contains large numbers of the germs. These diseases may destroy the greater part of a flock in a week and then disappear, or they may linger for months, only occasionally killing a bird. The time between the exposure to contagion and the appearance of symptoms is from two to five days, and the duration of the disease is from twenty-four hours to ten days. The most characteristic changes seen after death are red spots on the surface of the heart, which gives it the appearance of having been sprinkled with blood, congestion and enlargement of the liver, and swelling of the spleen. The best method of treatment is to kill the sick fowls in such a way as not to spread the infection with their blood, burn or deeply bury their bodies, separate the remaining birds into small lots of three to five each, so that

when a bird is attacked there will not be more than this number exposed to it; then watch each lot so as to remove any sick bird as soon as symptoms appear. Disinfectants should be used in the houses and yards where the disease first appeared, and also in the small pens in which the separated birds are kept. If it is deemed advisable to treat the sick birds, they may be given two to four teaspoonfuls of a one half per cent carbolic solution twice a day. This is generally made by adding one part of the five per cent solution to nine parts of water. They should also be given buttermilk to drink. Generally, the best results are obtained by killing the sick birds and separating the well ones into small pens and giving to each one two doses of the carbolic solution daily for three or four days. The houses and yards should be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected before the fowls are returned to them, and should be kept very clean for some weeks afterwards to guard against a recurrence of the disease.

Wonderful Egg Producer

Any poultry raiser can easily double his profits by doubling the egg production of his hens. A scientific tonic has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "More Eggs." Give your hens a few cents' worth of "More Eggs," and you will be amazed and delighted with results. A dollar's worth of "More Eggs" will double this year's production of eggs, so if you wish to try this great profit maker, write E. J. Reefer, poultry expert, 3049 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., who will send you a season's supply of "More Eggs" Tonic for \$1.00 (prepaid). So confident is Mr. Reefer of the results that a million dollar bank guarantees if not absolutely satisfied, your dollar will be returned on request, and the tonic costs you nothing. Send a dollar today. Profit by the experience of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry.



Crawled—Now Walks

Infantile Paralysis caused the deformity. Two years after treatment at the McLain Sanitarium his mother writes: "When we took our boy to the McLain Sanitarium he had to crawl on his hands and knees; after six months treatment (Summer of 1917) he could walk alone. It is now two years since he took the McLain's treatments and he has continued to improve every day since he came home."

Mrs. C. D. Speidel, Hanoverton, Ohio

For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our book "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References," free. Write for them.

McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
990 Aubert Avenue St. Louis, Mo.



Exposures Such As This—
with their resultant aches, pains, rheumatic twinges, stiff muscles — are neutralized by a prompt application of Sloan's Liniment.

Sloan's Liniment keeps you fit as a fiddle for the daily duties of farming. Applied without rubbing, it penetrates to the ache, pain, soreness, bringing quick, comforting relief.

Good for live stock, too. Keeps them in good shape and increases their value. Corrects lameness, soreness and bruises. Kills Pain. The large size bottle means strict economy — six times as much as the small size.

Sloan's Liniment is always sold by DEALERS you know and can trust. Get YOURS today, 35c, 70c, \$1.40.

The Sloan's World's Liniment **KEEP IT HANDY**



Watch Your Child's Tongue!

Constipated Children Gladly Take "California Syrup of Figs"

For the Liver and Bowels

Tell your druggist you want genuine "California Syrup of Figs." Full directions and dose for babies and children of all ages who are constipated, bilious, feverish, tongue-coated, or full of cold, are plainly printed on the bottle. Look for the name "California" and accept no other. "Fig Syrup."—Beware!



It's that
"extra blanket"
at night

Because PISO'S brings comfort in midnight hours to those annoyed by coughs and inflamed throats or hoarseness.

A standby for 55 years. Have it handy in the medicine cabinet for use at the very first indication of throat trouble.

30c at your druggist's. Contains no opiates. Good for young and old.

PISO'S

for Coughs & Colds

THE ARMY TEST

Passing the doctors for the service was the first knowledge that thousands of men had that they were below par. The little pains and aches they were accustomed to were really warnings of physical weakness. Don't wait for serious trouble to develop. They may be the first warnings that your kidneys need help. Possibly gravel or uric acid crystals are beginning to form.

No matter, you can stop this at once. Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules will give almost immediate relief from kidney and bladder troubles, which may be the cause. Take them regularly and your pains and aches will disappear and you will be able to pass any test at any time. Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the laboratories in Holland, are pleasant and easy to take and are positively guaranteed to give prompt relief, or your money will be refunded; but be sure to get Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules, and accept no substitute. In sealed boxes, three sizes.



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a safe home remedy for skin troubles



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ARMS

4-POUND FIBRE LEGS—ON EASY TERMS.
Orthopedic Braces for All Deformities. Send for Booklet.
Roy Trautman, 457 Dean Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Talcott Treasure

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

sent," she declared, shaking her head positively. "Still, the thing's possible," argued David Muir. "Don't you see that it is? Even probable. And, if it isn't, nobody'll ever know. It's worth trying, don't you think?"

"Yes," hesitated Nancy. "I do think so—in fact, I'd be glad to. And, if she doesn't, I'll do it myself, that I will!"

"Bully for you, little pal!" exclaimed David Muir. "That's the stuff. You are not afraid? If you are, I'll help."

"No—oh, no—not a bit. But I must tell Eleanor first—maybe she'll consent, after all; she's nearly desperate, poor child, and no wonder; it'll kill her to give up this old shell, and she'll starve if she stays here."

That night, when the shades were drawn and the lamp flickered dimly in the big room, Nancy, shivering a little at the task before her, seated herself beside her friend and whispered: "Eleanor, something has come to me about the treasure—I believe it—it's buried!"

Eleanor sat bolt upright; her eyes glowing. "Where?" she breathed. "Oh, Nancy, have you thought where?"

"I believe," gulped Nancy, bravely, "I believe it's buried—in—that—little—unknown—grave!"

Then, before Eleanor had time to express the horror shown plainly in her eyes, Nancy went on breathlessly, tumbling over her words, eager to impress Eleanor before she had made up her mind to forbid the sacrilege.

"For you know, honey, it isn't at all probable that one of the slaves should be buried there, when their own graveyard was set apart for them—nobody knows how it came to be in your own cemetery. What could be more probable than for Colonel Talcott to think of that—of burying the gold in a grave, where nobody in the world would think of searching—unless they were vandals!"

"As we would be, Nancy," interrupted Eleanor, her eyes wide with horror. "As we would be—if we desecrated the last resting-place of the dead!" Her voice trailed off in a shaken whisper, choked with the thought of the awful sacrilege!

"Surely, if we knew it to be a grave, really and truly," agreed Nancy, promptly. "But we don't—we know it—it probably isn't, in fact."

"What on earth made you think of such a horrible thing, Nancy?" asked Eleanor, still wide-eyed, her voice still shaking.

"It—it just came to me," lied Nancy, bravely, "because such strange things happened in war-times, you know, and if you'll just think about it in an unprejudiced way, you'll realize that it isn't at all a sacrilege. You see, if we were to—come to—"

"A coffin," whispered Eleanor, tensely. "What should we do?"

"It would probably be rotted to pieces, in this long time—half a century; if there were—bones, why, we'd just cover 'em up, and nobody be a bit hurt—not a bit!"

"Nancy, Nancy, I can't," whispered Eleanor, with closed eyes, as if she would shut out the horror. "It's too awful to think about."

"Well, let me do it—I am not a bit afraid," declared Nancy, stoutly. "You know the grave is newly mounded—the earth is soft—while everybody is asleep tonight—the moon is full, you know—we—or I, will go and—try!"

"Not alone—Oh, Nancy, not alone—I won't let you," vowed Eleanor, bravely. "I consider it to be desecration—sacrilege, in fact; but if you will go, I'll go with you. The poor little pickaninny is in heaven, any way. If you will go, Nancy, I won't forbid you—and I'll go with you!"

"Well, don't speak in that Lady Macbeth tone," objected Nancy, greatly relieved at this decision, "we are not going to do a thing wrong by opening that mound. I don't for one minute believe it to be anything else, myself. Uncle Bahama said he didn't know how it came to be there—that it was just a kind of rise, so to speak, but that Old Miss took it in her head it was a grave of one of the servants, and made him keep it mounded up. You know he said so, Eleanor!"

"Yes, he did—but I don't believe a word of it—I believe it is a grave of some poor little nigger," denied Eleanor, stubbornly. "But I'll consent, Nancy—and never forgive myself afterwards, if we find—"

"We won't," cheered Nancy, optimistically, "you know, if they did open a grave to bury the treasure, they'd not go far—just deep enough to hide it well; they wouldn't begin to reach as far down as the—coffin."

Eleanor shuddered at the word, but she visibly brightened at Nancy's assurance. "Though I don't believe Uncle Talcott would have done such a thing," she declared, loyally. "He wouldn't have disturbed the resting-place of the dead, even of a poor little slave child. But, Nancy, if we don't find the gold this time, I'm going to quit searching for good—it's useless and foolish to

waste our time in such hopeless work. And you are going to be married, right away, and leave me with Uncle Bahama and Aunt Daphne. There's a public school a few miles from here, where the tenants send their children; maybe I can teach it, and make a living that way."

"You couldn't stand an examination, honey-child," objected Nancy; "teachers have to submit to an examination, these days. You don't know enough about text-books to train the young idea to shoot worth a cent—and they wouldn't want to learn shorthand, but a b a b s, you know."

"That is true," agreed Eleanor, soberly, "but I could study, you know, and fit myself for the examination—it won't be hard. And maybe somebody will want to learn shorthand and book-keeping. I think it will be a fine idea to teach a regular business-course, in connection with the school."

"There isn't a dozen children in these woods," objected Nancy, stoutly, "and they are not wanting a business course, I tell you! It's nonsense—sheer nonsense, to think of such a thing. If we don't find the gold you're going back with me, that's what you're going to do, young lady!" But Eleanor shook her head, with a pitiful little smile, that made Nancy's heart ache, for she knew that Eleanor would never leave her old, dilapidated shell of a home so long as she could keep starvation away from her doors—and the mule, though ancient and averse to labor, could be depended upon to cultivate corn enough for bread, while Daphne could raise a few chickens, and maybe they could manage to purchase a pig, for meat. She could only pray fervently that David Muir's "hunch" was correct—that they'd find the buried treasure instead of buried—bones!

Daphne and Bahama sat up late, always, for the aged require little sleep, and they loved to doze over their handful of fire, these two; Bahama smoking his corn-cob pipe, and Daphne comfortably knitting coarse yarn stockings for herself and her spouse; for knitting is work that does not require a good light and young eyes for its performance—Daphne could knit and dream and doze in the shadows with perfect ease.

It seemed to Nancy, impatient to be at work, that the light in the little house in the back yard would never go out; time and again she tiptoed cautiously out, to peer in at the uncurtained window and watch the old negroes, seated beside their hearth.

At last, just as the old clock on the mantel wheezed out twelve solemn strokes, Nancy saw, to her great relief, that old Bahama had banked the fire—the cabin was dark, therefore the old folks had gone to bed at last.

"Now, honey," said Nancy, as she came tiptoeing back to their own room, where Eleanor, wide-eyed and pale, waited tensely, "the coast is clear—we can get about our work and dig for gold at last!"

"And if we don't find it, this is the end," declared Eleanor, solemnly; "I'll never have the heart to search another day—it will be a sign that there is no use."

"All right," agreed Nancy, hastily, "I heartily approve your decision! Now hurry and let's be about our task—I have my flashlight, which will be quite enough with the moon, which is as bright as day outside."

Shivering, though the night was balmy, the two girls stole softly forth; in the tool-house they found a shovel and a spade, which Nancy boldly shouldered, though inwardly she quaked at the gruesome thought of the use for which she intended them. Eleanor offered to help, but Nancy refused to allow her to handle them—her turn would come later, she declared, when the two of them would be necessary for digging open the mound. Eleanor could take the flashlight, to show the way.

But no flashlight was needed, for the moon's silver rays bathed everything in their weird, supernatural light, making the trees and flower-bushes, and everyday objects seem mysterious beings whose shadowy arms waited to clutch them, when they should enter their enclosure.

A mocking-bird in a rosebush beside the gate raised its voice in a flood of nocturnal melody as Nancy laid her hand upon the latch; Eleanor gave a little sob of terror, and the brave Nancy involuntarily gasped, before she came to a realizing sense of the sound, and its nature.

"Sweet, isn't it?" she asked, cheerfully, but shakily, "I always love to hear birds at night, don't you?"

"Oh, my God, Nancy!" groaned poor Eleanor, with trembling lips, "I am frightened—let us go back—please, Nancy!"

"Boah!" scoffed Nancy, "never! Not for a bird—Oh, my goodness gracious! What—it's just a rabbit, Eleanor, a little, harmless rabbit that we've scared from his bed. Don't you see him?"

Plainly Eleanor saw the brown bit of fur, as it scampered away from the grass on the grave where it nestled, but when she controlled her voice sufficiently to speak, it was to declare, with hysterical firmness, that if another single thing disturbed them she would take it as a warning that their purpose was unholy, and go straight back to the house—she would not touch the grave! Not even if it hid untold wealth!

"Very well," agreed Nancy, resignedly, "if another thing—bug, beetle, frog or katydid dares utter a cheep, I'll go back!"

And, before a wandering beetle had a chance to whirl, heavy-winged, in the light of the moon, or a frog, hopping, wide-eyed, in the shadows to gulp down unwary insects that were awake, had time to utter a single croak; or even the katydids, sleeping in the treetops, momentarily quiet, could shrill their almost ceaseless tale of Katy's doings, Nancy boldly sent her spade crashing into the soft earth—newly mounded by old Bahama, a few weeks before, and still untouched by rain, for it had been unusually dry weather, and the shadow of the great tree protected it alike from the heat of the sun or the violence of storms.

Eleanor, seeing Nancy at work, tremblingly seized her own shovel, and clattered it with unused hand into the soft mound, biting her lips to keep from uttering a cry of terror as she did so.

It was ghastly—there was no doubt about it; but, now that they were busy, there was no time to heed the sights and sounds of the night—rabbits might scurry by, or birds sing, Eleanor's and Nancy's ears were deaf to them, hearing only the thud of the soft earth as they turned it up.

"We've got to put it back carefully, so that Bahama won't know," panted Nancy, as Eleanor's spade scattered the clay too broadly. "We'll sweep it up—he'll never notice a thing."

Soft odors from a night-blooming jasmine bush, disturbed by Nancy's vigorous spade, enveloped them in a sweet-scented shower; the great mossy arms of the live-oaks seemed raised in horrified protest, the long moss waving in a soft breeze, trembled through the shrubs and trees with soft, palpitating breath, and in straight rows the white tombs of the sleepers looked coldly upon the unhallowed work of their descendant—the child who should protect their resting-places!

All this Eleanor thought, as, for a brief moment, she stopped panting from exhaustion, and gazed about her at the tranquil scene, bathed in the silver flood of moonlight. Then, seizing the shovel, she doggedly attacked the earth once more—it would but do to stop and think!

Steadily they worked, piling the clay to one side, that they might the more easily replace it; Eleanor's strokes were shakily ineffectual, for her hands trembled so that the shovel wobbled impotently in the earth, spilling each load before it could be emptied, but Nancy's capable hands held the spade with sureness, and she worked with swiftness, eager for the task to be ended; for Nancy, too, was beginning to feel hysterical—if she didn't find something, and find it quickly, Nancy felt a deadly certainty that she would scream!

"And frighten Eleanor to death," she thought, as she pitched aside her spade of mold, "hold yourself tight, Nancy Dare—you've got to!"

Mercifully it was soon to be over. Just as Nancy felt that she could not stand it another minute, and as poor Eleanor had to grip her shovel with hands that were now shaking wildly, while her lips had to fairly bite in the cry of horror that kept struggling to issue from them, Nancy, driven with a straight, terror-driven plunge downward, felt her spade strike something that was not earth!

Something dull, and heavy, and altogether horrible; the thud of the spade as it clattered from her nerveless hands smote upon Eleanor's startled ears, and she looked up to see Nancy, the doughty, leaning palely against the bole of the big live-oak.

"What is it?" asked Eleanor's stiff lips, the words barely inaudible. "Oh, Nancy, what is it?"

Nancy, roused by the sound of the smitten voice, felt once more the tide of life flowing briskly through her veins—she must remember Eleanor, and not be a coward!

She stopped, seized her spade and lifted it to plunge once more into the yawning opening—it really was only about a foot, but it seemed a veritable well to Nancy's excited fancy!

"Eleanor," said Nancy, and it seemed that her voice, in its uncontrolled shrillness, must surely arouse any living thing—"Eleanor, I've reached—something!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

BLACK EYES, Wagoner, Okla.—A good rule to follow is that a boy need not remove his hat when with a girl at the counter of an ice cream "parlor." Should the couple seat themselves, however, at a table and be served there, it is correct and best that the boy should remove his hat. (2) A girl should not be obliged to tell a caller or an escort when to leave. Should he remain an inconvenient or improper length of time, she should use some simple hint or excuse to obtain his departure.

DOROTHY F., Bayswater, Va.—No; it is best that a couple should not enter church arm in arm. (2) You may, if you wish, invite your escort into your home upon your return from any entertainment. Upon his leaving, you may say: "You have been very kind and I have had a most pleasant evening." Add a smile to this as if you were glad to show you were grateful and happy for your good time. (3) If you are asked to go automobile, you may accept by saying: "Thank you, I shall be delighted to go." That is, if you are sure your parents have no objection to your prompt acceptance of the offered ride.

M. C., Success, Ark.—The wedding ring is placed upon the bride's finger by the groom at a certain time during the ceremony. You will find this time indicated by the words of the marriage service.

PERPLEXED, Sellersville, Pa.—It is natural and proper that you should be grateful to anyone who offers sympathy or comfort to you in your bereavement.

FOOLISH COUNTRY WIFE, Ky.—We do not think this friend of your husband meant any particular harm by his familiarity—or perhaps he should say "over-friendliness." We believe it was best that you took no notice of his action if it was but the single incident you mention—and restricted to this only.

E. T., Triplett, Ky.—In entering your own home with a party of friends, it is your place to lead the way. (2) A girl of fourteen should worry but very slightly about her wardrobe, and should wear such simple school frocks as her mother may make or select for her. Of course your skirts are not yet lengthened. Do not try to grow up too fast.

VICTORIA, Newport News, Va.—The right remains with the lady to indicate when she wishes to leave a lunch room or ice cream "parlor" with her escort. A man need not necessarily wait her show of pleasure, however, and may suggest an earlier departure should he think best.

B. Z., Monterey, Minn.—Getting a letter with the stamp "crossways" in the corner may simply indicate that the mind of the person who placed it in this manner was "crossways" or something worse. It might also be an attempt at some expression in the so-called "stamp language"—which is a very foolish language which we refuse to interpret and which makes difficulty for the overworked clerks of Uncle Sam's P. O. Department. Anything that need be said by a letter should be said inside of it and not by placing stamps zigzag or upside down upon an envelope.

A MERRY LOVER, Marshall, N. C.—It is best and proper that you refuse to accept these marked demonstrations of affection from your older cousin. What do your parents think of this?

TWO COUNTRY GIRLS, Giddings, Tex.—The correct way would be to let the boy enter the ice cream "parlor" first and choose the table, and aid you in getting seated. It is permissible for you to tell your escort, however, where you prefer to sit, or ask him to change the table he has chosen if, for any reason, it does not please you. (2) It would not be best for the boy to thank you under the circumstances you mention.

C. A. C., Shipley, Ky.—We cannot tell you how to "act" when with a girl. Briefly stated, you should act like a gentleman, and endeavor to treat the girl you are with in the same manner as you would wish to have some other boy act toward your own sister. In leaving a girl and her parents after you have escorted her home, it is sufficient for you to shake hands and say "Good night." (2) If you call on a girl and she is not at home, you may chat for a few moments with her parents, and when you leave say that you have been very sorry to miss Mary, Helen, Jane—or whatever her name may be.

L. B., Grantsboro, N. C.—Even though it may be well understood that the groom's family are to be present at this wedding, it would be well to go to the formality of sending invitations. In all cases, wedding invitations should, if possible, be mailed two weeks before the ceremony.

S. S., Tallulah Falls, Ga.—You would not have to ask all these foolish questions if you had not started in by writing to a boy you had never seen. You should not have done this nor sent him your photograph. We are certain that he used bad judgment in choosing the picture he sent in exchange for yours. That there were two other girls in this picture has nothing to do with the matter of his caring for you, but what does matter is that he has never seen you yet. You can hardly expect him to fall in love with pen and ink and a photograph. Men are generally much harder to win than that. It is not worth while demanding your letters and picture back, but do not be so foolish in the future.

BROWN EYES, Penn.—We do not see how you can be sure this young man loves you when he does not answer your letter—and you know for certain that he has received it. You say that you have heard he is "ashamed" not to have replied before. Our advice is to most assuredly not write to him again, but to let him keep on being "ashamed." And then, if he does not finally reply, it will be your part to look out for some other young man who has less shame and better manners.

DOLLY DIMPLES, Clovis, N. Mex.—You may thank the young man for bringing you home, and tell him that you have had a most enjoyable evening. (2) A young man, who is escorting a girl at night, may offer his arm should the walking become difficult or dangerous.

RUSTO, Gayton, Ga.—Yes, a girl of twenty may receive attentions from a boy who is eighteen and many happy marriages have occurred where the husband has been younger than the wife. It is much better, however, that these age conditions be reversed, and we advise you to look for a suitor older than the boy you mention. (2) No, it would not be best to give a pair of gold cuff links as a birthday gift to a boy. Nothing but the most simple presents should be exchanged between any couple who are not engaged.

PANNEY, Hoboken, Ga.—In entering a church where there are ushers, a girl may follow the usher and precede her escort down the aisle. Where there are no ushers, it would generally be best for the man to lead the way. (2) It is better that the boy should go ahead. See answer to "Two Country Girls" in this column.

BLUE AND BROWN EYES, Howe, Tex.—You must not go to a dance ten miles from your home unless you are chaperoned. And, if your mother is willing that you should run about in this manner, we think there are some very foolish parents in Howe. A fifteen-year-old girl should not be going to dances and automobile at night. (2) A girl should not marry at seventeen. She should wait three years—and then not marry a man eighteen years older than herself if there is a younger one she loves better. It seems to be easy for you to "love" dearly. We wonder how much affection you lavish on your school books? Stick to

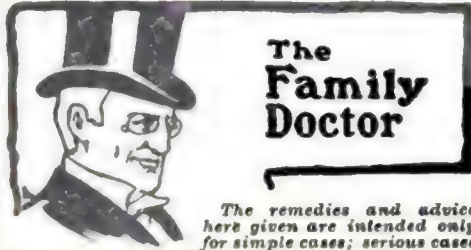
these for a while yet, and leave marriage for a later and wiser day.

L. D., Erick, Okla.—A girl should not receive any serious attentions from young men until she has finished her schooling. From the spelling of your letter, we believe you have some time yet to keep for your books and not for boys. (2) A girl should not cheapen herself by allowing any man to kiss her whom she has not promised to marry.

E. H., Pals, Wash.—It is a discouraging situation when you have to say "he never did love me as I did him." And it is also not encouraging that he left you once for another girl. However, if you still want to bother with him, why let him write you as he has requested—but we fear you are wasting time.

V. O., Grinnell, Ia.—The names need not be mentioned but once in an introduction. But effort should be made to speak distinctly. (2) Yes, you may acknowledge an introduction in the way you have mentioned. Try and use the name of your new acquaintance, however. Avoid stiffness and set forms.

E. K., Neb.—Yes, you may stop for a moment and talk to this boy when you meet him on the street. It would be permissible for you to suggest his calling to see you, and it would be better, under the circumstances of your home, for you to mention a day when it might be most convenient for you to see him. Do not be unhappy and consider yourself lonesome and unfortunate. You say that you are nineteen and "good looking." These are two things to be thankful for—and they should prevent your feeling discontented—or lonely.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MISS L. O., Harrisville, Texas.—Would advise you to take some tonic such as Hasham's Mixture, in tablespoonful doses, after meals. A tonic of this kind will build you up physically, and, no doubt, help develop the lungs. Gently, also, massage the bust, using cocoa-butter as a lubricant for the hand when massaging the bust.

Mrs. L. H., Charles City, Ia.—Try Laaser's Paste. Reduce the strength one half or more by the use of vaseline. Apply to the hands at bedtime only. Keep your hands from soap and water so far as possible. To cleanse the hands, use cold cream.

MISS M. J., Opelousas, La.—You probably have an ulcer of the stomach. A very simple diet is indicated—such as skimmed milk, simple cereals, plenty of water, and possibly a larvae of the stomach. If your condition becomes worse after using care and proper diet, an operation is indicated. Dobell's solution, as a local wash, will relieve the itching around the rectum. Use frequently and keep the parts thoroughly cleansed, also bowels free.

MR. M. L. H., Marlow, Okla.—COMFORT publishes no medical treatise on medicine. It tries to answer all communications intelligently.

Mrs. W. H. P., Parleville, Miss.—You no doubt were very unwise to attempt walking so soon after typhoid fever. Try an iron tonic after meals—such as diluted iron in half-teaspoonful doses, well diluted.

MISS M. AND W., Danville, Va.—After syringing out the ear, apply to the canal or sore spot an ammoniated mercury ointment; this ointment can be obtained at any good drug store.

COOL, N. C., Cookeville, N. C.—You have catarrh of the tube running from the middle ear to the throat. Have this properly treated and this symptom will disappear. For the lump in the throat use five-grain salicylic acid pills—one after meals.

Mrs. I. L. G., Glenvar, Va.—Apply to the freckles a weak solution of corrosive sublimate—1 to 10,000 solution. Apply at night. You will have to consult your local doctor as to the other trouble.

Mrs. H. G. G., Clarksburg, West Va.—Adhesions are almost immediately after an operation. Adhesions are caused by inflammatory exudates thrown out to heal their wound caused by operation. Grown people can have almost anything, even worms! Try, for the worms, some one-half salutarina and calomel tablets. Three a day for two days. Follow this with a large dose of castor oil.

MISS E. T., Rolling Hill, Va.—Have the "red spots" treated by electricity. This is the only way to cure them.

MR. J. H. H., Taylor, Ga.—You have ulcer of the stomach. Try 1-100 grain doses of atropine sulphate, two or three times a day. This remedy, of course, can only be used on the advice and prescription of your local doctor.

MISS A. S., Alpena, Mich.—Use for the dandruff, a two per cent. resorcin solution. The solution should be made in half alcohol and half rose water. Apply at night to the roots of the hair.

Mrs. L. A., Lynville, Ky.—Your child died from meningitis no doubt following the "flu." The glycerine suppositories had nothing to do with the case and you handled the child intelligently and all right.

Mrs. H. K., West Plains, Mo.—Cannot state cause; but have your physician try corpus luteum extract, and see what that will do for your condition of arrest of development of bust.

Mrs. W. E. C., Nathalie, Va.—Cannot suggest any remedy for the trouble mentioned.

Mrs. L. K., Magnolia, Ark.—There is no elixir of life; but if there were it should mainly have it. The best thing we can suggest is a tonic such as the compound tincture of cinchona. Take a teaspoonful after meals. This may brace you up. You might also take a teaspoonful of American Oil with your meals to help your constipation and lubricate the intestinal tract.

Mrs. P. A. COPELAND, Monterey Farm, Tenn.—Just massage the non-growing breast, using cocoa butter as a lubricant, and await results.

Mrs. J. W. E., Lyons, Ind.—The trouble is temper. Just forget it and time will cure him of his disposition.

MR. G. W. A., Petersburg, West Va.—None whatever. They are all frauds.

Mrs. H. M., Hallwood, Pa.—Better have her adenoids and tonsils removed and see what that will do toward developing the girl's mouth and throat.

MISS H., Belpoit, D. I.—You are eating too much and taking too little exercise.

Mrs. V. M., Walker Springs, Ala.—You have malaria, no doubt. You should take some calomel in small doses, and follow this with tri-cupatorium, in teaspoonful doses, after meals. There is no relation be-

You'll Have a Complexion To Rave Over!



A Way That Never Fails to Produce Wonderful Results in a Few Days on the Complexion and the Hair.

Simple Methods of Beauty Making That Never Fail. Any Woman Can Now Be Beautiful.

By Madame Maree

NOTE—The articles mentioned herein have come into such demand because of their effectiveness that you can obtain them at any drug store. But if your druggist cannot supply you, arrangements have been made to send any of these articles by mail, charges paid, on receipt of price, by addressing "Secretary to Madame Maree, 582 Thompson Building, Chicago."

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HERE is but one thing you need to beautify your skin and bring it to a condition of incomparable loveliness in a short time. This has been used by thousands of women with extraordinary success. By the use of this you will soon find that all red spots, freckles, all muddiness and sallowness will have disappeared completely, leaving the skin pure and clear as a lily. You cannot get this result except by mixing yourself at home, in a very few moments, one ounce of santonine with a little glycerine and hot water. The santonine costs fifty cents at the drug store. This makes a remarkable cream, which, when used liberally, will not fail to give you the results.

Hair Stops Falling, and Grows

You can easily prevent hair from falling, and you can make it grow thick and luxuriant by a very simple method, which is far superior in results to that of any so-called hair tonic you can buy. You will notice the difference in your hair in a very few days, and it will take on a vigorous lustre besides, and thin spots will at once begin to fill with new hair. This is done by simply adding one ounce of beta-quinol to a half pint of water and a half pint of bay rum. If you prefer you may use a full pint of witchhazel instead of the water and bay rum. The beta-quinol may be procured for fifty cents at any drug store. Try this and you will no longer find handfuls of hair coming out on your comb and brush; and your hair will be the envy of all your friends.

A Sure Way to Remove Wrinkles

It is really inspiring to know that removing wrinkles now depends almost entirely upon your self. Just a few minutes' trouble at the start, and more than half the battle is over. It will take but a few moments for you to make a mixture of two ounces of epitol, a little water and glycerine. The epitol can be obtained from your druggist for fifty cents. This cream produces startling changes in the skin in a short time. It

renders the skin plump and youthful, very girlish, and the result is that wrinkles fall out and disappear. It will make you look many years younger if you will only use it faithfully.

Secret About Washing Hair

Every scalp has constantly forming on it a thin, invisible film of fatty accumulations which soap cannot remove, not even with hard rubbing. The one way to remove this film, and let your hair breathe is to dissolve it. This is done by the use of a teaspoonful of eggol dissolved in a half cup of hot water, and used as a shampoo and head wash. This dissolves the pores, and it will surprise you what a tremendous difference it produces in the appearance and growth of the hair. There is no more luxurious head-wash possible, and it is, besides, very economical. In a twenty-five cent package of eggol, which can be secured at any drug store, there is enough to supply you with over a dozen of these shampoos.

To Remove Superfluous Hair

There is a very remarkable way to remove superfluous hair. This is becoming exceedingly popular, because it is as easy and pleasing to use as a face lotion, and dissolves away the hair instead of burning it off as many other depilatories do. Simply moisten the hairs with a little sulfo solution. The hairs begin to shrivel. You can see them dissolve, and then with just a swish of the finger, all the hair can be rubbed off clear and clean. It leaves the skin thoroughly free from all superfluous hairs, not leaving even a suggestion that you had any superfluous hairs at all. It is glorious. Every woman should have some sulfo solution on her dresser. It will cost one dollar at any drug store, and will last for a considerable time.

Blackheads Go in a Few Minutes

It is only a question of a few moments to get rid of blackheads. The only thing that will do this is meroxin. You sprinkle a little meroxin on a wet cloth or sponge and rub the blackheads with this for a few moments. Looking in your mirror, you will find the blackheads gone. This is a very remarkable article, and you need no longer use tonics, face-steamers, and pinching, and other useless methods for many months at a time. For fifty cents you can get the meroxin from your druggist.

DIAMONDS

ON CREDIT

If satisfactory, return at our expense. DON'T PAY A CENT unless you're sure. Lyons Diamonds are SUPERIOR VALUE. Every Diamond guaranteed. Exchangeable at Yearly Increase in Value of 4 per cent. Special discount of 10 per cent on all cash sales. Send today for FREE Catalog No. 555. Special cash discount of 15 per cent for this month only.

J. M. LYONS & CO., 1 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK

SEND NO MONEY. Any Diamond shipped or inspected charges prepaid. Examine carefully—if satisfied pay 1-3 and keep it—balance 10% monthly.

tween this condition and the painful colitis mentioned.

Mrs. S. G., Elizabethtown, Ky.—Don't think you have hook-worm trouble; but you have a long-standing intestinal trouble—water-logged condition with the sloughing off of portions of the mucous membrane from time to time. A carefully selected diet, use of American oil in small doses with your meals, and some small doses of calomel and soda will help, if not cure you. The doses of calomel and soda should be about one-tenth grain calomel and one grain soda. Take these tablets three times a day between meals, for one week only. High-up saline enemata would also help you. These can only be given by a nurse.

Mrs. M. Y., Sulphur Springs.—There is only one answer to your question. Cataracts cannot be removed without operation, and any one who advises you differently is a charlatan.

Mrs. B. B. D., Holland, Texas.—This is probably a mild form of epilepsy. You should limit the diet, and moderate rapidly of eating food, at all times. You should also have the child examined for adenoids, etc.

Mrs. C. F. R., Return, Va.—Use a mouth wash and gargle with Dobell's solution three or four times a day. Also have your teeth looked after.

J. J. R., Coal Hill, Ark.—It is rheumatism, no doubt. Probably containing does not agree with you, and you may have to adopt some other occupation. Also the water you drink may have something to do with your condition. Look into these things and decide for yourself.

Mrs. M. S., Shiner, Texas.—You have acute indigestion. Try American Oil—a teaspoonful with your meals.

MISS B. B., Corydon, Ia.—Thyroid extract has been advised to reduce fat, combined with corpus luteum ampules containing five-grain doses. Of course, this treatment must be combined with a suitable diet. Starchy foods must be taboo always, and any other foods that are flesh making.

Mrs. B. D., Greensboro, N. C.—You may have polyps in the nose. These must be removed by an operation. This may relieve your entire trouble.

MISS D. H., Las Animas, Cal.—There are many varieties of goitres, so-called. You might try ovarian extract, in tablet form, under the advice of your family doctor.

"DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my case now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

The Morley Phone is the DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 766, Perry Bldg., Phila.

FREE LARGE EASTMAN

Promo Film Pack Camera, for selling 25 large colored pictures or 25 pkgs. post cards at 15c each. Order choice today. Sent prepaid.

GATES MFG. CO., DEPT. 225 CHICAGO

FREE BEAUTIFUL CRYSTAL WATER SET

Yes, absolutely free this beautiful three-pint water pitcher of dainty extra thin blown glass and six half-pint tumblers to match. Each piece with any initial you want in sterling silver and silver wreath and edge. Will adorn any sideboard. Given free for selling only 40 large packages of high grade assorted vegetable or flower seeds at 10c per package. We have many other premiums. Send for catalog. Address: Good Seed Company, Dept. No. 551, Dunkirk, N.Y.

The Union Rug and Embroidery Machine.

Only \$1.50.

Quickly makes the most beautiful and durable rugs with that rich velvet effect from bits of cotton, wool and silk rags; old bagging carpet tassels, etc. So simple that a child can operate it easily on any burton grain bag or toweling. Price, only \$1.50, complete with burlap pattern and instructions. This wonderful machine will also make handsome piano, couch and table covers; pillow tops; and a great variety of other useful and ornamental articles. Write for booklet today. If you are not earning \$50.00 weekly, AGENTS WANTED. Write for booklet today.

UNION LOOM WORKS, 372 FACTORY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

CALENDARS for 1920

We will send you postpaid 25 beautiful large Calendars in handsome colors, elegantly enameled, which you can sell fast at 15c each. You keep half the money and send us the other half or select a handsome present from our premium list of Watches, Jewelry, Cameras, Dolls, etc. You will be surprised how easy it is to sell them. Write at once. H. W. LEE, 87 So. Clinton St., CHICAGO

WATCH, CHAIN AND TWO RINGS

as premiums—send no money—simply name and address—merely give away FREE 12 Beautiful Art Pictures with 12 Boxes of our famous White Cloverine, which you sell at 25c each. We will send you this Genuine American Watch, also Chain and two Gold Shell Rings, according to offer in our Premium Catalog which you will receive with the White Cloverine. Millions are using Cloverine for cuts, burns, etc.

LADIES! A BEAUTIFUL DINNER SET

OR **SIX LACE CURTAINS**

and many other beautiful premiums. Our plan is the easiest and absolutely square. Write quick—Pictures and Cloverine sent promptly, post-paid. Be first in your town.

THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO.,
BIG CASH COMMISSION TO AGENTS Dept. L. 112, Tyroche, Pa.

Comfort's Home Lawyer

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address: **Comfort, Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.** Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. M. B. Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children or grandchildren can be legally disinherited by will, provided the testator possesses testamentary capacity, and provided no undue influence is exercised upon him, and provided the will is legally drawn and executed and expresses the testator's true intent.

E. A., South Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the essentials of a valid will are that the testator shall possess testamentary capacity, that no undue influence is exercised upon him and that the will is legally drawn and executed. It should be signed by the testator and by at least three witnesses, who should be present at the time the testator signs the will and who should sign in his presence and in the presence of each other; we think in the case you describe and upon your statements, the husband and wife should execute separate wills leaving their property to each other; we do not think the property need be itemized in such wills but could be transferred by a general clause disposing of all the property, both personal and real; we think it would be best for each to appoint the other as sole executor; no bonds should be required and a direction to that effect should be made in each of the wills; we do not think it will be necessary to change the manner of registration of your Liberty Bonds as your widow will as your executrix be able to collect all of the assets of your estate.

Mrs. L. D. C., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of your husband, leaving no will, and leaving no child or descendant, you will be entitled to receive from his estate all personal property which came to your husband in right of the marriage, and also one half of the real and personal estate of which he was the owner at the time of his death, provided you make and record a properly written election that you are willing to take such property subject to the payment of your husband's debts; we think if you are named as beneficiary in your husband's life insurance policy, the insurance money will be paid direct to you and will not be subject to his debts; we think if he desires to have you receive his whole estate, he should make and execute a will to that effect.

E. M. T., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the consent of the parents is necessary for the adoption of their minor child, unless it can be conclusively shown by proper evidence that such parents are not proper persons to have the custody of such child.

E. V. F. S., Minnesota.—We do not think the man you mention had any legal right to build his house on another man's land without any permission or lease from the owner of the land; we do not think he can compel the owner of the land to sell the land to him, nor can he enforce any rights in the land as against the owner of same.

Mrs. W. S. W., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all real and personal property owned by the wife at the time of her marriage, together with all acquired thereafter by gift, devise or descent, as also the increase of all such lands, remain her separate property, and she is legally entitled to the management and control of the same, except that she cannot transfer the same without the signature of the husband. We think if your husband's parents refuse to pay rent or move from your property, it will be necessary for you to bring a court proceeding against them to enforce your rights.

W. O. B., Connecticut.—A quit claim deed is a deed of conveyance operating by way of release; that is intended to pass any title, interest or claim which the grantor may have in the premises, but not professing that such title is valid, nor containing any warranty or covenants for title.

Mrs. L. E. K. W., Kansas.—We do not think the statute of limitations would run against the crime of rape during the time the defendant absented himself from the state. Your statements would indicate that the charge against the man you mention may be a bastardy charge and not rape. We think a bastardy proceeding is oftentimes brought in such a case as you describe for the support of the child, and is much less serious than a charge of rape.

A. N., Pennsylvania.—We think your only recourse against the man, who purchased your horses, for the money he still owes you, would be an action against him to enforce payment of same; if he has left this country and has no property here, it will be difficult for you to recover your money from him.

S. W. B., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a real estate agent would be entitled to recover his commission from you upon your refusal to carry out your agreement for the sale of your property, after he has procured a purchaser willing and able to buy upon the terms specified by you in your employment of the real estate agent; we do not think he would be entitled to recover if the purchaser was unwilling or unable to carry out the terms except in some changed form from those embraced in the agent's employment.

Mrs. W. H., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of the wife the entire community property, without administration, belongs to the surviving husband, except such portion as may have been set apart to her by judicial decree for her support and maintenance, such portion going under the terms of her will, and in the absence of a will goes to her heirs exclusive of her husband. Upon the death of the husband one half of the community property goes to the wife and the other half is subject to the testamentary disposition of the husband and in the absence of such disposition goes to his descendants; divorce of parents does not affect inheritance rights of the children; step-children have no intestate rights from step-parents.

Mrs. E. P., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that homesteads not to exceed in value the sum of \$2,500, and if agricultural land not to exceed 160 acres, are exempt from levy under execution to a married man who is the head of a family.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

L. I. S., Madrid, In.—A girl is legally of age at eighteen in your state and could marry at that time without her parents' consent—if she were so foolish as to wish to do this.

O. T., Spencer, La.—It is true that General Pershing taught school in Missouri many years ago. We have never understood that this was a negro school. (2) You should not send a simple question concerning your state government to this department. You could gain this information at once from the clerk of the Louisiana parish in which your town is located.

Mrs. F. D., Greenfield, Mo.—There were but 147 acres of vacant public land in your state on July 1, 1918. In Nebraska there are over 105,000 acres yet vacant. You could learn regarding this by addressing the U. S. Land Office at Lincoln, Nebraska, where H. A. Meier serves as Register. In Oklahoma—where over 30,000 acres are yet unoccupied—you should write to J. Y. Callahan, who is Register of the U. S. Land Office at Guthrie, Okla.

R. F., Maplesville, Ala.—We believe bookkeeping to be a subject which could be more easily taught by mail than could nursing. You must remember that to profit by instruction in either of these two modes of bread-winning, at least a grammar school education would be needed. Your letter does not mention your age nor your previous education, but your spelling would indicate that your schooling was as yet rather elementary. Perhaps you had best pursue this further before you take up specialized and more ambitious subjects.

L. K., Kingsport, Tenn.—The inscription in your violin was placed there to indicate that it was the handiwork of Jacob Stainer of the town of Absam in the Tyrol. Stainer was a follower of the Amati School of violin makers and adapted their methods to the higher models of the Cremona instruments. A genuine Stainer violin is of undoubted value, but you must remember—as this department has often pointed out—that there are a great many fraudulent imitations of the work of the old violin masters, and the inscription in your instrument does not necessarily mean that it was made by Jacob Stainer over two centuries ago.

O. B., Holstein, Ia.—There are no vacant public lands in Virginia and only a few acres in Missouri. Arkansas has over 200,000 acres still open, and Oklahoma about 30,000. Of the two states we would give the preference to Arkansas as offering the best opportunities for homesteading. Write to J. W. Allen, Register of U. S. Land Office, Little Rock, Ark., and to J. Y. Callahan, who has charge of the Land Office at Guthrie, Okla. But we believe that one can make as much money on a farm in Iowa as he can in any other state, and we advise you to consider seriously before you give up old ties and settle yourself in new lands under strange conditions.

M. M., Missouri.—No; it would be impossible for you to obtain any portion of your dead fiancé's estate unless he left a will in which a bequest was made in your favor.

Mrs. W. M. M., Tulot, Ark.—Nowadays, almost every large town or city contains some firm or individual with machinery for converting old carpets into rugs by a shredding and re-weaving process. We feel very sure that you could get this work done in your own city of Little Rock. Search the advertising columns of the Little Rock newspapers. Or write to the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce there for information. If you fail to succeed, we will be glad to help you further.

V. F., Bee Ridge, Fla.—A wood-cut published in the year 1700 shows the Old London Bridge to have been built of timber. Three-story houses, furnishing homes for many persons, covered the entire structure. The timber used in the structure is said to have been piles of elm which were bolted together by thick planks into piers twenty-five feet and more in thickness. The bridge was 336 feet long and two thirds of this distance was taken up by piers. Many fires constantly occurred among the houses built on the bridge and these together with the decay of the foundation timbers, accounted for the eventual removal of the falling structure. The modern stone structure now known as London Bridge was opened to the public in 1831.

J. W., Washington, N. C.—There are over 3,000,000 acres of public lands yet open for allotment in the big state of Montana. Necessarily, a great deal of this land is not adapted to farming. Write to F. T. Woods, who is Register of the U. S. Land Office at Billings, Montana, for full information regarding homesteading.

H. L. P., Osser, Minn.—A carnelian is a semi-precious stone and is of no great value. If you have one you wish to sell, you should look for your market among jewelers. There would be no commercial demand for the home-made paper beads you mention. You would have to dispose of them direct, either by a house-to-house canvass or by advertising in newspaper columns.

Mrs. G. R., Whinac, Ind.—A fertile section of New Jersey is the Kittatinny Valley, which is about ten miles wide and lies between the Highland Range and the Kittatinny Mountains. But the whole central part of this fortunate state is a great market garden for the supplying of New York and Philadelphia. There is considerable clay land in New Jersey, but the greater part of the soil is a sandy loam, some of which is light in character but well adapted to market gardening. Tobacco is not a product of the state.

Mrs. E. S. B., Poca, W. Va.—No one can give an estimate of the value of a diamond or other precious stone without a close examination of the gem under a microscope. There should be no need of your sending to Washington to obtain such appraisal, which could be made for you by any good local jeweler. If you mean to ask if any free valuation of precious stones is made by the Federal Government, we can assure you that such is not the case.

NAME "BAYER" ON GENUINE ASPIRIN

Take tablets only as told in each "Bayer" package.



The "Bayer Cross" is the signature of the true "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin." The name "Bayer" is only on genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years.

In every handy "Bayer" package are proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache,

Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis and for Pain generally.

Tin boxes of 12 tablets, cost only a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trademark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacides. ter of Salicylicacid.

Spectacles ON TRIAL Free

Send No Money

I Will Send These

Large Size Spectacles

Absolutely FREE

Send Me The Coupon Below
You'll Get Them At Once

THIS is a straight-from-the-shoulder proposition that every man and woman should take advantage of right this very minute. I claim that my Large Size "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to thread the finest needle—to read the smallest print—to see far or near—to protect your eyes and prevent eye strain and eye pain, which usually cause headaches.

Furthermore, I claim that my Large Size "Perfect Vision" 10-Karat, Gold-filled Spectacles are the best and most handsome looking spectacles you have ever seen.

They Will Enable You to Read The Finest Print
Thread A Small-Eyed Needle,
or Shoot A Bird Off The Tallest Tree

IF YOU ARE A SPORTSMAN
and go hunting occasionally

Shoulder your gun, whistle your dog across the field, and see how these glasses will help you to sight your gun and take aim at your game. With these Large Size "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine, you will be able to shoot a bird off a tree easily, and this even if you are a very poor shot right now. I want you to try out these Large Size "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine for reading and sewing, or for distance; for indoors, or outdoors, whichever you prefer. I don't want you to keep them unless they positively fit you better than any you have ever had before, and you can honestly tell me so. That is why

I Don't Ask You To Send Me A Cent
So You Have Nothing To Lose.

Sit down right now—this very minute—and fill out the coupon below at once; let Uncle Sam deliver into your own hands, at your own door, a pair of my 10-Karat, Gold-filled, Large Size "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, in a handsome velveteen-lined, spring-back, Pocket-book Spectacle Case, for you to try fully ten days absolutely free. Fill in this coupon and mail it to me at once.

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 44 ST. LOUIS, MO.

I herewith enclose this coupon, which entitles me, by return mail, to a pair of your 10-Karat, Gold-filled, Large Size "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, complete, also a fine leatherette, velveteen-lined, spring-back, pocket-book spectacle case, without a cent of cost to me, so I can try them out, under your own offer, of a full ten days' actual test. This free trial is not to cost me one penny, and if I like the glasses and keep them, I am to pay you \$1.95 only—no more and no less. But if, for any reason whatsoever, I don't wish to keep them (and I, myself, am to be the sole judge), I will return them to you without paying you a single cent for them, as you agreed in the above advertisement to send them on ten days' absolute free trial. With this understanding I mail you this certificate, and it is agreed that you will stick to your word and I will stick to mine. Don't fail to answer the following questions:

How old are you?.....How many years have you used glasses (if any)?.....

Name

Post Office.....

Rural Route.....Box No.....State.....

EARN \$50 GOLD

ACROITNW
HANDEGAV
EZOCAOEN
RMOPAYDO
NDJOEATIB
HERAASWA
ANGRILAH
LOYAPANO

How Many Words Can You Make

Now here is a puzzle that is a prize winner. You don't have to set up and work over a dictionary all night. Just a little ingenuity and skill. The puzzle is to get as many words as possible out of the letters herewith given. Use only the letters given and only as many times as they appear. For instance, the letter R appears four times, so in all your words you must not use it more than four times. If you use R twice in one word and twice in another, you cannot use R in another word, as you have already used it as many times as it appears. You do not have to use up all the letters. No foreign words or proper names may be used. Webster's Revised Unabridged Dictionary will be the Standard used in determining the validity of any word. The puzzle looks simple, but if you can make as many as twelve words, send in your list at once as the person winning first prize may not have more than that many words.

THE OFFER

We are conducting a big prize contest and will give 100 prizes in the contest for each word you make. Just as soon as you become a Club Member you will receive a copy and full particulars of our big contest club.

WHY WE DO IT

We publish the best story paper in America, and we want to send you a sample copy and full particulars of our big contest club.

It does not cost you a cent to become a Club Member and every new member this month receives A Genuine Diamond Ring FREE.

We are conducting a big prize contest and will give 100 prizes in the contest for each word you make. Just as soon as you become a Club Member you will receive a copy and full particulars of our big contest club.

Genuine Diamond Ring and extra votes. To the person having the most votes at the end of the contest we will give \$25 in cash; to the second highest \$10; to the third highest \$7.50; to the fourth \$5 and to the fifth \$2.50. In addition we are going to give away hundreds of other valuable prizes too numerous to mention in this advertisement. Contest closes Jan. 25th, 1920. Anyone may enter and if you only win the \$2.50 prize you are that much ahead. It is certainly worth a little effort, and besides you will receive, absolutely free, a copy of the best story paper published. If there should be a tie between two or more contestants for any of the prizes, each tying contestant will receive the prize tied for. Write today.

WORD EDITOR, 517 Friend Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Is Your Blood Starving for Lack of Iron?

Modern Methods of Cooking and Living Have Made an Alarming Increase in Iron Deficiency in Blood of American Men and Women

WHY NUXATED IRON SO QUICKLY BUILDS UP WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN-DOWN FOLKS—Over 3,000,000 People Annually Taking It In This Country Alone To Increase Their Strength, Power, Energy and Endurance.

"Is your blood starving for want of iron? Iron is red blood food. If you were to go without eating until you became weak, thin and emaciated, you could not do a more serious harm to yourself than when you let your blood literally starve for want of iron—iron that gives strength and power to change food into living tissue," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York and the Westchester County Hospital.

"Modern methods of cooking and the rapid pace at which people of this country live has made such an alarming increase in iron deficiency in the blood of American men and women that I have often marveled at the large number of people who lack iron in the blood, and who never suspect the cause of their weak, nervous, run-down state. Lack of iron in the blood not only makes a man a physical and mental weakling, nervous, irritable, easily fatigued, but it utterly robs him of that virile force, that stamina and strength of will which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life. It may also transform a beautiful, sweet-tempered woman into one who is cross, nervous and irritable. Without iron in your blood your food merely passes through the body, something like corn through an old mill with rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind.

"For want of iron you may be an old man at thirty, dull of intellect, poor in memory, nervous, irritable and all 'run-down,' while at 50 or 60 with plenty of iron in your blood you may still be young in feeling, full of life, you whole being brimming over with vim and energy.

"But in my opinion you can't make strong, keen, forceful men and healthy rosy-cheeked women by feeding them

on metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go through a digestive process to transform them

into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are ready to be taken up and assimilated by the human system. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and

see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package."

In commenting upon the value of Nuxated Iron as a means for creating red blood, strength and endurance, Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author says:

"Scarcely a day goes by but that I see women whose care-worn faces, dragging steps and generally weak, tired appearance show unmistakable signs of that anæmic run-down condition usually brought on by lack of iron in the blood.

Who Should Take Nuxated Iron

THE ELDERLY INACTIVE MAN

THE TIRED NERVOUS HOUSE WIFE

THE RUN-DOWN BUSINESS WOMAN

THE EXHAUSTED BUSINESS MAN

"Give such a woman a short course of Nuxated Iron and she often quickly becomes an entirely different individual—strong, healthy and rosy-cheeked. I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own

practice in most severe, aggravated conditions with unfailing results. I have induced many other physicians to give it a trial, all of whom have given me most surprising reports in regard to its great power as a health and strength builder."

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron, which is used by Dr. Sullivan and others with such surprising results, and which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians, is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

MERRY Christmas, girls! Do you know why I can say that so feelingly? First of all, I suppose it is because I really mean it, and secondly (and sound like a minister, don't it?) I'm not worn out and exhausted, physically and mentally, by the usual Christmas rush and scurry. My gifts were bought, or made, wrapped and gotten ready to send some months ago. That sounds as though I were a terribly snug, self-satisfied person, doesn't it, but I hope I am not. Only try it yourself next year and whenever you see something you know Aunt Matilda or Cousin Jane would like, get it and put it away until Christmas. Even your cards and booklets can be gotten ready to send, but unless your relatives and friends are the stay-at-home sort of people it would be better not to address them.

I wish it were possible for me to present each of my girls with gifts suitable to themselves, something dainty and frilly, but, alas, I can't buy frillies for my own self let alone several hundred girls, so please take the will for the deed and wish yourselves Merry Christmas for me.—Ed.

BLONDE, Neb.—I haven't the slightest idea whether or not it would be "polite" to knit a sleeveless sweater for your niece as a Christmas gift but I think it would be quite proper and very suitable, particularly if Nebraska winters are anything like Maine winters. If they are, you had better knit two. Khaki or dark grey are particularly good colors.

HAPPY PEGGY, Antlers, Okla.—"What is the luckiest month in which to get married?" Nobody knows. Those who are unhappily married feel sure that no month is lucky and those that are happily married are equally certain that any month is lucky, so there you are. The only thing to do is to get married and be such a good wife that whatever month you are married in is the luckiest. Best wishes.

LOVING EYES.—There is no good reason why you shouldn't marry your brother-in-law if you want to. It happens frequently in the best of families. Wait until you are old enough to know your own mind and until you have met enough other men to be sure he is the right and only one.

PROOF, California.—Summer acquaintances aren't always lasting and if you were my daughter I'd tell you to wait and let the young man write first. If he wants to keep in touch with you he will do so. (2) If you dislike the thoughts of a business career so very much it seems unwise to go on with it. There must be something else you'd like better. I'm a firm believer in doing the work we like to do and are suited for rather than forcing ourselves to do something we don't like. Find out what we want to do and, then talk it over with your father.

J. C., Texas.—If you have been engaged to a man for over a year and now he has stopped coming to see you and goes with other girls and doesn't notice you, you might as well break off the promise or go ahead and die of grief as you contemplate doing. Personally, I wouldn't cheapen myself by suing him for breach of promise and I certainly shouldn't die of grief over such a man as that. He isn't worth it and, besides, funerals are frightfully expensive now. Better wait a while longer. Don't go to his sister's house just to get a chance to talk with him. Haven't you any pride? You make me tired when you say if he doesn't take you back you'll die of grief. You should be the one to refuse to take him back. In a year from now you will have forgotten all about him, it's a habit eighteen has, and be ashamed of yourself for ever thinking you loved him. Wait and see if I am not right, and in the meantime just think that whatever happens is for the best even though it seems the very worst at the time.

SREXY, Tenn.—Since the days of cave men it has been the man's undisputed privilege to declare his love for the woman of his choice (though methods differed then, I believe) and tactful indeed is the woman who can usurp that right and get away with it gracefully. I wouldn't dare attempt it, but only wait and hope. Not a very comforting answer, is it? But you might try being nice nice (but not too nice) to him and see if that helps any.

TEDDY, Ky.—My dear girl—I can't say "little" girl because you are larger than the average girl of thirteen, but that isn't anything to feel badly over. It may be a trifle awkward just at present but you'll soon get over that. How much do you weigh? That's an important factor to consider when determining the length of your dresses. Also, I'd have to know the shape of your face and what kind and how much hair you have before I could tell you becoming way to arrange it. Do you associate with girls your age or your size? I could advise you better if you were to send me your picture.

EDITH, Montana.—Perhaps your fiancé doesn't know that the engagement ring belongs on the third finger of the left hand, but if the ring he sent was too small you shouldn't have worn it on your little finger. You should have returned it to him, by mail or in person, explaining that you wanted to wear your engagement ring on the proper finger and would he please exchange it or have it made larger. It isn't too late for the latter, even now.

HELOISE, Victor, Montana.—It is impossible for me to tell whether the boy you mention is true to you or whether he intends to marry you but I agree with

your father in thinking that he should have inquired about you when you were ill. He should have sent flowers and written if he couldn't call because the disease was contagious. Neglect from a husband is too often the case but a girl should be wary of a fiance who does not show her proper attention. Your mother shouldn't expect you to wait until you are thirty before getting married. You should be married and have one or two or three children by that time.

CURLY LOCKS, Ark.—"Touchy, pouty," sweetheart must be an awful affliction, but just think how much worse it would be to have a husband of that variety, so give him to understand the next time he develops such an attack he needn't expect you to take him back when he gets over pouting. Don't flirt.

BLUE EYES, W. Va.—Haven't any knowledge of the subject you mention. Ask your family physician.

ATTINE, Ark.—No, to all your questions.

BILLY, Kans.—I can answer your first question very easily for I know that it isn't the right thing for a little girl of fourteen to correspond with a boy she has never met, or one she has met, for that matter, but really, Billy, I don't know whether it is "wrong" to kiss a boy on the side street, or not. It may be all right but I never did it and I don't think you had better, any more.

I hope you aren't any more unhappy than you were, for I've tried my best to make you a tiny bit happier so that you can start the new year aright. It's so much easier to be good when you are happy, and I want you to be the very best girls in the world.

By, by, until next year.

Cousin Marion.

Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

ness. His wicked nature broke through its thin veneer of respectability, and he indulged in wild denunciations and horrid oaths. The faithless Jackman was heartily sick of the whole affair. The little gold cross which poor Beryl had given him for his wife, and which he had laid in a small cabinet until his wife's return, had weighed upon his soul like a cross of fire. True, he had wrought his best to bring about the evil triumph of Berdyne, for, had he not done so, he and his wife would have been cast forth, penniless, from Sunset Ranch; nevertheless, he drew a long breath of relief when he heard that the dauntless Nell had appeared on the scene, and had bravely rescued his precious Beryl out of Berdyne's very clutches.

Trenwyck's shouts, and the noise of the conflict, had drawn not only Jackman, but several of the ranch employees, to the scene. The lawyer stepped up to Berdyne, and laid a hand on his arm.

"You are merely wasting time, Nick," said he. Berdyne tossed the hand furiously from him. "You are a skulking coward!" he hissed, through his teeth. "Had you been half a man, Preston would not have been able to get away with the girl and the automobile."

"The fellow was a perfect whirlwind," returned Trenwyck humbly. "I will admit that I have no desire to meet him face to face; but let me have the chance to deal him a blow from behind, and I can promise you, Berdyne, that you will not be disappointed in me."

"A curse on him!" ground out Berdyne. "I shall yet lay him low, and the debt he owes me shall be fearfully repaid! That was the second time he laid his hands on me—and I could kill any man for doing less! As for the girl, what has happened merely whets my passion for her. The more difficult an object is in the attaining, the more I long for it. Hello, Jackman!" With the last words, Berdyne turned toward the house, where Jackman was standing in the light that streamed through an open door.

"What do you want?" demanded the rancher. "I want an automobile. Get me one!" was Berdyne's vigorous answer. "We must go in pursuit of them at once."

"I haven't any," returned Jackman, "and the nearest one is six miles away. The most I can do is to give you a buggy and a pair of draft horses."

"A pursuit with race horses would be fruitless," interposed Trenwyck. "The Red Flyer is a fast car, is it not, Berdyne?"

"Yes, among the fastest in the state," was the rueful response.

"And it was equipped for a long journey?" "I had it in readiness for the trip from here to San Francisco," growled Berdyne. "It was my purpose not to halt, after I had once started, until I had landed my prize in a safe retreat somewhere in or near the city. From there, after I had reduced the beautiful little termagant to a state of subjection, I should have taken her to a yacht which I have chartered, and which is now lying off Sausalito, or to a houseboat belonging to a friend, which, at present, is in Belvedere Cove. May the archfiend take Preston!" he added, the thought of his fine plans, and the way they had been frustrated, putting fresh spur to his temper.

He picked up his revolver from the place where he had dropped it when Nell had felled him in the road. After slipping it into his hip pocket, he mechanically began dusting off his garments. His evil cunning was not long held in subjection by his temper of anger. Implacable hate burned in his breast, together with a demoniacal desire for revenge; but, through it all, reason was gradually pushing to the fore and obtaining the mastery.

"Where will he go, do you think?" queried Trenwyck. "Will he take the girl to San Jose?" "Never fear," was the gloomy response. "Unless I am wide of my reckoning, he will not halt until he has made the girl his bride. But even so," he added, lowering his voice, "if I

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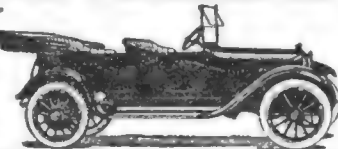
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cannot have the maid, I will have the widow!" Trenwyck took fright at the grim menace of the words. "Think well what you plan, Berdyne," he cautioned. "As your legal adviser, I warn you to beware of going too far." "I will go any length!" snapped Nick. "I yearn for that little beauty with all my heart and soul; but, apart from that, every dollar I own in the world may hang upon my making her my wife. What Preston learned in the far North may be—"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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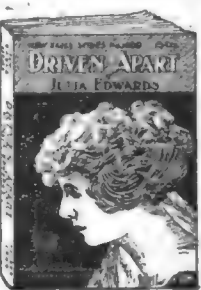
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STRIPES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

"Take me in your car, Dr. Elgin," she begged. "I—I am running away. Please take me to some railroad point not on this road. I must get away tonight!"

"But he will be home tomorrow."

"Yes, tomorrow!" she echoed.

"You'd better stay for him."

"I cannot!"

"Theo, you've been hiding long enough. Can't you make up your mind to face this thing? Brace up now, and you two can face it together!"

"Dr. Elgin, he has worn stripes!"

"I will lend you two the money to go away into another State."

"God spared us children in our first union. It was a Providence and a sign. If I go back to him now there may be children, and the father of those little ones will have worn stripes."

"Very well. I will have my car ready in five minutes."

Theo said her plans were to visit a school girl friend until she could obtain work as a music teacher. I took her to Larksburg on a north and south road and returned to Pusan at sunrise.

I don't like to think of the thing I witnessed that day. Old Mr. and Mrs. Hodges were at the station waiting to see their son. They had begged me to go out home with them in order to be present when the young man first learned that his wife had fled. I shall never forget the bleak look on Roy's face when he first looked over the crowd at the depot and saw that Theo was not there. Eagerness, disappointment, dismay quickly chased one another across his face.

"Where's Theo?" was his first question.

"You'll see her later," I hedged, and the next minute his little old mother had fluttered into his arms and occupied all his attention for the moment. I got him into the front seat of the surrey with me, and we four made the three-mile journey in quick time.

I walked into the house with the boy, the parents both lingering at the surrey, pretending to busy themselves with this or that.

"Theo!" he called as he walked hastily through the dining-room and glanced into every open door he passed. "Theo!"

"She isn't here!" I told him.

"Isn't here!"

"She went away last night!"

His long arm shot toward the double hooks above the kitchen door where his father's rifle lay.

"Stop!"

He drew back his hand and looked at me as though he hardly knew who I was.

"Roy!" I said, as I made an effort to fix his eyes with mine and hold his wandering attention. "You've done that girl enough harm. You've broken her heart! You've disgraced her till she is ashamed to show her face! You've aged her twenty years! And, Roy, you are the only man that can give anything back to her. You must brace up and actually do what you only pretended to do before—become a man with a man's will and a man's honor! If you do this, boy, she will some day be proud to come back to you!"

He flung his arms aloft with a desperate gesture and cried out with the cry of a child: "Oh, I want her now!"

"There's just one way you can win her back," I urged. "I have pointed out the way."

He sank into a chair and sobbed his heart out while I stood beside him with my hand upon his shoulder.

"I will win her back!" he said solemnly after a long time.

That was early in April, 1916. Cotton had completely recovered from the slump caused by the European war and had now mounted to eighteen cents a pound. Roy Hodge did not come into Pusan after that day until July. He told me then that he had the prospect of thirty bales of cotton and at the prospective price of lint and seed he would pay back half he still owed the Ward estate that fall.

During July and August he worked in the woods getting out stave timber, and as soon as his cotton was picked and sold in the fall he began again to get out stave bolts and kept up the work until plowing time the next spring. Meanwhile both cotton and seed were both advancing in price, and he prepared for a heavy acreage.

In April we declared war, you remember, and within two weeks from the date of the declaration Roy Hodge had forty acres of cotton planted and had made arrangements with negro families living nearby to have it worked and picked, and had left the money with his father to pay for the work.

It was raining the day Roy went with me to the recruiting station in Centralia, and I had up the storm curtains as I whisked him down Broussard Street.

"Marines," he replied when the recruiting officer asked what branch of the service he wished to join. "I notice it says they are the first to fight."

"You'll get overseas quick enough with the marines," laughed the officer. "My, my, what muscles! Man, where did you get your training?"

Roy blushed and I answered for him.

"My debts will all be paid in the fall, and of course I will insure for Theo," he told me on our drive home. "I'll be gone from here in two more weeks, and I'll have to work to beat the band in the meantime."

That night I sat down and wrote his wife a long letter. I had her address from a brother physician, who had written me that she joined the Red Cross for training the next day after we joined the Allies.

You know the marine uniform. It's a nice looking uniform and it stands for a whole lot, too, just like our khaki does. Well, the best looking suit of it I ever saw was the one Roy Hodge wore away from here. And it looked its best when a pair of slender arms in a Red Cross apron were around it and a Red Cross cap was nestling just against the shoulder.

Stripes? Those stripes were forever and forever forgotten!

The Real Santa Claus

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

spoke; Mr. Burge was not in a happy frame of mind; and all were too busy thinking, in that deep, arresting silence, each impressed in an individual way with the sweet calm and splendor of the winter twilight.

Nearing the house, the children were on the alert to see their mother, who always met them at the door on such occasions with a hearty kiss. "There she is, Elsie—there's mamma! I saw her first!" cried Fred, as he espied that dear countenance, with the gentle faithful eyes, and the light hair, clinging round it like a halo.

Mrs. Burge was not like herself. She seemed to have lost the old, child-like glee and happy assurance which Fred remembered in her bearing on other, happier Christmas Eves. But she had prepared a warm, cozy supper for them, and had arranged a tree for the children, decorating with the ornaments which she had saved from other happier years when Christmas brought joy and gladness to her own heart because the little ones were made happy.

As she tucked the children in their beds that night, Fred put both his hands up to her face and whispered, "Santa will come surely, won't he, mamma?"

"I hope so, darling," as she stooped down and kissed that round, upturned face; and then she slipped quietly out of the room to hide her grief, well knowing there would be no Santa for them that night.

Fred was so anxious that he tried to stay awake, so as to be sure to hear when Santa and his deer arrived. He waited one hour—he waited two—but nothing was heard of Santa. Finally, he crawled quietly out of bed and stood looking down into the long, broad roadway.

Gloriously, the moon, like a heavily-laden treasure boat, gleamed down from the sky, shedding its soft white rays over the neighboring landscape and lighting up objects in the far away distance. All was the stillness, calm and splendor of a painted vision.

Disappointed, but not disheartened, the child crept back into his warm bed, and listened and listened, till presently he fancied that far, far in the distance he heard sleigh bells jingle; and then he was sure he heard sweet music, like that of a boy's voice, in the air. Then—then—he knew no more till morning dawned, and with a bound he leaped from bed.

"Merry Christmas, mamma! Merry Christmas, papa! Merry Christmas, sister!" he called, hurriedly dressing.

His mother arose, too, arose, as she thought, to face bravely the inevitable sorrow and disappointment which the day must bring her loved ones.

"Mamma, he came—he came—I heard him!" Fred whispered as they met at the entrance to his mother's room.

"Darling, she whispered back, stroking lovingly the curly head, "darling, you must not be too sure—too sure—but Fred did not wait for her to finish. He bounded away from her.

Here and there he ran all over the old house, peering into every nook that Santa had been known to visit in years gone by. Mrs. Burge, meanwhile, busied herself in the kitchen, getting ready for the morning meal, and now and then wiping away the tears that would, in spite of all she could do, stream down her cheeks.

Creeping when all search failed, but still not vanquished, Fred presently came back to her.

"He is sure one wise one, that Santa," he said. "He did our presents this year for fair. I guess neither papa nor any of the rest of us can find them this year. Come on, mamma, help me hunt for them, won't you?"

"Fred, dear," his mother began softly, trying to get courage to break the news to him.

But Fred was too full of his own ideas to hear her.

"I know he was here," he said, "for I was watching, and when he did not come I crept back to bed, and then I heard his sleigh bells, and I heard the angels singing, too, ever so loud 'Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas to all!'"

Mrs. Burge bent her head over her work, and tears unheeded splashed down upon her hands.

"He came right up the road," Fred prattled away in all his boyish confidence and enthusiasm. "I heard him, and I bet I can see his tracks out there in the snow."

With that, he opened the door to look, and such a shout as rent the air.

"It's here, mamma! It's here! Didn't I tell you he came, that I heard him and heard the angels singing? Papa! Elsie! Come quick! Gee, what a big box! From Santa Claus! That's what it says. Whee—ee!"

The family gathered in glee around the big box, which stood there so unconcerned, bearing its precious message of good-will. On opening it, they found it contained nuts, candy, fruit, and many toys, such as would delight the hearts of any children of Fred and Elsie's age. And kind old Santa had not forgotten the older "children," for there were gifts of a more substantial nature for Mr. and Mrs. Burge—some choice cookies, a large plump fruit cake, a bouncing turkey, and several articles of wearing apparel, which included a pair of shoes each for Mrs. Burge's cherubs.

As the parents stood by, watching the holy glee of their little ones, Mrs. Burge placed her hand affectionately on her husband's shoulder and said, "Jim the longest day you ever live, don't say again there is no Santa Claus."

"Never again, Sophie! Never again—I'm through!" exclaimed Jim solemnly. "Sophie, Santa Claus is as real as God Himself!"

Meantime, in a little confectionery store in the village, a young Italian, named Toney Parillo, went about his morning work, a deep smile on his face, his merry eyes sparkling, and his soft boyish voice singing, as only an Italian can sing, "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas to all!"

As a result of experiments conducted by the Forest Products Laboratory, United States Department of Agriculture, a good grade of paper is being produced in commercial quantities from cotton-hull fiber. Pulp made from second-cut cotton linters and hull fiber, the forest specialists say, is well suited for the manufacture of book, writing, printing, blotting, cover, and other high grades of paper, and is equal in quality to the highest grades of paper stock.

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We know that if Partola could be introduced into every American home just once, most of these homes would never be without it thereafter. In order to get Partola introduced into as many homes as possible, we are offering 673 cash prizes for the best letters telling why Partola should be in every home. From these letters we will get your opinions which we will use in our advertising.

Every man, woman, boy or girl is eligible for entry into this contest. All you have to do is to write us a letter—not to exceed 100 words—and tell us why you prefer Partola candies.

The prizes are as follows: for the best letter, \$150.00 cash; for the next two best letters, \$100.00 each; for the next four best letters \$50.00 each; for the next six best letters, \$25.00 each; for the next ten best letters, \$10.00 each; for the next fifty best letters, \$5.00 each; for the next two hundred best letters, \$2.00 each; for the next four hundred best

letters, \$1.00 each—making a total of 673 prizes!

Contest closes February 15th, 1920, and list of prize winners will be announced later.

REMEMBER—you do not have to be an advertising writer to compete in this contest. Just write what you think of Partola and why you prefer it. All you have to know about is Partola. In order to give you some of the main points and advantages of Partola, we reproduce here an article which recently appeared in a New York newspaper. Read every word of it carefully. Find out what Partola is; what it does; how delicious it is and why it is favored by thousands of American men and women all over the country.

Try to get one of these 673 cash prizes. There are enough prizes so that one who really acquaints himself with the merit of Partola should have a good chance to win something. Note: Free trial sample will be sent upon request.

How to Fight Your Secret Enemies

By Modern Method of Internal Hygiene

Disease germs are our deadliest enemies because they remain out of sight and do not make known their presence until after they strike their blows.

In certain parts of the body it is easy to get at the germs and drive them out. For example: the mouth, nose, teeth and throat. Germ killing mouth washes and dentifrices have long been endorsed by the medical profession and, in fact, are used daily by all careful people.

But—what about the germs that enter the body with the food and lodge in the digestive organs? What measures have been adopted to rid the system of these secret enemies?

Until recently little attention was paid to the practice of internal hygiene but, with the newly recognized health necessity—intestinal antiseptics—thousands of folks now demand the pleasant tasting, antiseptic and laxative tablets, Partola.

Two Important Purposes

Partola has a double duty. First, it cleanses the bowels and gently stimulates the liver. In this respect its action is similar to that of ordinary laxatives. But Partola does more—it exerts a disinfectant action on the stomach and intestinal tract, very much the same as antiseptic mouth washes exert on the teeth and throat.

Partola is new in principle and it should not be confused with ordinary, old-fashioned laxatives. While it does anything ANY laxative can do, its additional value as an internal antiseptic makes it much more valuable to folks who wish to protect themselves from the inside as well as the outside.

Delicious as Bon Bons

In addition to its high medicinal value for young and old, remember that Partola comes in the form of a delicious mint candy. There is no taste or odor of medicine about it.

IMPORTANT: Two Partola candies, taken at night, act as a laxative. And one tablet per night thereafter (for a short period) will remove the most stubborn case of constipation. If you are not troubled by constipation, simply take one-half candy daily for its invaluable antiseptic action on the digestive organs.

Favored by Young and Old

Partola—"The Doctor in Candy Form"—is sold by all good druggists in boxes ranging from 25 cents to \$1.00. Obtain a package today, use them for the whole family—children, mother and father—and thus secure easy and inexpensive protection, not only from constipation, but from dangerous intestinal poisons, infections and germs.

All good druggists sell Partola in 25c, 50c and \$1.00 boxes. If your druggist's stock is exhausted he can quickly get Partola for you.

PARTOLA the modern mint candy laxative and internal antiseptic

Partola Distributing Co., 26 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

RAISE HARES FOR US

Immense profits quickly and easily made. We furnish stock, and pay \$2.00 to \$3.00 each, also express when 3 mo. old. Contracts, booklets, etc., 10c. Nothing free.

Thorson Rabbit Co., Dept. S, Aurora, Colo.

Saws 25 to 40 Cords a Day

At a Cost of 1 1/2c Per Cord!

Send Today for Big Special Offer and Low

Direct Price on the OTTAWA, The One Man

Saw, the first made and sold direct from

OTTAWA LOG SAW

Saves Down Trees Saves Logs Saves

Limbs

and

Used by U.S. Govt. Schools

FREE

Write at once for

Special Offer and Low

Factory Direct Price. Get our offer.

OTTAWA MFG. CO., 515 West Street, Ottawa, Ont.

Factory to user. Greatest labor saver and

money-maker ever invented. Saws any size

log at the rate of a foot a minute. Does the

work of ten men. Assembled from log

to log or cut to cut as any wheelbarrow.

4-Cycle Frost Proof Engine—pulls

over 3 H.P. Hopper cooled. Oscil-

lating Magnet, no batteries ever

needed. Easy to start in any

weather. Automatic Governor re-

gulates speed. Uses fuel only

as needed. Cheap to oper-

ate. Saw blade easily re-

moved. When not sawing,

engine runs pumps, feed mills

and other machinery. Pulley furnished

Cash or Easy Payments—

30 Days Trial Shipped direct from

factory. No waiting—

no delay. Let the OTTAWA saw your logs and pay

for itself as you use it. 10 YEAR GUARANTEE.

See the OTTAWA at work on your farm once

and you will never give it up. Thousands in use every

corner. Beware! Get one or two other or use market.

Does sawing so other saw with. Send today.

Cuts down trees

level with the

ground



Stop!

Perhaps you've tried to stop using tobacco only to find that the habit has such a hold on you that you gave up trying.

You know, sooner or later, it is bound to undermine your health. Heart trouble, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervousness, insomnia, poor eyesight—these and many other disorders, can often be traced directly to the use of tobacco. Besides it is an expensive, utterly useless habit.

Habit Banished

In 48 to 72 Hours

No matter how firm a grip tobacco has on you—no matter whether you've been smoking cigars, pipe or cigarettes or chewing plug or fine cut for a month or 50 years—Tobacco Reducer will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in from 48 to 72 hours. It does its work so quickly that all tobacco "hunger" is gone almost before you know it. Your desire for a smoke or a chew begins to decrease after the very first dose.

Tobacco Reducer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind—it is in no sense a tobacco substitute. It does not cause the slightest shock to the nervous system; on the contrary, it quiets the nerves and makes you feel better in every way.

SEND Coupon for Proof

Get our free booklet. Tells you all about the deadly effects of tobacco and how easy it is now to quit. We will also send you copies of letters from confirmed users telling how this simple, home-treatment freed them absolutely from the habit. Just mail coupon—or a postal will do.

NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.

Dept. 312 St. Louis, Mo.
Send, without obligation to me in any way, proof that Tobacco Reducer will positively free me from the Tobacco Habit.

Name.....

Street and No.....

Town..... State.....

ABSORBINE STOPS LAMENESS

from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar troubles and gets horse going sound. It acts mildly but quickly and good results are lasting. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. \$2.50 a bottle delivered. Horse Book 9 R free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins; heals Sores, Allays Pain. Will tell you more if you write. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Liberal trial bottle for 10c stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, INC., 345 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME

Taught in simplest English during spare time. Diploma granted. Cost within reach of all. Satisfactory guarantee. Have been teaching by correspondence twenty years. Graduates assisted in many ways. Every person interested in stock should take it. Write for catalogue and full particulars.

London Veterinary Correspondence School

Dept. 3, London, Ontario, Can

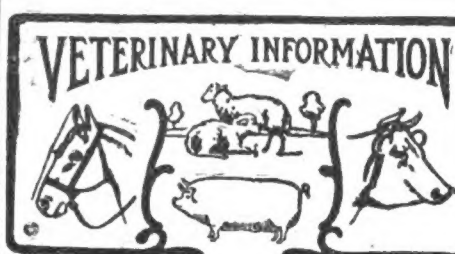
Bone Spavin

No matter how old the case, how lame the horse, or what other treatment failed, try Fleming's Spavin and Ringbone Paste, \$2.08 a Bottle (War tax paid). One application usually enough. Intended only for established cases of Bone Spavin, Ringbone and Sidebone. Money back if it fails. Write for FLEMING'S VET. POUCH VETERINARY ADVISER, 10c FREE.

FLEMING BROS., 323 Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.

Let This Free Book Show You How To Make Big Money Trapping

It tells you valuable secrets used by expert trappers—how to make traps and baits that bring the game, how to set your traps so as to fool the most wary fox, wolf, etc., how to prepare your pelts for market, where to sell them for the biggest profit, and many other money-making suggestions. It also contains interesting letters and pictures of remarkable catches by COMFORT trappers, an exciting story "Traps and Thrills On An Iowa Trail," and full details of our new \$200 Prize Offer. This great book, which should bring dollars into the hands of every trapper, will be sent to you absolutely free and postpaid. Write for it today! Address COMFORT, Fur Dept. B, Augusta, Maine.



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

The Menace of Filth

MEN do not as a general rule understand or appreciate the dangers possible from dirt in the surroundings of animals. We do not refer to soil, often erroneously and insultingly termed dirt. We mean filth, and it is found wherever hogs and other animals are kept and not properly cared for. To it are attributable most of the diseases which take such a toll every year on the farms of the country. Tetanus (lockjaw) is more apt to occur upon the farm than anywhere else, for the deadly germ causing it—the tetanus bacillus—is found in all dirty places on the farm. It cannot stand light and air. They soon kill it dead. Tuberculosis, also, is caused by a germ that soon dies if exposed to direct sunlight, and that is true of many other germs. So it is absolutely necessary to keep stock pens, stables and yards as clean as possible and frequently to disinfect such places. That can be done effectively and cheaply with a five per cent solution of compound cresol solution, or commercial coal tar disinfectant, or with a solution of five ounces of formaldehyde to a gallon of water. Especially is it necessary to keep hog quarters clean and to keep these animals out of old hog wallows and small running streams. The wallow contains all manner of dangerous germs, and those of cholera and some other deadly diseases are carried by running water. The intestines of hogs naturally contain germs known as the *bacillus necrophorus*, and that filth germ is the cause of a lot of disaster. It produces, for example, canker sore mouth of pigs; bullnose or snuffles of hogs; sloughing skin disease of hogs which often causes loss of tails and ears and the worst kind of intestinal disease, often mistaken for cholera and known as necrotic enteritis. Then, too, it causes chronic sores about the heels of cattle and horses, foot rot in sheep, necrotic stomatitis or "calf diphtheria," so deadly to calves, and the same fatal disease among lambs. It may have to do with the infection of the navel of all new-born animals, and generally is present in every eating, obstinate sore. Cleanliness, fresh air and sunlight, together with the use of disinfectants and whitewash, prevent most of these troubles. Let every reader put them to work.

PARALYSIS.—I have two hogs a year old that are down in their hind parts. They are in good condition and eat heartily. What ails them and is there a cure? J. C. M.

A.—Overfeeding and constipation from lack of exercise often causes such conditions. If free opening of the bowels with a four- to six-ounce dose of epsom salts in warm water or slop does not remedy matters so that the hogs can rise, it would be best to slaughter them and use the meat if no serious disease is found present. If the extremities are cold and do not flinch when pricked with a needle, treatment will prove useless.

ABNORMAL MILK.—Please tell me what is the matter with my cow. She is four years old and is with calf, giving two and one half gallons of milk each day. I churn three hours and get about one tablespoonful of butter from two milkings. I feed her on peanut meal, hay, potato vines and corn stalks. She is rolling fat.

A.—If the cow is pregnant it would be best to dry off the milk flow as she has been milking too long. If she is not pregnant it would be best to kill her for meat or sell her to the butcher as she is "rolling fat," which is not a good condition for a dairy cow. If you do not care to do as we have suggested, feed ground barley or oats, wheat bran, hominy and flaxseed or cottonseed meal, or some such combination of dairy feeds. Get a starter from a creamery man and follow his instructions as to the correct temperature at which cream should be set and churned in your climate.

DEATH OF CALF.—Please give me information about my calf. She was six months old, when her urine became bloody. She was drenched with saltpetre and soot tea but it did no good. She lived nearly three days but would not eat or drink. What ailed her and what could we have done to cure her? Was it bloody murrain? Is there a cure for it, and is it contagious? I would not do without COMFORT.

A.—The symptoms indicate either anthrax (bloody murrain) or hemorrhagic septicemia. Both diseases are incurable, but may be prevented by vaccination. Keep calves off the pasture where the death occurred or the disease was contracted and have a veterinarian vaccinate the remaining cattle if he can determine which disease was present.

PUMPING A HORSE.—I am writing for information. What shall I give horses to plump them? C. T.

A.—We know of nothing so good as plenty of nutritious, palatable feed to put a horse in good shape for sale. A quart of black-strap molasses diluted with hot water and mixed with cornmeal, wheat bran and cut hay fed twice daily now puts polish on a thin horse. Feed whole oats at noon and puts polish on a thin horse. The amount of molasses may be increased if seen to be necessary. It sometimes is necessary to starve a horse to take molasses feed, but soon he will take it with relish. The drug used to plump horses is Fowler's solution of arsenic. The dose is half an ounce twice daily and this may gradually be increased. When no longer needed it should gradually be discontinued, taking at least ten days to the process.

MAMMITS.—What is the trouble with my cow? When I milk her, the teats feel slimy, the milk clogs and turns to clabber. Is there a cure? J. S.

A.—The disease is mammitis or garget and is caused by germs, and in this case having become chronic and severe, it is incurable. It would be best to dry off any remaining milk secretion and fit the cow for slaughter, if you think that will pay. Treatment for garget is given in another answer this month.

GARGET.—I have a cow that gave lumpy milk about three months before she freshened and still continues, sometimes in one teat and then another. She will go a week or two and her milk appears to be all right. I am a reader of COMFORT.

A.—The disease is garget (mammitis) and usually proves incurable in cases such as you describe. Improvements may result if you milk three times a day and try to keep the cow from chilling or bruising her udder. Milk at exactly the same hours each day. At times of attack, milk every two or three hours and at night give a tablespoonful each of powdered saltpetre and poke root in feed or water. Massage the udder at each milking and at night, when affected with garget, rub in a mixture of one part each of turpentine and fluid extracts of poke root and belladonna and eight parts of melted lard or sweet oil.

WEAK MULE.—I have a young mule and when I have driven her eight or ten miles she begins to stumble or falter in her hind legs. What can I do? Mrs. E. W.

A.—The mule has been overdriven for her age so should be rested and well fed until she becomes strong again. Let her run on pasture and feed oats, ear corn, bran and good hay in addition. Have her feet properly trimmed by the smith and have her shed when you start driving her again. Keep her off dry board floors.

COWS DYING.—Do cows that are fat and sleek have tuberculosis? I have a cow that has been coughing for

two years or longer. She is fat and looks as if nothing was wrong with her. Another cow is giving milk and is thin and coughs. The third cow will freshen in two months. I have noticed her cough two or three times. She has been fed a little and had the same pasture the other cattle have.

E. D.

A.—Tuberculosis probably causes the cough and other symptoms described. It is quite common for a cow to be affected and yet look well. The only way of determining the matter will be to have the cows tested with tuberculin, and you can arrange to have that done free by writing to the state veterinarian. Or write to the state agricultural experiment station for instructions how to proceed and as to the law relative to reimbursement. Milk of tuberculous cows is highly dangerous to man and animals.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

Best Way of Doing Things Around The Home

Peach stains can be removed by using spirits of camphor.

To soften boots or shoes rub a little castor oil well into the leather.

To keep apple sauce from turning dark add the beaten white of an egg.

To keep cheese from getting moldy put it in glass fruit jars that are air tight.

Wet grease spots on clothing with kerosene, then wash as usual, and the grease will have disappeared.

When opening this year's jelly glasses, save the paraffin for next year's jelly. It can be melted and used again.

To remove rust stains from white goods, dip a piece of lemon in salt and rub it on the stain. Let it remain half an hour. Wash and if stain is not entirely removed, repeat process.—P. A. Reedville, Ore.

Cook cranberries in a double boiler with no water except that in the larger outside dish. They are better cooked in this way than in the ordinary manner. A small piece of apple or a few raisins added to the cranberries while cooking will improve the flavor.

Instead of buying a new wick for my oil stove I buy two lamp wicks which are much cheaper. I cut the old wick down past the first row of holes and baste the lamp wick around by running needle through these little holes at top of old wick. Do not overlap them.

—TEXAS FRIEND, Bay City, Texas.

Requests

How to make Russian Squares.

How to make china berry beads.

How to remove nitro of silver from porcelain ware.

How to remove paper that has become stuck to surface of dining table.

Mary J. Tolbert, Gurley, Ala., would like the October and November, 1917 numbers of COMFORT.

I would like to correspond with sisters living in Colorado as to climate, schools, etc.—Mrs. L. E. Russ, Bradley, Ark.

Will someone kindly send me the October number of COMFORT for 1918. Will return postage and paper. Write first.—Mrs. J. H. JENSEN, Kilgore, Idaho.

Will someone please send me the November, 1918, copy of Today's Housewife. Will return it at once and pay postage both ways.—Mrs. DELLA GILLOGLY, Ridge, Ark.

I would like to have a copy of the Pictorial Review for August, 1916, and Today's Housewife for April, 1917; also the story, "Lydia of the Pines." Will return papers or favor in any way possible. Write first.—Mrs. C. HOFFE, Pomeroy, Washington.

Would like to get the words to the poem entitled "Antietam," beginning thus:

"I've wandered o'er Antietam, John,
And stood where fore met foe,
Upon the fields of Maryland
So many years ago."

—Mrs. L. A. MARTIN, Wright, Minn.

Remedies

SPRAINS.—Wring flannel out of hot vinegar and apply. Change when cold.

SORE THROAT.—Gargle with salt and vinegar, one teaspoon of salt to half a glass of vinegar.

HEALING SALVE.—Take equal parts of some good talcum powder and lard and half as much borax. Mix all together.—Mrs. P. M. HARRELL, Wheatland, Ill.

COLD ON CHEST.—Cook onions in as much grease as they will absorb; spread on flannel and apply hot as can be borne on chest. Change every three or four hours until relieved.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Mrs. R. E. Pierce of Oil City, Pa., would like to find her brother and sister, Norene and Olen Owens.

J. W. Morton, Chillicothe, Ill., would like to hear from George Freeman, son of John and Jane Freeman, last heard of in Oklahoma.

Mrs. Ola Elam, DeVew, Ark., would like information concerning the whereabouts of her brother, Willie Coughlin, also Ada Coughlin.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S

Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 60 cents each. Book 50 cents. Address: COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S

What 15c WILL BRING YOU FROM THE Nation's Capital

Washington, the home of the Pathfinder, has become the World's Capital and reading the Pathfinder will be like sitting in the inner council with those who will mold the nation's destiny for the next generation.

means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, briefly—here it is. Send 15c to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send you the Pathfinder 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends. THE PATHFINDER, Box 79, Washington, D. C.

The little matter of 15c. in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder 13 weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and sets the truth and only the truth; now in its 27th year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but \$1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your paper. The Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, briefly—here it is. Send 15c to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send you the Pathfinder 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends. THE PATHFINDER, Box 79, Washington, D. C.

\$600 1920 MODEL FORD CAR GIVEN FIRST GRAND PRIZE

On February 28, 1920, I am going to give away a \$600 Ford Touring Car, fully equipped with the new Ford Self Starter and Lighting System, to some one who answers my Ad. and is the most successful in carrying out my simple instructions. In this contest I will also give away thousands of dollars in Cash Rewards, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Diamond Rings, Phonographs, etc., etc., and in case of a tie I will duplicate the prize tied for.

GET 1,000 VOTES

In the picture are a number of hidden faces. See how many you can find. Some are looking right at you, some turned sideways. You will find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil and mail to me with your name and address. If you find as many as five of the hidden faces I will enter you in this contest with 1,000 votes to your credit and send you full particulars. Some one will get the Ford. Why not you? Write today SURE.

D. W. BEACH, Contest Mgr., Dept. 1512 Spencer, Indiana

Wear Dale Jewelry

ALL THESE FREE

Secret Locket and Neck Chain, Pendant and Neck Chain, Imitation Wrist Watch with adjustable leather strap and buckle and these Four lovely Rings. ALL Given FREE to anyone selling only 12 of our Jewelry Novelties at 10c each. P. C. Dale Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.

Be in Fashion

Be in Fashion

Be in Fashion

Be in Fashion

Be in Fashion

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Mrs. Lizzie Kyle, Tenaha, R. R. 2, Texas, would like to find her mother, Mrs. Hattie Bazer. Mrs. Bazer was last heard of in Houston, Texas, ten years ago.

Mrs. Jannet Wiles, Goodell, Iowa, would like to hear from her cousins, whose maiden names were Ellen and Isabel Dunbar—last heard of in Dorchester, Canada.

Wanted, John Thompson, formerly of Greene County, Tenn., or some member of his family, to communicate with R. 3, Box 9, White Pine, Tenn.

Miss Mary Avery, Jonesboro, La., R. R. 1, Box 9, would like to get information of her uncle, John Jesse Crichton, brother of Callie Honie Crichton—last heard of in Cotton Valley, La., twelve years ago.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

Drop Uncle Charlie's Poem in the Christmas Stocking and Make Everybody Happy!

If you want a real, old-fashioned Christmas, get a copy of that wonderful volume, Uncle Charlie's Poems. Here is the finest present for young or old in the world. To deprive the children of the book is a crime. Read "How Father Carved that Turkey," "How Pop Played Santa Claus," and "Just Behind The Battle Mother," and you will have the whole family yelling with laughter. For parlor or platform it is the dandiest book in the world. A big 160-page volume in ribbed silk cloth, a scream from cover to cover. Contains a sketch of Uncle Charlie's life and half-tone pictures showing him dictating his monthly talks to Maria. This exquisite volume free for a club of only three subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Dandiest Christmas gift in the world. Work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book a Superb Christmas Gift!

You can't have a real Christmas without music in the home, and Uncle Charlie's song folio, a superb collection of entrancingly beautiful songs, will set every music lover wild with delight. Songs for Christmas and all occasions; all tastes, and every song a hit. The ideal gift for all music lovers. Cheap at five dollars. Contains full music for voice and piano. Four splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie on the cover. Send in two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each and Santa Claus will bring this gorgeous collection of musical masterpieces to your door free of charge. Poems and song book free for a club of five. Secure both and a Merry Christmas will be yours. Send for them today.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9 1/4 by 7 1/4 inches, free for two subscribers at 50c each—one dollar in all.

Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and beautifully bound in silk cloth, still covers, gold topped. Free for three subs at 50c. each—one dollar and fifty cents in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only two subs at 30c. each—one dollar in all. Ideal birthday presents. COMFORT's greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and song book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins Department.

The Bee Cell Supporter

A BOON TO WOMANKIND

Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us \$2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 169 White St., Buffalo, N. Y.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



AGENTS WANTED

Agents \$60 a week selling guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, sizes and colors including finest line of silk hose. Mrs. McClure makes over \$1000 a year. Mrs. Schurman averages \$60 a month with no spare time. Geo. Noble made \$35 in one day. Write quick for agency and samples. Thomas Hosiery Co., 3519 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Inlay Tyres, inner armour for auto tires doubles mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1110, Cincinnati.

Agents Quick Sales! Big Profits! Outfit Free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Hosiery, Underwear, etc. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. L.P., 425 Broadway, New York.

Agents to Travel by automobile to introduce our fast selling popular priced household necessities. The greatest line on earth. Make \$10 a day. Complete outfit and automobile furnished free to workers. Write today for exclusive territory. American Products Co., 1245 American Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factory" home anywhere. Booklet free. William Bagdale, East Orange, N. J.

Biggest Money-Maker in America. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincoats and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. \$1.00 an hour for spare time. Make \$200 to \$300 a week. Write \$10 in the margin. Purchase \$207.00 in seven days. \$2800 a year profit for four average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. J 122, Dayton, Ohio.

Liberty Portraits Big Winners. Thirty days credit. 30 Hour service. Rejects credited. World's famous Peace Paintings now ready. Easy \$100 weekly. Write quickly for catalog and free samples. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 14-1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents: Sell rich looking 36x58 imported rugs, \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit \$57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid \$1.15. R. Condon, Importer, Stoughton, Maine.

Agents: Wireless Umbrella. I am paying \$1 an hour taking orders for this newest invention. Send for 5-part outfit. Six inch midge demonstrator free. Parker Mfg. Co., 37 Dixie Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Steady Income Manufacturer of Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods, whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co., 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents: New reversible raincoat. Elegant style. Finished on both sides. Two coats for the price of one. Every business man, clerk, mechanic, truck driver wants one. Ideal for men doing outdoor work. Guaranteed waterproof. Great seller. Bingford sold 28 coats in 6 days. Write quick for agency and sample to workers. Thomas Raincoat Co., 1919 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carleton Co., 31 So. Main, St. Louis.

Every Home On Farm. In Small Town, or Suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin cook, toilet Mantle Lamp. Five times as bright as electric. Tested and recommended by Government and leading Universities. Awarded Gold Medal. One farmer cleared over \$500 in six weeks. Hundreds with rigs or autos earning \$100 to \$300 per month. No experience needed. Excellent spare time and evening seller. No Capital Required! Write quick for distributor's proposition and lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 905 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago.

\$12.50 Per 100 paid reliable woman to distribute free samples laundry soap among friends. Steady. Experience unnecessary. Dept. A. New Method Co., Burlington, Iowa.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mandels, a patent patch for instantly mending tears in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Big Earning Easy—startling invention. Banishes spark plug trouble. Saves gasoline. Sells like wildfire. Exclusive territory. Agents write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., Desk 313, Omaha, Neb.

We Pay \$36 A Week and expenses and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D. L. Parsons, Kan.

Become A Prosperous Davis Agent—Beginners making \$30-\$50 weekly. Crew managers doubling that. "Lucky 11" pays you 20%. 37 other big winners. Big rush season from now to Christmas. Davis Products Co., Dept. 566, Chicago.

"Klean-Rite" washes clothes without rubbing. Whirlwind seller. 300% profit. Samples free. "Besco" 3253-CM, Belleplaine, Chicago.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared \$500.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Nichols Co., Box 45, Naperville, Ill.

Live Wire Agents, We Want You! Take orders for The Liberty Line of Made-to-Measure combination Top-Coats, Raincoats and Automobile Coats. Hundreds of orders waiting for you. Our stock of materials is tremendous and deliveries are prompt. Complete selling outfit and Sample coat free. Biggest commissions paid. We deliver and collect. Join our sales force of the biggest money-makers by writing for particulars at once. The Liberty Raincoat Company, Dept. A-16, Dayton, Ohio.

\$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. Beautiful light. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Experience not necessary. Write today. Luther Mfg. Co., Dept. 342, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Blowouts repaired without vulcanizing. New invention solves auto tire blowout problem. 200 additional miles \$1.00. Agents make big profits. Thomas Stewart, Sales Manager, Station K-151, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Medallions, Patriotic Pictures, and Portraits, War Books. Prompt shipment; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk E, Chicago, Illinois.

Women Agents. 1919 patent. Secure Clasp Sanitary belt, splendid seller, double money on each sale. Working outfit 50c. Brockton Mfg. Co., Brockton, Mass.

Make \$1,000 Monthly. Whitehead made \$75 one day; Paeko, \$75 in two hours; Sanderland, \$50 in two weeks; Stepp, \$25 in ten minutes—selling Robinson Folding Bath Tubs. Greatest invention of age. Self filling—self emptying. City water and sewerage unnecessary. Permits full size bath in any room. Guaranteed 10 years. Thousands of enthusiastic users. 70% of homes without bath. Big opportunity for sales agents. Hundreds making big money year 'round. State managers wanted. Exclusive territory. Experience unnecessary. Free sales helps. Get particulars—write today. Robinson Mfg. Co., 5120 Factory Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

SALESMEN WANTED

Tobacco Factory wants salesmen; \$125.00 monthly and expenses for the right man. Experience unnecessary, as we give complete instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., D-19, Danville, Va.

Sell Oils, Belting, Paint, Roofing, Roof Cement, General Supplies, to Garages, Factories, Mills, Stores, Auto Owners, Farmers, Threshers. Splendid proposition. Paid weekly. O. L. Doty, Dept. 24-B, Cleveland, Ohio.

OLD COINS

Genuine Old Coin and large 42-page illustrated Coin Catalog for ten cents. Just a "get acquainted" offer. Send Now. B. Max Mehl, Coin Dealer, Mehl Bldg., Dept. F, Fort Worth, Texas.

FORD ACCESSORIES

Ford's Start Easy In Cold Weather. Will run 34 miles per gallon on cheapest gasoline or half kerosene, using our 1920 carburetors. Increased power; styles for all motors; can attach them yourself. Big profits to agents; money back guarantee; 30 days trial; Air Friction Carburetor Co., 427 Madison St., Dayton, Ohio.

MALE HELP WANTED

Thousands Men-Women-Boys-Girls, over 18, needed for Government Positions. Commence \$100. Experience unnecessary. List Free. Write, Orem, 104, St. Louis.

Men Wanted. Railway Mail Clerks. \$117 month. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M12, Rochester, N. Y.

Firemen. Brakemen. Baggage men. \$140-\$200 Colored Porters, by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Auto Experts wanted. \$35 week. Learn while earning. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M810, Rochester, N. Y.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Good Land On Credit. In Michigan's best hardwood Co's. Big money in grain, stock, poultry, fruit. 10 to 150 A. Only \$15 to \$30 per A. Good towns, schools, churches. No swamps or stones. Small down payment. Easy terms. Your credit is good. Boss a piece of land. Big booklet free. Swigart Land Co., 11246 First Nat'l Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Substantial Manufacturing corporation wants capable men to establish branch and manage salesmen. \$300 to \$1000 necessary. You handle your own money. Will allow expenses to Baltimore if you will qualify. For particulars address Secretary, 416 N. Howard St., Baltimore, Md.

HONEY

Honey of Superior Quality. Also Green County's Famous Cheese. Price list Free. E. H. Ross, Monroe, Wis.

Honey. Fine new clover honey guaranteed to be absolutely pure honey and of strictly choice quality. Sample 10 cents. Price list free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays for amateurs; Monologues, Recitations, Minstrel and Vaudeville Jokes and Sketches; Ideas for entertainments. Send for free catalog. Dramatic Publishing Co., 542 So. Dearborn Street, Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

Make Money Fast—Small capital starts you with guaranteed professional Moving picture machine. Complete outfit on easy payments. No experience needed. Catalog Free. Dept. C, Monarch Theatre Supply Service, 430 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

Make Money Fast. Start "Movie" with small capital. Buy complete outfit on easy payments. Openings everywhere. No experience required. Catalog free. National Moving Picture Co., Dept. C, Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago.

Extra Special Bargains—Complete Moving Picture outfit ready for work. Big Money Making Proposition. Small Capital Starts You. Particulars Free. Moving Picture Sales Co., 540 Plymouth Place, Dept. 2, Chicago.

Complete Moving Picture Outfit professional machine film, screens, chairs, light plant easy payments. Large catalog free. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 23, 228 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

BOOKS

Trappers—Get a Free Copy of the 64 page guide "Trapping Tricks." Shows photograph illustrations of sets and animal catches. Triumph Trap Co., Dept. 1, Oneida, N. Y.

Christmas Is It Dec. 25? Bible Gives True date of Christ's Birth Wonderful Book Free. C. Megiddo Mission, Rochester, N. Y.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly Procured. Personal, Careful and Efficient service. Highest references. Moderate fees. Send Sketch or Model for actual search and advice. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27A Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Free Book On Patents—Write today for Free Copy of "How to Obtain a Patent." Contains valuable information and advice to inventors. Tells how to secure Patents. Send model or sketch of your invention for opinion of its patentable nature—Free. (20 years experience) Talbert & Talbert, 4208 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents for Sale: to sell or buy or obtain patents write Patent News-43, Washington, D. C. Only inventors newspaper \$2 per year, 20c copy.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies earn money crocheting, sewing, tatting, making aprons, and caps from our especially designed economical patterns. Apron and cap sets made \$3.00 per doz. Material supplied. No canvassing. Send 3c for the patterns—returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Wanted—5 bright capable Ladies to Travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$25.00 to \$50.00 per week. Railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 62, Omaha, Neb.

Agent—Teachers of the wonderful McEwin's Easy Shorthand wanted. Good income easily earned in spare time. Practically free training as teachers. For booklet write McEwin's Shorthand Corporation, Edison Building, Chicago.

Hundreds Women. Government Census Jobs. \$1140 year. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M3, Rochester, N. Y.

Women—\$125-\$200 month. Be Expert Dress Designers. Sample lessons free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. M851, Rochester, N. Y.

Women—Become Expert Milliners, \$125 month. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M, 901, Rochester, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

FEMALE AGENTS WANTED

Free—Beautiful pair silk hose to any lady for selling 3 boxes "Seeroh" Beauty Cream. Seeroh Co., 93 Broadway, Detroit, Mich.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N. Y.

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 4515, St. Louis, Mo.

PHOTO FINISHING

Mail Us 15c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Best material. Skilled operators. Get our book. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

For 15c we will develop and furnish prints from one 6 or 8 exposure film, or enlargement 6x7 your favorite negative 15c to show quality and service. Associated Photo Company, Sta. A. 15, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Special Offer. We finish 6 exposure roll (one only) and furnish 6 select prints for 25c with order. Try us. Money back if dissatisfied. Moreau's Kodak Finishing Service, 623 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Do you take pictures? Write for free sample of our big magazine, showing how to make better pictures and earn money. American Photography, 230 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Kodak Films developed, any size 5c each. Prints, any size, 3c each. This is not a special trial offer, but our Regular price. Superior service. L. Co., 379 Ludlow Ave., Cincinnati.

Films Developed Free—any size, 12 prints (trial order) 2c each. Quick—Satisfactory work guaranteed. Remit with order. Save money. Bennett Studio, Hyde Park, Cincinnati, O.

Mail Us 15c and your next Kodak film for development, and six velvet prints. 8x10 enlargements 15c. Address D. & D. Co., P. O. Box 1323, Huntington, W. Va.

This ad and list of camera owners will pay for finishing first roll of film. J. Hesper Co., 209 So. 18th St., Omaha, Neb.

Special Trial Offer: Your next Kodak film developed 7c. Prints 3c each. Disabled Soldiers Photo Co., 3654 N. Halsted St., Chicago.

HOME WEAVING

Big money in Weaving Rugs, Carpets, portieres, etc., at home; from rugs and waste materials. Our free loom book tells all about the weaving business and our wonderfully low priced, easy-to-operate looms. Union Loom Works, 273 Factory St., Boonville, N. Y.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, 64, Hannibal, Mo.

HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

SHORT STORIES

Wanted Stories, Articles, Poems for New Magazine. We pay on acceptance. Typed or handwritten Mss. acceptable. Send Mss. to Woman's Navi Magazine, 1044, Wash., D. C.

FARM LANDS

Productive Lands. Crop Payment or easy terms along the Northern Pacific Ry. in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what State interests you. L. J. Bricker, 14 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul.

INVENTIONS

Inventions Wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91, St. Louis, Mo.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

MISCELLANEOUS

Cabbage Plants, Frost Proof. Leading varieties \$1.75 Per 1000. 500 for \$1. Prompt shipment. Clark Plant Co., Thomasville, Ga.

Switches made from combings. The New Way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Ia.

Mail-order Dealers Advertise From Panama (City, E. P., or Ancon, C. Z.) Mail forwarded ten dollars month. M. E. Bogle, Drawer 2003, Ancon, C. Z.

Christmas Special—An Oil Painting of your War Hero, your dear ones, or yourself. An 11x14 inch picture, artistically finished in Oil Colors from any good photograph for \$6.00. Likeness guaranteed. Original returned. Mail your photograph giving color of eyes and hair etc., and \$6.00 check or money order (no stamps) to: Thomas Chevalier, 3633 Decatur Avenue, Bronx, New York City. Over twenty years in this business. Write for estimates on special work.

G. J. C. Boars. Bred sows and gilts. Best of Breeding and quality. Fr. pigs no less \$36. Fed. Furnished. W. Ruebush, Macomb, Ill.

HELP WANTED

Attention Citizens. Your Government needs many kinds of workers over 18, pays higher salaries for shorter hours and offers greater advantages. Don't miss your real opportunity by failing to investigate. Just send your name for free List BS 2004. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

Govt. Positions Are Desirable. \$1000-\$1500 to start. Let our expert (Former Government Examiner) prepare you. Free Booklet. Patterson Civil Service School, Box 6070, Rochester, N. Y.

Give COMFORT To Your Friends As A Christmas Present!

WHY not! In these days of high prices where could you find a better, more inexpensive present than a one-year's subscription to COMFORT?

It is the one gift that pleases everybody—a gift that will become a cheery, welcome reminder of you month after month for an entire year—and at so little expense you will not notice it at all. Simply send us 50 cents and the name and address of the friend you wish to remember written on the coupon below and we will enter the subscription for one full year to commence with our Christmas number and with it we will also mail a beautiful Christmas Presentation Card so that both paper and card will reach your friend at about the same time. The card is beautifully colored and embossed with a dainty appropriate Christmas design and verse on one side and on the other side is a specially printed announcement of the gift and a space left for your name as the giver which we will fill in ourselves before the card is mailed.

Isn't this a splendid idea? Surely among all your friends there is someone who will appreciate and enjoy such an interesting magazine as COMFORT and who will think of you gratefully every time the carrier leaves it at the door.

Better send us your friend's name and the money now—it's none too early to avoid the Christmas rush—and you will have at least one present less to think about because we will attend to all the details. After you mail the coupon and money you can dismiss the matter from your mind as we will take good care of your order and mail both the paper and the handsome Christmas Presentation Card properly filled out with your name as the giver at precisely the right time.

"COMFORT FOR CHRISTMAS" COUPON

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dear Sir: As a Christmas present from me please send COMFORT for one year to the following address, also the Christmas Presentation Card properly filled out with my name. I enclose 50 cents to pay for same.

My Friend's Name.....

Street & No..... R. F. D. No..... Box No.....

Post Office..... State.....

(Be Sure To Write Your Own Name And Address Below)

My Name Is.....

Street & No..... R. F. D. No..... Box No.....

Post Office..... State.....

If you wish to make a present of COMFORT to more than one friend write the full names and addresses on a separate sheet of paper and pin this coupon to it. BE SURE TO ENCLOSE 50 CENTS FOR EACH NAME SENT.

Ruptured? — Throw Away Your Truss!

For Many Years We Have Been Telling You That No Truss Will Ever Help You—We Have Told You the Harm That Trusses Are Doing. We Have Told You That the Only Truly Comfortable and Scientific Device for Holding Rupture Is the Brooks Rupture Appliance—and That It Is

Sent on Trial to Prove It

If you have tried most everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon today and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

We send on trial to prove what we say is true. You are the judge and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as our hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try our Appliance or not.

Soundly Cured

At the Age of 81



Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Less than a year ago I sent to you for an appliance which came promptly. I at once put it on and it fitted perfectly. I have worn the appliance not quite 10½ months. It has cured my rupture.

I tried the other day while the appliance was off, to see if I could force anything out of the opening to make a break there but I could not though I

tried hard.

Now I think this quite remarkable as I am in my eighty-first year. I am an old veteran of the Civil War, born and raised in the town of New Boston, State of New Hampshire, from which place I enlisted in the 10th N. H. Vol. Inf. in Co. C, commanded by Col. M. T. Donahue.

I cannot feel but that I owe you this testimony for I had never expected to be cured. However, thanks be to God I found a cure through the valuable appliance you made for me.

Your friend,
Holly Hill, Fla.

E. A. Richards

Cured Without Operation

"Was Sure He Would Be a Cripple"

Ada, Minn.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Enclosed is a picture of my children, and the little man you see seated on the chair is the one who was cured by your Appliance.

He had been ruptured quite a while before we wrote you, and I was sure that that he would be a cripple the rest of his life. However, some helping hand showed me an ad. in a newspaper, with the result that he was in perfect health through the wearing of a Brooks Appliance for just three months.

The doctor advised an operation, which I would not consent to. Your advice was to put an Air Cushion Appliance on him, and I must say that it is worth ten times what it cost.

I wish you could have seen him before we used the Appliance and now, when he is fully as sound as anyone could be.

I cannot thank you too much for what you have done for my boy.

Yours respectfully,
OLIVER HANSON.



The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks Cured Himself of Rupture Over 30 Years Ago and Patented the Appliance from His Personal Experience. If Ruptured Write Today to the Brooks Appliance Co., Marshall, Mich.

Cured in Three Months

Salem, Ohio.
430 Cleveland Ave.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Mr. Brooks:—

I am sending you a small picture of my son who is now five years old.

We ordered your Appliance for him when he was only two months old, and yet want to say in about three months all signs of rupture were gone, and he is some boy today.

I shall be very glad to say a good word for you whenever the opportunity presents itself.

Yours very truly,
T. A. McCLAIN.



Veteran Cured

Mr. Wm. McAdams, of Kansas, Ill., is a veteran of Co. "H" 59, Regt. Ill. Vol. of which he was Second Lieutenant.

He has fought against the suffering and torment of Rupture for years and has finally won the victory as the following brief letter tells:

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—I laid your appliance aside March 2nd and have not worn it for twenty-five days, for I think that I am cured. I hope that I may never have to wear it again.

Yours truly,
Wm. McAdams, Sr., Kansas, Ill.



Doctor Pronounces Him Cured

119 Towle Avenue,
Mishawaka, Ind.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Mr. Brooks:—

Answering your letter, will say we need no more Appliances, as our son has been completely cured by wearing your Appliance.

We recently had him examined, and the doctor said the opening was entirely closed and that it wasn't necessary to wear it longer.

Thanking you for your kindness, I am,

Yours very truly,
MRS. H. TOLLMAN.



Remember

We send our Appliance on trial to prove what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send For Brooks Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and our prices are so reasonable, our terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

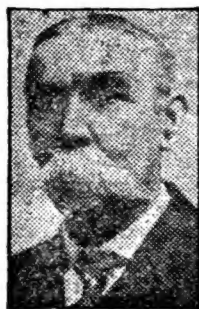
Dear Sir:—Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunate who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers. I am,

Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON.

426 North Ave. D, Bethlehem, Pa.



FREE Information Coupon

Brooks Appliance Co.

157 G State St., Marshall, Michigan.

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name

Address

R. F. D. City State